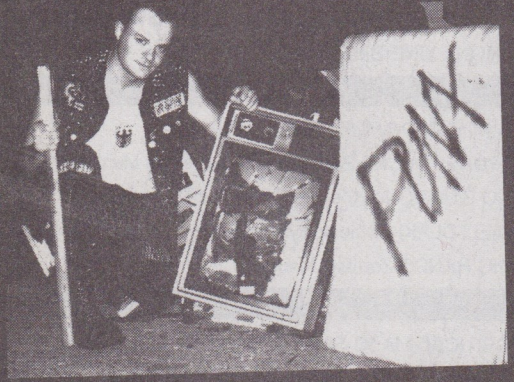
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

#346
MARCH 2012
$4 US/CAN



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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
186-191, 195, 197, 202, 206, 208, 209, 214, 218, 221, 223, 225, 229, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 253-273, 275-306, 308-319, 322-328, 330, 331,333-337, 339-345
See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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AD DEADLINE: (with payment) is the 15th of the month. Issue comes out by the 2nd week of following month, and the cover date is the month after that.

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For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

- NO STATIK-45 / DISCHARGE-all EPS
- V/A-LAS 4 BANDAS-LP
- STAB-Nation Rising-EP
- BIG HANDS-Zombie Jesus-EP
- SUBURBANITE-Grateful Nation-EP
- FRONT LINE-Basic Training-EP
- YADOKAI-An Apparition Contrition-EP
- DISKONECTED-EP / VARIX-EP
- LEPROSY-No More Warfare-EP
- KIM PHUC-LP / FUNERAL ORATION-LP

JUSTIN BRIGGS

- KIM PHUC-Copsucker-LP
- STAB-Nation Rising-EP
- NAZI DUST-Wretched Hour-LP
- YADOKAI-An Apparition Contrition-EP
- SUBURBANITE-Grateful Nation-EP
- VILE GASH-Deluded-EP
- SYDNEY DUCKS-Espirit De Corps/Joaquin Murrieta-45
- HOUNDS OF HATE-No Redemption-EP
- NO STATIK-No Hospice/Clean Swift Sunshine-45
- FRONT LINE-Basic Training-EP

TIM BROOKS

- THE FALL-Erstatz GB-CD
- DISCHARGE-all EPs
- V/A-30 Years of Oi... Never Surrender-3xLP
- YADOKAI-An Apparition Contrition-EP
- ENFORCERS-End of Time-LP
- DIRTY CUPCAKES-I Want It-EP
- SYDNEY DUCKS-Espirit De Corps/Joaquin Murrieta-45
- NO STATIK-No Hospice/Clean Swift Sunshine-45
- KIELTOLAKI-Kouleva Systeemi-EP
- BIG HANDS-Zombie Jesus-EP

MITCH CARDWELL

- FOLDED SHIRT-Tiny Boat/Mouth Clock-45
- 3 TOED SLOTH-I Didn't Know I Loved You...-45
- COITUS INT-Dead Excitement-EP
- EMBARASSMENT-Patio Set/Sex Drive-45
- WATERY LOVE-New Kind of Kick/A Condom-45
- CRITICAL MASS-Silver Screen/No One Left...-45
- WAX MUSEUMS-Zoo Fuill of Ramones-LP
- CRAZY SPIRIT-Demo-LP
- DISCHARGE-all EPs
- *Savage Damage Digest #2-zine*

ROBERT COLLINS

- SICKOIDS-live / COLD LOVERS-live + demo
- JUHYO-live / MANIPULATION-live
- CLOUDRAT/AUTARKEIA-split EP
- DEATH EVOCATION-Relentless-EP
- SUBURBANITE-Grateful Nation-EP
- YADOKAI-An Apparition Contrition-EP
- LOST TRIBE-Unsound/Listless Mind-45
- NAIFA-LP
- KIM PHUC-Copsucker-LP
- LEPROSY-No More Warfare-EP

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

- NO STATIK-No Hospice/Clean Swift Sunshine-45
- LOS COMETAS.EE.UU.-¡Amor End El Panteón-EP
- DIRTY CUPCAKES-I Want It-EP
- DEFCON ZERO-Music For Gluesniffers...-CD
- THE ASTRONAUTS-Survivors-LP
- SOFY MAJOR/MEMBRANE-split LP
- MARVELOUS DARLINGS-Single Life-LP
- WAX MUSEUMS-Zoo Full of Ramones-LP
- STAB-Nation Rising-EP
- SYDNEY DUCKS-Espirit De Corps/Joaquin Murrieta-45

LAYLA GIBBON

- C.R.A.S.H-A War On All Fronts-EP
- 3 TOED SLOTH-I Didn't Know I Loved You...-45
- CRAZY SPIRIT-Demo-LP / V/A-LAS 4 BANDAS-LP
- AXEMEN-Nut Sack/Nut Shack Redemption Song-45
- DIRTY CUPCAKES-I Want It-EP / WIVES-LP
- EMBARASSMENT-Patio Set/Sex Drive-45
- BELLEVUE-LP / COITUS INT-Dead Excitement-EP
- SHOPPERS-live / RANK/XEROX-live
- SUBURBANITE-Grateful Nation-EP
- NO STATIK-EP / VARIX-EP

DAN GOETZ

- DISCHARGE-Never Again / State Violence-EPs
- CÜLO-Life is Vile.. And So Are We-LP
- C.R.A.S.H-A War On All Fronts-EP
- SUBURBANITE-Grateful Nation-EP
- D-CLONE/SYSTEM FUCKER-split EP
- YADOKAI-An Apparition Contrition-EP
- FRONT LINE-Basic Training-EP
- NO STATIK-No Hospice/Clean Swift Sunshine-45
- SHOPPERS-live
- SUCKED DRY-EP / FOLDED SHIRT-EP

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ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

BOB GOLDIE

FUNERAL ORATION-The Godsend-LP	WANDERLUST-Blame-EP
CHARLIE MEGIRA AND THE MODERN DANCE CLUB-LP	CRITICAL MASS-Silver Screen/No One Left...-45
FRONTLINE-EP / HOUNDS OF HATE-EP	BIG HANDS-Zombie Jesus-EP
COITUS INT-Dead Excitement-EP	DISCHARGE-all EPs
SNIFFING GLUE-LP / BELLVUE-LP	THE NO TOMORROW BOYS-Do the Tomorrow... -EP

KENNY KAOS

ALICJA POP-I Pity the Fool/Water Death-45	THE NO TOMORROW BOYS-Do the Tomorrow... -EP
DIRTY CUPCAKES-I Want It-EP	THE ONIONS-Alien Astronaut/Till the End of the...-45
JOHNNY ILL BAND-Ask All the Doctors-LP	LOS COMETAS.EE.UU.-¡Amor End El Panteón-EP
MARVELOUS DARLINGS-Single Life-LP	RAMMA LAMMA-Gimme Gimme Gimme Gimmie-45
POLICE TRUCK-Under Custody-EP	WAX MUSEUMS-Zoo Full of Ramones-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

BAD COYOTES-When the Pack Comes Rollin-EP	AXEMEN-Nut Sack/Nut Shack Redemption Song-45
EMBARASSMENT-Patio Set/Sex Drive-45	CHARLIE MEGIRA AND THE MODERN DANCE CLUB-LP
DIRTY CUPCAKES-I Want It-EP	FOLDED SHIRT-Tiny Boat/Mouth Clock-45
3 TOED SLOTH-I Didn't Know I Loved You...-45	WAX MUSEUMS-Zoo Full of Ramones-LP
TACO LEG-Printed Gold-EP	ALICE BAG-live

RAY LUJAN

DIRTY CUPCAKES-I Want It-EP	SO COW-EP / SO WRONG-LP
FURLOUGHS-Courtesy Lie-EP	TACO CAT-Women's Day-EP
HEADLINERS-CD / LA'ALTS-CD	WAX MUSEUMS-Zoo Full of Ramones-LP
MACHINES-CD / MARVELOUS DARLINGS-LP	WAX IDOLS-live
OPPOSABLE THUMBS-EP / REPORTS-LP	YOUTH BRIGADE/ADOLESCENTS-live / X-live

MARISSA MAGIC

THOU-To the Chaos Wizard Youth-10"	3 TOED SLOTH-I Didn't Know I Loved You...-45
YOUNGER LOVERS-4/4 Kick and Let the Beat Ride-EP	SOFY MAJOR/MEMBRANE-split LP
NO STATIK-No Hospice/Clean Swift Sunshine-45	C.R.A.S.H-A War On All Fronts"-EP
HANIN ELIAS-live at Occupy Oakland	WIVES-The Roy Tapes-LP
THROWING UP-Mother Knows Best/Medicine-45	EMBARRASSMENT-Patio Set/Sex Drive-45

FRED SCHRUNK

YOUNGER LOVERS-4/4 Kick and Let the Beat Ride-EP	EMBARRASSMENT-Patio Set/Sex Drive-45
LOST TRIBE-Unsound/Listless Mind-45	ALICJA POP-I Pity the Fool/Water Death-45
C.R.A.S.H-A War On All Fronts-EP	DIRTY CUPCAKES-I Want It-EP
NO STATIK-No Hospice/Clean Swift Sunshine-45	THROWING UP-Mother Knows Best/Medicine-45
VARIX-Problems-EP	ASTRONAUTS-Survivors-LP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

IMPALERS-Moloko Plus-EP	FRONT LINE-Basic Training-EP
VILE GASH-Deluded-EP	STAB-Nation Rising-EP / C.R.A.S.H-A War...-EP
CRAZY SPIRIT-Demo-LP	VARIX-Problems-EP
FUNERAL ORATION-The Godsend-LP	SUBURBANITE-Grateful Nation-EP
KIELTOLAKI-Kouleva Systeemi-EP	YADOKAI-An Apparition Contrition-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Antipatio #24	*Dosis Mortal #2*
Limited Readership #2	*Equalizing Distort Vol 11 #6*
Cubesville #11	*Guide to Dating Gangsters #1*
Rochester Teen Set	*Dwelling Portably Jan 2012*
King Kat #72	*XXXX Straight Edge Erotic Fiction*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RCS, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waiffe, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Articore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita. Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, Al, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2.20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kyklooppien Sukupuuto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown, Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids, Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault, Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Elaköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#331/December '10. Kylmä Sota, Articles of Faith, Total Abuse, La Merma, Doña Maldad, Frankie Rose and the Outs, Little League, Versificator, Frankfurt Germany Scene Report, Belgium Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, HPP, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report

#335/April '11. Crazy Spirit, Siege. 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A., '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cokskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise Records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History pt 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Unlearn, Deaf Club Oral History, Final part of the Czech Punk History.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R, Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor, Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIs, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Bloodkrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary Part 1, Means to an End Fest Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matress Zine.

#345/Febuary '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report pt 2, The Unruled, Rapid Loss.

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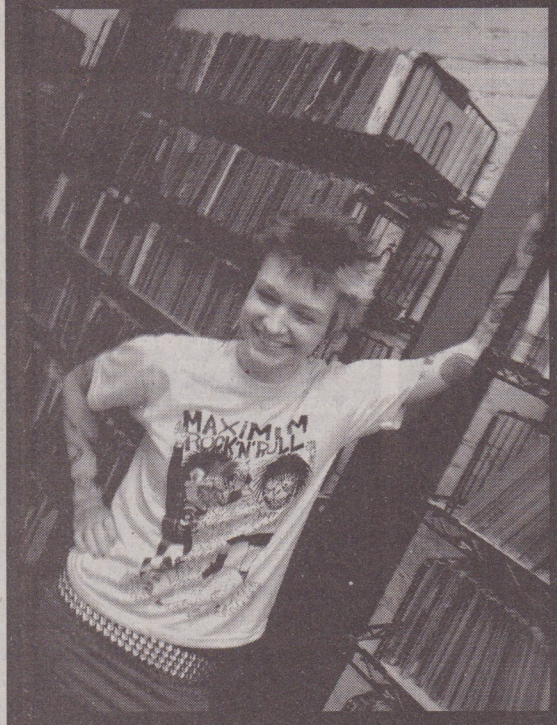

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LETTERS

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Sup MRR—
I just want to call your attention to an issue here. You see, this really awful "lifestyle" magazine called *Tounge* started operations here in México City and for their inaguration party they brought Nobunny down here to play last Saturday. First of all, the event was "free" but you needed an invitation to get in because it was all elitist and "socialite." If you wanted to get in you had to be a rich spoiled kid with hipster aspirations *or* do stupid shit like taking a photo of yourself licking a shoe or saying you love some mediocre Mexican beer in a "original" way. It was really fucking hard, and several people who really liked Nobunny ended up unable to get in. Anyway, in the end us and our friends got in; fortunately not by doing such stupid things.

There were like maybe 400 people, and about 380 of them didn't gave a damn shit about Nobunny, they were there just for the free booze and all the "glamour." So there's everyone minding their business not giving a fuck while we were in the front rows; but it wasn't a pretty image on stage either. He started giving everyone the finger, a pretty normal thing, but it got old quickly as he was, seemingly, pretty serious about it. He started to get pissed off with no reason in a very haughty way. After a few songs he jumped down and tried to beat a kid in the crowd; he came back to the stage and played a few more songs. They started to play "You Don't Like Rock'n'Roll," and he just stopped singing not giving a shit anymore and suddenly jumped again into the crowd and this time he did beat this poor kid, who I'm sure had a really hard time getting in there to see the guy that was now beating him. And that was it, they didn't finish the show, and we really really *really* wanted to hear "I Am a Girlfriend".

Don't get me wrong, it doesn't really shock us the fact that he randomly engaged in violence, but c'mon, it's Nobunny, not some rodent incarnation of GG Allin. I spoke with two of the band members who were around; one of them didn't wanted to talk at all, pretty haughty too, and the other one explained to me a few things, like the fact that Justin has been doing the same thing for ten years and he's tired; but tell me now, if he's soooo tired of this why doesn't he simply stops playing? Outside, when the whole thing ended some friends *still* wanted a photo with Justin, and he just said "no" very rudely and was all arrogant and well, to conclude, Justin Champlin is an asshole..

We know Nobunny doesn't care about politics, he just wanna "ROCK'N'ROLL" but he started as a sprout of the DIY scene so he isn't Metallica and he must know México isn't a rich country.

We aren't whining about his "punk" antics, we just want some respect for the kids that were his loyal fans, and we want to make sure that people coming down to México to play cares enough to know that we aren't anybody's fools.

Best regards
—Kuble + Yecatl,
"Los Pepes"

It's so tough being a rock star, being flown to corporate events. I always throw tantrums when confronted with free booze and glamor too, so I totally relate to Nobunny's struggle. Fucking gross bullshit.
—Layla

MRR,
I own a copy of Rocket from the Crypt's *Circa Now*! LP that has green duct tape around all the edges. I remember picking it out of a used bin at Amoeba in Berkeley in the late-ish '90s and being disenamored of the tape but buying it anyway because it cost $2.95 or something.

I wasn't a regular *MRR* reader then and it was only years later that I learned Tim Yo/ *MRR* put green tape on all his/their records. When I eventually picked up on *MRR's* green-taping, I figured my *Circa Now!* copy was either an *MRR* purge or an *MRR* duplicate or it was just a coincidence. Until recently, it didn't really occur to me that someone might have stolen this particular record from *MRR* and then off-loaded it to Amoeba. But I was reading in a recent *MRR* column that *MRR's* library suffered some thefts in the late '90s and I thought maybe I had been inadvertently harboring a stolen record all these years.

I have never actually seen the *MRR* library, so I don't know if what I have is *MRR* taping or not. But if *MRR* is missing this record and it sounds like what I have is a stolen copy and you want it back, then I would be happy to mail it back to you. Please just let me know.
Sincerely,
Matt Reynolds / Stockton, CA

Hey Matt—
Thanks for the letter! I asked some long time shitworkers about this particular record, and they were convinced that it was purged the one time the MRR *library has ever been edited down, by Tim Yo himself. "It's almost certainly a purge... Tim didn't like Rocket From The Crypt at all. Also, Amoeba buyers know that* MRR *green-tapes our records, I doubt they'd buy green taped records from anyone but Tim, especially back in the '90s. During the last big purge I remember, the owner of Amoeba came by and bought a car load of records, then Tim dumped the rest (a ton of records) at Epicenter with 25c or 50c tags." Allan.*

We have gotten some records donated back to us that were purged by Tim and some replaced that were stolen or broken, thanks to various generous donations from shitworkers and readers. There was an infamous theft of some raers that occurred in the late '90s, a full list is detailed below! If any generous readers want to fill in these gaps in the MRR *collection, one of the most complete archives of punk records in the world, we would be most grateful...*

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VIOLATOR NY Ripper 7"

Dear Mykel—
This is not to be construed as a defense of Ron Paul, but the comment you attributed to him in the Jan. issue about Khaddafi being a hero, etc. was actually an article submitted by someone on a Paul community comment site called dailypaul.com. The site clearly states its lack of affiliation with Ron Paul or his campaign ops. It's really just a bunch of jag-offs dribbling rabid dog lip-froth about RP's pet issues—just your typical collection of tighty whitey righty excrescences, not the actual words of The Dr. himself. I couldn't find any source of comments directly from the lips / keyboard of Ron Paul himself where he is actually eulogizing the late Libyan despot. I'm not saying RP is not batshit enough to have said that, but please acknowledge that it wasn't him...this time.

As to your basic "Khaddafi vs. Steve Jobs" premise -- I hardly know what to say. On Jobs, I couldn't agree more. But the exaltation of Moammar fucking Khadaffi?!? Maybe that's what deserves a big fat "No, *you're* wrong!" instead of (questioning) where you get your quotes. "Hero"??? Whatthefuckever, dude. Just don't put words in someone's mouth that some random member of their Insane Clone Posse said.
Pzham

Mykel believes that the letters section belongs to MRR readers. Writers have the rest of the zine. It is unfair for writers to always *have the last word, so Mykel won't. He may answer in a column, though.*

Yo MRR!—
This is Phil at Shogun recs. The promo parcel with Peace Or Annihilation *Fear Control* LP and Blue Cross LP *Mass Hysteria* LP is closed and ready to go. I just forgot to enclose my letter... getting older! So...

I really enjoyed the last issue of *MRR*. The Wretched interview is sure to have people talking about it. Gigi's views are a bit closed minded if you ask me, haha! The Bloodkrow Butcher interview is cool, they are my fave band this week. The Inservibles LP review made me feel good, the questions about the sleeve and art in general are useful, but then art is freedom is nonsense is life.

The Lapinpohtajat interview I am working on is getting closer to the end, I had no time to make it through still but probably real soon.
OK, I keep it this short. Hugs and happy new year to you all!
—Phil

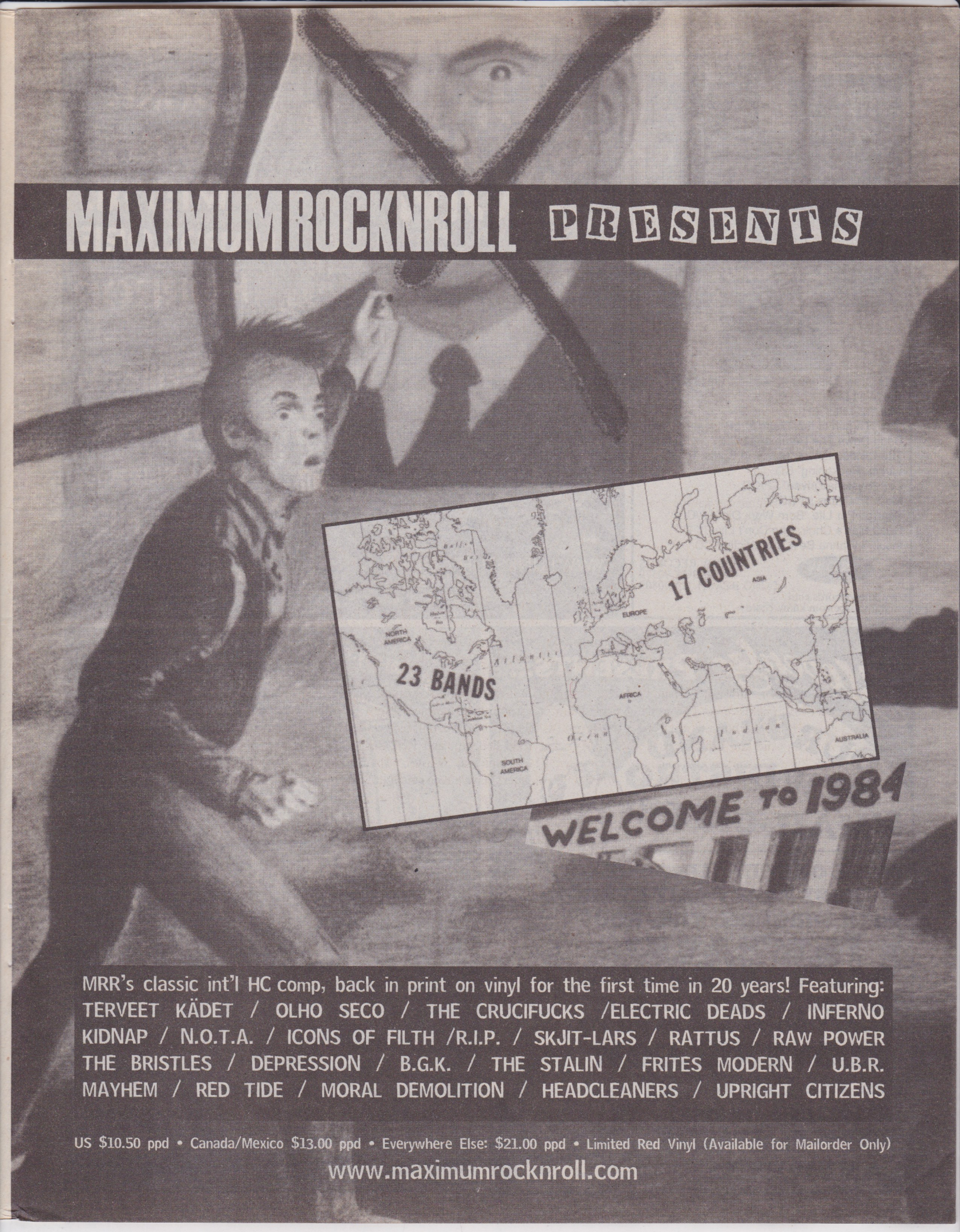
Hi MRR!
I'm Sony from Bandung in Indonesia, I live in a big city with many scenes, but there are not many into the DIY scene, but no problem just know what we stand for hehehe. So how are you? I'm really interested about how *MRR* has many many issues and still exists through to now, can you tell me how anything can happen? Build an economic alternative? I made a zine, a first issue is out and I'm too ashamed to give my zine to my friends, just some friends have my zine, hehehe. But I am working on issue number two, I have records too, Out Of Focus Records have plans to repress a great old band in Indonesia and my first band's EP. My band plays hardcore/ punk some mix with thrashcore/powerviolence named Patriot Asshole, have a project four way split with Disabled (D-beat Attack), G.O.D (try to copy Martyrdod hehehe), and Hell Raiser (crossover like Municipal Waste). Thanks *MRR*! Talk you later! Have a nice celebrate! :D
Take Care and Big Hugs,
—Sony

Hey Sony—
All your projects sound awesome, nothing to be ashamed of! MRR *will be thirty this year, which is pretty crazy. Tim Yohannon, who founded the zine was a relentless hard worker, and set it up so lots of punks all over the world work on the magazine by submitting content, editing, helping with layout, and punks all over the Bay Area come by the compound to help put each issue together. I don't think there's an easy answer to your question, except staying true to the DIY vision, and keeping corporate washed down shit out and I think it all boils down to relentless tenacious hard work! But I would say just make your own zine and bands, on your own terms, for your friends… That's what punk is all about!*
—Layla

Hi Layla!!
I'm Ricardo from Argentina. I only write to tell you that I love your columns!! Thanks to you I have discovered Weird TV, Hysterics, Vixens, Generacion Suicida, etc. Maybe you think this is a bit (or a lot haha) silly to only write for this, but I'm a person that can't buy *MRR* or records every time and fuck I haven't internet in my own house. So blogs like yours and the ones who share cassettes, vinyls, zines,etc. make my loser punk existence still punk haha.
Best wishes Layla and sorry for my baaaad English!!
—Ricardo

Thanks Ricardo! By far the best thing about working on Maximum *is discovering new exciting bands, and listening to the crazy records in the archive! I am glad you like my column/blog, and while I am leaving the coordinator position I will continue to write for the magazine and obsess about new and archival raging sounds!*
—Layla

Hi Mariam—
Happy belated Birthday to you!!
Some thoughts on your column in MRR 345 and other stuff:
1: Oh to be nineteen again, great to see your sense of humor shining through.
2: You are not a great storyteller? Yes you are, please indulge us more! I could picture the scenes of your gig and Nazi fight and that ace Italian guy— really and seriously this was really well told. Nice one— have yourself a congratulatory pat on the back from "the only punk in Boningale" (life in a very small rural village can be strange at times!).
3: A big thanks to you and Layla and the rest of the folk involved in *MRR* (kinda inspired by the awesome letter in 345). I can be rubbish at thanking distro folk for sending records so have spent the last half hour emailing thanks notes to all the folk who have sent me stuff in January. Also feeling happy when people I have sent my new zine to have got in touch to say ta, ah it warms the punk heart for sure.
4: Back to your column, at least you stayed to the story without a ton of asides and randomness like all my writing is riddled with, as demonstrated in my zine, hope the *Rantaphon* #6 made it to you for *MRR* (sent it last month).
Best get on with other things—lots of records to listen to, like a load from Solo Para Punks in Spain, such an ace distro!
Cheers and hope all's well,
Tom FreeFall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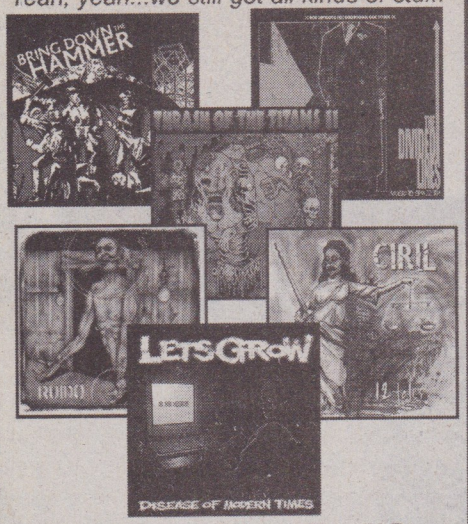
Yeah, yeah...we still got all kinds of stuff.



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COLUMNS

Attenzione!

I don't know what has brought this on, but I can sense a definite new source of depression brewing deep within me. Today I am sure of it — I have grown to hate what I used to love. But this is more than me being jaded, for the truth is that I have been blind for far too long. Therefore I must interrupt the backwards talk about old zines with an urgent cry to all the punks and skins in 2012! Now that we're in a new fucking year it's time to ditch all old boring fucking stupid punk clichés and DIY posturing. It's time we had something new that's both revolting and sexy, with enough spunk to destroy our little cozy record collector, hipster, and fashionista scene.

Despite a lot of positive actions of the last few years — which are admittedly broadly in the right direction of things — I am sad to say that punk today represents a massive intellectual and creative void. DIY punk has clearly been intellectually and creatively stagnant for over a decade already. DIY punk rock is regulated according to conventions largely dictated by the vulgar; that the ideas and images that guide what is acceptable in punk are produced by people with a definite interest in domesticating dissident perspectives. Everything that represents punk today must be rejected as the dated clichés of yesterday that they are! Therefore I say: No more retrograde punk, now! So don't come and talk to me about old hardcore punk bands any longer; they fucking bore me to death, mate! The greatness of Crass, Discharge, and Wretched has been shat on by the contemporary world of zombies, gravediggers, and tomb-raiders a million times by now. (Well, and why not? Nothing should be sacred!) But I am sure the worst is yet to come—I am sure that on the reformed old punk band front it's going to get really sticky in 2012.

But you know what; don't go talking to me about the latest new band whose record I have to hear because they sound just like Framtid, either! There was a time when I thought that there was something going on but today I am not too sure about it. There are exceptions of course, but they would not be exceptions if I talked about them, right? So, hey, I love Framtid but I don't want to hear another band trying to sound like Framtid, do you understand? Yes, there are a million amazing Japanese punk bands. But if you're not from Japan, if in fact you're from US, UK, Sweden or some other fucking bullshit place, well how can you fail to understand that it's fucking embarrassing to see you trying to be real while you're just pretending. Gah! Go go, punk masquerade, go go! No no, no more hardcore charade, no no. Gah!

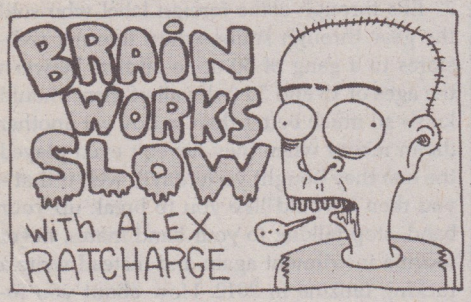
As for the perpetual talk about bands and records, well everyone seems to be busy going out of their minds in order to drag everything that is dangerous, ugly, and great through the mud, then take it indoors, get it washed, then dried and combed slick hair clean in order to paraded it transformed into a product in front of a sea of consumerist sub-alternative hipsters drooling like hyenas eying the newborns in the bush. Fuck right off! Fuck right off all you who hawk safe, straight, and sellable music in the name of do-it-yourself and hardcore punk! Fuck right off all you matured grown-ups—young and old—anti-radicals who are still infatuated by mainstream concepts of fame and popularity, and dated definitions of talent and musicianship. And hello to you, all you authority god figures in punk, who are nothing but capitalist entrepreneurs and fellow-travellers, hiding behind a veneer of daring counterculture to suck the arsehole of yet another generation of mislead retards. Blaaaargh!

Don't get me wrong, friends and enemies, I have constructive things to say as well: It is time for new blood, new ideas, new sounds, new words, new ways of doing DIY. Please! I can't stand another year of blogs, message boards, mostly boring fanzines about USHC or more records that sound like Framtid filtered through McDonalds. I can't take more old timers from back in the day throwing shit in our direction while the kids of today are pissing in the wind. What I am demanding of you is that you do the direct opposite to whatever you did in 2011. If you were in a band and if you released your first four limited hand-screened 7" EPs through some foreign label who sold the gear through some scanty internet webstores to a gang of 50 or so addicts between the ages of 15 and 55 (who all of them should know so much better than to buy yet another damn record when they haven't even played the one they bought yesterday!), well if that's you then I would like you to break up your band, stop talking to your band mates, never touch a instrument again and instead write a fucking fanzine in 2012. How about you focus on radical amateurish punk bands from a country of your choice that starts with the letter C? Sounds pretty like a great idea if you ask me—I'll take out a subscription today! If you were behind the label that released those generic ltd ed hardcore punk records last year then I'd like you to shave your hair and break up with your girlfriend, start playing bass in a band with members that are mostly of the opposite sex and of a strange sexual leaning. I'll release your first rehearsal on a CD-R and that's a promise! If you're one of the nerds who bought all those shitty records last year then I'd recommend you acquire a drug habit in the first six months of 2012 and then layoff it, write a noise-punk concept album about the rise and fall of your former self in six acts. I'll interview you for *MRR* or any of the other shit papers I write for, I promise.

I mean, come on! Make it punk. Make it last. Make it different. Go against the grain for once. The alternative is to carry on being dead, which is incredibly boring (not to mention predictable). I'd like to see more spiky rebels pissing on society this year please. If I can't have that—because you're all so busy with irony and catering to what everybody else thinks—then at least I'd like to hear a record in 2012 that I want to turn off immediately (but for good reasons, unlike most US punk records I heard in 2011). I'd like to receive at least one record in 2012 that smells worse than my girlfriend's constant farting. I'd like to see people, finally, step up on the goddamn soapbox and start talking sense into all the millions of consumers who today claim punk by wearing obscure band T-shirts. I'd like to incite revolutionary change for 2012, be it spiritual, creative, economical, political, or existential. By all means possible. Above all, I want to hear a hardcore punk record that does not sound like a hardcore punk record. I need more aggression (=

hardcore) but I also need more pop (= punk); above all I need more weirdness (= creativity). I hope I have not made myself clear; for nothing can be learned from being told what to do. Sort it out between yourselves, if you dare.

In the meanwhile I'll just sit here and listen to THE ノーフューチャーズ, who I am hoping will be persuaded to let me release a best of album this year (which you'll hate, of course). Due to extreme toothache and old age, I have nothing else to say. Until next time, I continue to be, in London, England, your very good friend Tony.



This month I got an interview with Sam Richardson of *Got Myself* fanzine and Feel It records. Over the past couple years, Sam's distro has become the place to go for those who do not want to miss on the new wave of punk fanzines, and by punk fanzines I mean *PUNK FANZINES*, not pseudo-political lifestyle oriented toilet paper for soulsucking teddy bears. Sam has helped me a lot to distribute my own zine in America and I wanted to know more. He's also reliable, cheap and friendly, so if you want to get copies of *Accept The Darkness, Counterfeit Garbage, Chunks, Negative Guest List, Nuts, More Noise* and a bunch of others all at the same time, look no further.

***

Everyone's been predicting / lamenting / crying over "the death of print media" since at least 2001, and it's now 2012, so the very idea of a distro focusing mainly on zines is kinda odd, isn't it? What made you decide to start distributing punk fanzines, and would you say you're doing "good" so far (not necessarily in terms of money, just in any terms you wanna look at it)? Do people give a shit?

Hey Alex, yeah print media might be "dead" to some people but I think there are enough music fanatics out there to support print zines in 2011. I'm talking music freaks, not casual fans. There is a small, but extremely dedicated faction of people who still want to read print music zines, and I know that for a fact.

I had been trading copies of my zine (*Got Myself*) for a couple years and slowly amassing a solid network of pals who independently published their own zines. I started trading for more copies of other zines and selling them to friends. Later it occurred to me that there wasn't really a strong network for fanzine distribution, at least for rock'n'roll / punk / hardcore fanzines. I thought that starting up a zine distro would be fun just to try out while helping my pals spread their zines around. Later on it grew into the online mailorder that it is now. "Good" is a pretty relative term, but yeah I'd definitely say the distro has a quality selection and scope of music zines. It's what I'd like to see as someone who is an obsessive enthusiast for all rock'n'roll / punk / hardcore music and related writing that stands out from mass-produced and highly fabricated pop culture.

Why the focus on music zines? Would you distribute "personal" or "political" type fanzines if someone asked you to?

Ha, well frankly, music zines are the only kind of printed "zine" that can hold my interest. My politics are music and I think personal zines are entirely self-serving and most of all *boring*. People with short attention spans want to read about subversive rock 'n' roll destruction and view pictures of this savage music in the live setting! I can't dig personal/political zines; they're just not my thing. Actually, there is some loose "anarcho" zine distro in Richmond where I live. They organize a "zine fest" every year and I hear it's godawful. One of the best things about music is that it can be interpreted however the listener wants. Can someone get that same kinda thrill out of a political theory or vegan recipe? I think not! For that reason, I don't plan on carrying any personal/political zines in my distro.

Before doing this interview, you told me "the way I view what I do with my distro is like how *MRR* used to give any extra $$$ they had to independent zines. It's not about making money, but about making zines more available and helping my pals get their stuff out there." Care to elaborate on that? It seems everything is getting more and more business oriented in punk, so I'm curious about your motivations and sources of inspiration for doing what you do.

Yeah... The whole careerism / professional punk mindset has always disgusted me. It comes off so contrived and phony. I do believe that it's perfectly fine to make money doing what you love. If I didn't have fun with this distro then I'd consider it to be a waste of time. I'd like to keep my distro as more of a clandestine operation than a legitimate business. I still believe in the value of making your own fliers, pressing your own records, and publishing your own zines. When something becomes a commodity it, instantly loses some of its intrinsic value in my eyes. But hey, if I can distribute fifty copies of my friend's fanzine all across the world... Why not? Zine editors seem to be somewhat clueless as to where to distribute their zines these days besides to friends and local record stores/distros. That's where I feel like I've been able to provide a vital "service" of sorts. This eliminates a bit of the "what we do is secret" aspect of punk zines, but then again most of the people who buy from me are loyal, repeat customers who might not be able to get these zines otherwise. You can't find zines like *Groin Gravy, Down and Out, Bloody Ways*, etc. in too many places! Of course, trading is always the most gratifying aspect of running the distro but I know people really dig the mailorder aspect. I'm a pusher!

In the history of punk and underground music a lot of great fanzines have moved on to become record labels, first slowly, then fully, to the point where there's just no more time for the zine and the label becomes the main activity (*Touch & Go, Forced Exposure* or *Sub Pop* instantly come to mind.) You're doing *Got Myself* Zine and also started putting out records (under the name Feel It) so I'm curious, could you see yourself stopping the zine and continuing the label? Is one more gratifying than the other?

Hmm...I never really thought about my zine along those lines. The names you mentioned are serious zeniths in the independent label game so I never examined my zine/label in such a light. My label (Feel It) is just for releasing records for local bands I dig/play in and for getting archival issues of some great unknown hometown bands out there. I'm not consciously trying to cultivate any kind of enigma with what I do. I sell/trade more copies of my zine than label releases right now, so I have no reason to discontinue *Got Myself*. Publishing a zine is much less labor and cash intensive than producing a record so I'll keep cranking the issues out indefinitely. As for the future, it all depends how busy I am as to whether I continue the zine. Right now I'm at one or two issues per year, which is fine. I'll know if I ever wanna hang it up but that's something I can't predict.

In the latest issue of *Got Myself*, you wrote it was made using 100% analog technology (tape recorder for interviews, typewriter for the text, scissors & glue for layout). It seems there's some sort of "pride" for doing so. Why is that?

Sure, there was a bit of pride involved in that statement. Digital technology complicates zine-making to the point that I find it almost unnecessary, other than for communication and receiving photos. I've found that email interviews and computer layouts tend to sour any attempt at a quality music fanzine. Living in the USA makes it easier to pin down bands to interview in person or over the phone so I have no problem working with the basic technology that original cut-and-paste zines were fashioned on. Transcribing interviews and spending hours at the photocopier make my final product worthwhile. I could care less about what others think, as long as the zine is worth my time I'll keep at it.

To end this, could you recommand a few zines you're distributing, apart from the most well-known titles?

I might not have all these zines in-stock currently but these are some zines I feel more people should know about:

Excitement Level Zero (Richmond, VA) – The only other zine in Richmond besides *Got Myself* that avidly covers hardcore/punk. *ELZ* has two issues out now and features bands like: School Jerks, The Boston Strangler, Stripmines, etc.; it's just a great assortment of no-bullshit hardcore. At times the interviews drag a bit, but this zine definitely has a solid approach. With a little refinement it will be a top hardcore fanzine.

Groin Gravy (Melbourne, Australia) – This is not the kind of zine that would please a casual fan of hardcore/punk. Groin Gravy is the deranged brainchild of Meatdog who used to publish *Soapbox* fanzine and currently sings for Reckless Aggression. This zine is sick and twisted, with a great fixation on cult hardcore and other subcultures. There are four issues out there but I'm pretty sure they are all out of print. You'll find everything from nutty Omegas interviews to slasher film reviews. Meatdog has one of the strongest written opinions in the zine world today and throws everything together with a great cut-and-paste/typewriter layout and his own illustrations laced in.

Weird Brain (Chicago, IL) – Fun new midwest fanzine that follows in the tradition of some quality recent rags like *Mindless Mutant* and *Counterfeit Garbage*. Spider, the editor, has his own sick sense of humor and you can really sense the enthusiasm in his writing. I'm a sucker for zines from "the land that time forgot" so it's always refreshing to pick up new Midwest zines that champion bands they actually give a shit about, not just over-hyped/interviewed bands. Keep an eye out for issues #2-3.

Bloody Ways (Philadelphia, PA) – A zine that recently appeared seemingly out of nowhere and was sold out of the Youth Attack! webstore in hours. I initially passed this off as an art zine steeped in mystery but finally tracked down the editor, Sledge, and snagged some copies. This zine is all about execution, with tight cut-and-paste layouts and high quality live photos alongside well reproduced interviews. The first issue includes a recent interview with Crossed Out and a Wretched reprint, among other things. This editor has a passion for Japanese and Italian hardcore, which I feel is lacking coverage in modern zines. Future issues promise features on everything from Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers to Wrangler Brutes.

feelitrecords.bigcartel.com

Continued from last month…

"Are you listening to me, George?" asked Evan.

"No," I said to Evan, "I could care less about your computer. You sound like Nick with his cameras. All this techno babble. Hard disk, floppy disk, RAM, shutter speed, zoom lens, who cares?" Evan looked mad. I could tell. He started to look me in the eyes.

"What do you mean 'who cares'?" yelled Evan, "this is the future, man. This is technology. Don't you know anything? This computer could blow yours away any day. It runs all sorts of games, and has continues upgrades on it's operating system. Did you know that between 1988 and 1993, Mac didn't even update it's shit? Fucking you bet PCs did."

"That's cause Mac was fine the way it was," I explained to Evan. Suddenly I was becoming more interested in computers than girls with gold keys around their necks. Maybe I was getting sick.

"I mean," explained Evan, "Steve Jobs may have done a great job by inventing the Macintosh with the other guy, but they never licensed out their software, and that is going to be their downfall. PCs are the future. There is no future for Mac. Face it."

And I knew he was right. Mac did blow it. Even though their product is ten zillion times better, business wise, they did fuck up. Majorly. They should have been greedy and money hungry, like true Americans. They should have chased after the business market like Gates. Gone for the big bucks. But no. They went for artists. And used people like Todd Rundgren to represent them. Everyone knows artists have no fucking money. Putzes. The machine is superior in every way, and they chase the beret wearing pansies.

Thank God for the iPod. And now the rest of the iNonsense.

Anyway, finally Evan's computer boots up, and he inserts the "Quake" disk into his Creative Labs 8X CD ROM player. We wait. And wait. And it doesn't work. "Abort, Retry, Or Fail" reads the monitor. Evan chooses "Retry." A hundred times. Still, nothing.

Eventually Evan gives up, explaining that the computer usually works fine, and this stuff never really happens. "Really?" I say to Evan. "No," he answers, "It happens all the time. But I like fixing it. Figuring out what's wrong."

"Uh huh," I say to him, and then go back to the out of focus girls in my hands. A few days later, Evan calls me and tells me his computer crashed. Big time. He ends up spending more money having it fixed, and retrieving his data, than the machine cost itself. When I tell him maybe he should get a Mac, he hangs up on me.

***

A few weeks later I remember something. Something Johnny Ramone had told me and my pal Marc. "I leave it at office," explains Johnny when we asked him about how much time he spends practicing guitar. We ask him what he means and he explains that gigs are "jobs," and does a carpenter bring his hammer home, or a plumber, his wrench? Marc and I looked at him. Amazed.

***

Four weeks later I find myself back in Nick's back room looking at his new camera. He is trying to explain how some new gadget he got for it works. "Who cares?" I tell him. "Huh?" says Nick, with a bit of a hurt look on his face.

"Does a carpenter bring his hammer home, or a plumber a wrench? Do they need to know exactly how they work?" I explain. "What are you talking about?" asks Nick.

"No, they don't!" I say.

"So?" asks Nick.

"Same with computers and cameras. As long as they do the job..." I explain. "Very good observation," says Nick. "Thank Johnny Ramone," I tell him.

"Somehow," said Nick, "I *knew* the Ramones were gonna come up somewhere! The always do with you!" I wanted to argue with him but I couldn't.

He was right.

Everything is about The Ramones.

Take My Life, Please.

I spent early January at Occupy Miami and Occupy Fort Lauderdale. One question came up several times: What if the system responds—or pretends to respond—to our demands? What if the political class agrees to create more jobs, help the unemployed, or let distressed homeowners keep their houses? Then the Occupy movement (and American progressivism) will be out of business. "President Obama could finish us off over night," I said. "A speech would be enough. He wouldn't even have to *do* anything."

Obama could announce a big jobs bill, knowing full well that Congressional Republicans would kill it. It would probably increase his reelection prospects. But don't worry. He won't. He can't.

America's corporate rulers and their pet politicians know that people are furious. They understand that their actions and policies are accelerating the pace of income inequality and creating a growing, permanently alienated underclass.

They know history. Sooner or later, the downtrodden rise up, overthrow and kill their

oppressors. It's not a nice way to rule. Nor is it smart. So, if all it would take for America's masters to save themselves from the raging mobs of the not-so-distant future are a few empty words, why not try?

There's no doubt about the nature or scale of the problem. Economists from left to right agree that the United States suffers from high structural inequality. "At least five large studies in recent years have found the United States to be less mobile than comparable nations," reported *The New York Times* on January 5th. According to a Swedish study 42 percent of American boys raised by parents whose incomes fall in the bottom 40 percent of wage earners remain in the bottom 40 percent as adults, a much higher rate than such nations as Denmark (25 percent) and England (30 percent), "a country famous for its class constraints."

To be poor in the United States is not unusual. Half of Americans live under two times the poverty line. But the depth and persistence of poverty in America is unique among developed industrialized nations. The gap between the poor and the rich is bigger. Mobility—access to the American Dream—is less. Born rich? You'll more likely to die rich in the U.S. than in other countries. Born poor? You're likelier to die poor.

"Miles Corak, an economist at the University of Ottawa, found that just 16 percent of Canadian men raised in the bottom tenth of incomes stayed there as adults, compared with 22 percent of Americans. Similarly, 26 percent of American men raised at the top tenth stayed there, but just 18 percent of Canadians."

When family background determines your fate you look for other options. Like getting rid of the system that makes things that way for your kids and their kids. That's what happened in France in 1789 and Russia in 1917 and China in 1949.

There is no better predictor of revolution than an absence of economic mobility. Right-wing extremists dismiss empirical data with anecdotal evidence. "If America is so poor in economic mobility, maybe someone should tell all these people who still want to come to the U.S.," Stuart Butler of the Heritage Foundation told the *Times*.

Someone should.

Most Americans are poor. They don't need to read these studies. They're living them. Which is why they want politicians to create big jobs programs, raise wages, establish permanent unemployment benefits (standard in Europe), and impose a moratorium on foreclosures. The polls are clear. No one cares about Iran's supposed nuclear weapons program.

Yet here we are in the heat of a presidential election year, and no candidate—not "liberal" Obama, not the weird Republican, Ron Paul, no one—is talking about the issues Americans care about.

During the 1930s and 1960s liberal leaders ended street protests by promising change. Why not now? Why isn't anyone promising to address income inequality? They could lie and break their promises later.

First, the rich are feeling squeezed. The global capitalist system no longer has much room to expand. Emerging markets have emerged. Globalization is not only nearly out of steam, it's allowing the weakest trading partners to drag down their healthier partners. Feeling squeezed, our rulers aren't in the mood to be generous. They'd rather loot the scraps of the pending collapse than expand the social safety net.

Second, the ruling classes have fooled themselves into believing that they no longer need to exploit workers in order extract surplus value. They make their profits without us in massive arbitrage transactions that collect spreads from borrowed money. To be sure, it's a bubble. It'll burst. But it feels good now.

Third, the rich think they can insulate themselves from the roiling masses of the dispossessed, safe behind high-tech alarm systems inside their gated communities. Arrogance rules.

Louis XVI had good security too.

Finally, there has always been a division within the elites between enlightened liberals and hardass thieves. The liberals don't like us; they fear us. So they try to keep us satisfied enough not to revolt. The thieves count on brute force—cops, pepper spray, camps—to keep the barbarians at bay. The balance of power has shifted decisively to the thieves, which is why figures like Obama can't even pretend to care about the issues most important to the great majority of people.

(Ted Rall is the author of The Anti-American Manifesto. *His website is www.tedrall.com. You can write him at Ted Rall, PO Box 2760, New York NY 10163)*

As 2011 dwindled pathetically to its natural end — let's face it, it was nobody's finest year, was it? — I noticed that my floor was littered with piles of new zines. It took me a while to get around to reading them all, but I'm just about there.

The thickest zine was called *Fix My Head*. This is the second issue, put together by Aussie by way of London/Berlin lady Anna Vo. From the front, it looks like it could be a hardcore fanzine in the traditional sense. Double-underlined header, bold and simple design, etc. *Fix My Head* is far from it, though, as this is actually a bumper compendium of carefully conducted interviews with women in bands or involved in projects that editor Anna Vo is into, asking them all manner of questions including but by no means limited to their experiences of punk as a female-identified humanimal. The focus is international, and includes words from women out of Pettybone, Deathrats, Punch, Ampere, and a bunch more, including, I disclose, some responses from me, too. As well as these in depth interviews, there are words from Anna on aspects of race politics within punk, and an interview with Transformative Justice EU, discussing the project and the services this group offers around community accountability for sexual violence. The intent with zines that include this kind of content is almost always a positive one, however the result can sometimes be a kinda dull and not always that immediately inspiring read. What helps a lot with *FMH* is that Anna's voice and humour in the face of all the shitsystem bullshit comes through everything. A quote from her piece: "Things I love to hate to hear: 'That's so great that so many people of color could come today.' — Yeah, we crawled out of our caves to make your event more exciting."

The other big thing that comes out through the interviews is the extent to which the different women in punk have different opinions and attitudes to community and its characteristics, which just goes to show there is far from any homogenous party line for punk rock women and their lives today, nor should there be. I would honestly heartily recommend that anyone who has a vague interest either in the state of the nation as far as punk rock feminism goes, or for allies and potential allies who want to read first hand what it's really like to operate as a female in a band / world of dudelords, but are too worried to broach the subject with their female friends, for whatever reason. You will definitely learn something. Get it from annaannavo@gmail.com

The newspaperiest zine I read was called *Nuts* from Olympia, WA. You probably know it. This is probably the best issue of *Nuts* to come out so far, and I suspect the editor and contributors know it. I hope they're patting themselves on the back right now, in fact. I have long felt that a music fanzines primary purpose should be in putting the reader into a frame of mind of total awe. *Nuts* also absolutely paints a picture of a vibrant community of super talented humans doing their thing fundamentally on their own terms, enlightened, wild, free, trippin, and makes the reader wanna go there. Whether overexposure usually tramples a little the seeds of such scenes is a debate for another time, but when the coverage is coming from an organ like *Nuts*, with active participation from the humans in the bands, perhaps there's an exception to be made. Naturally, this *Nuts* is as large format as ever, but ideas and references still seem to spill off the pages and delight in a

cool and fizzy manner. A poster accompanies this zine, and previously its come with one of those flexible records, the flaccid penis of musical formats, so clearly the people behind this are of some ambition, which is no a bad thing. The sense of different voices and a loose editorial approach never really dampen or contradict in too jarringly incongruous a way, even when Milk Music's roadie is proselytizing through a big man drug haze about "beautiful black women" a few pages away from Broken Water's drummer discussing accountability processes in abuse situations. Still, it all gels somehow. Left with an overwhelming urge to hang out with everyone involved in the making of this, which, as I said, creepy as it may be is exactly what I want out of a zine. They may well be aloof drugs people but I don't care. I read somewhere this might have less and less text in it in the future, but hope that doesn't happen. Still, awesome! Get this from PO 7302 Olympia WAHHHH 98507

The best zine I read this month was called *Limited Readership*. It is a fanzine from the UK, and because I'm biased and because this is a small island with not many people with good opinions actually publishing their opinions, that makes this the best. That, and the fact that it's a stonking good read. This has clearly taken a while to compile, and Rob's writing here is funny, frequently sarcastic, and always on point, even when I disagree with a review. The breadth of his music knowledge is summed up in the intro: "Hopefully I can provide a conceptual place where fans of Hawkwind and Breakdown can unite." The section entitled "Things I used to think but now think the opposite" is very funny indeed, he creates a new way of writing the date (AF – After Flag) and perseveres with a Condominium interview despite the somewhat smarmy disinterestedness of the response. There's also a good mix between stuff like that, and the Milk Music interview, and then an interview with an old band I had never heard of (Spike in Vain from Cleveland, that I am certain I need to hear having read it — No Trend meets Flipper?!?) that again impress that this is far from some of the hype-baiting shitrags out there. One of his differentiating factors is that Rob also includes writing about marginalised movies and underground cinema, which I find cool and exciting, firstly because its something I know nothing about, and secondly as it puts *LR* in the category of another thing I think a fanzine should strive to be; no more than a vessel for talking about anything that excites or stimulates you. Get this from limitedreadership@hotmail.co.uk

A little note: In my last column, I referred to the kinds of people that buy No Idea records as the makers of rape jokes, and I got a dejected letter from Florida about it. I'm sorry! In my experience this statement is roundly true, but of course the world is bigger than England, and I'm very happy for you if that's not your experience! Cleanse gruff punk of misogyny, if you like that sort of thing! Raise your fist and your beer koozie! I am sure the men putting out those records would like me to remind you to keep buying their records if you don't make or laugh at rape jokes, too, cus in reality it's far from the worst subsection of punk when it comes to hating women. Also, I love punk because I can get a letter calling me out for things such as this that still includes a free sticker. Send more to bryonybeynon@gmail.com.

This month I will again leave music behind to talk about dogs. For most of my adult life I've had a dog as a companion animal. I first had a red Doberman, and then a black Doberman named Max who some of you may have met, as he went on several tours. When I moved in with the woman who is now my wife, she had a German Shepherd. For a while it was two big dogs, then one, and then none. After our last German Shepherd passed away, we went through the typical grief-stricken period where we swore we'd never get another dog. But then about six months later, the house started to seem really empty and something was really missing. So rather suddenly, we started looking for a new dog. A cursory internet search turned up several pet adoption websites and within a few weeks we were able to find an adorable eleven-month old German Shepherd named Alexa for adoption in nearby Wisconsin. We picked her up on New Year's Eve and she's already adjusted to her new home and is turning out to be smart, playful, energetic, and affectionate little companion.

While I don't know so much about other countries, here in the US the pet population has long been out of control. While euthanasia has declined significantly in recent years, this country still puts to death around five million dogs and cats a year. This "unseen holocaust" is the result of several factors. Pet breeding is lightly regulated, and even if it was regulated, it would be impossible to enforce. Our laissez-faire attitude towards both profit seeking and animals has resulted in dramatic overbreeding, as thousands of people think they are going to cash in by selling puppies. "Puppy mill" operations breed dogs like they were livestock with little regard to animal welfare or population. And of course thousands of non-spayed or neutered pets are hooking it up and having "accidental" puppy pregnancies. That's the supply-side. On the demand side we have a culture of consumerism and instant rewards. People buy puppies with little thought towards the responsibility they are signing up for. Since we live in a culture that puts a very low value on animal life, many of these pets are quite disposable and are abandoned as soon as they are not cute, or when owners move. Many pet owners just do not put the time or effort into training or accommodating an animal and then give up when the dog is destructive or disobedient. While they blame the dog, it's their own failure and lack of responsibility that is to blame. Combine these factors and you get millions of animals dropped off at shelters, dumped on the road, or "backyard euthanized." Of these some are adopted, but many millions are just put to death. There are so many more animals being discarded than there are homes to take them in. All of this goes on despite decades of education and campaigning by the ASPCA and other groups.

In my years in the punk scene, I've seen a lot of punk kids with dogs. Having a dog seemed to get really popular in the early '90s, when there was a profusion of crusty mutts. When the crusty train hopper subculture really took off in the '90s it seemed like a lot of those kids had dogs. A lot of people criticized young vagrants who could barely take care of themselves for having dogs they could take care of even less. But I don't think it's exactly fair to judge everyone by a few outliers. I remember one night closing up the Bombshelter after a gig, there was no one left in the room or on the street. I picked up all the beer cans and as I locked up I noticed there was still a dog chained up to a parking meter out front with no one around. I took the sad mutt home and managed to call around and find out whose dog it was and take it to someone's house that knew the owner. Clearly this person was probably out of their depth with being responsible for an animal. I've seen some fierce arguments erupt over whether it was cool to bring a dog into a show. That said, I don't think it's fair to generalize. Some of those crusty mutts probably get more attention and are better cared for than suburban family dogs who spend twelve hours a day in a crate while their owners are at work and then get stuck in the back yard so they won't jump on the couch or chew the remote. Personally, I'd rather see a dog abandoned by society taken in by one of society's rejects than euthanized in a shelter.

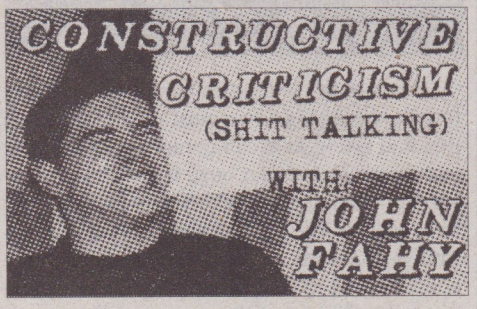
I have found dog companionship very rewarding and uplifting. I'd like to share some of our story as a means of example. We initially found our dog through a website called petfinder.com and I think there are similar sites showing different animals up for adoption. It was pretty easy to search for German Shepherds and if you are less picky about breed, there are tens of thousands of animals at shelters and in foster homes adoption. Before we found our dog I spent some time searching for a dog that would be a good fit. Reading the

stories of these dogs and how they wound up in shelters and foster homes was actually pretty difficult. The tragic stories of abuse, neglect, and irresponsibility on the part of these dogs' former owners made me swing back and forth from wanting to cry to wanting to beat some shitty dog owner with a baseball bat. A lot of the dogs up for adoption are older, have mental or physical problems from past abuse, or need special care or rehabilitation. I was willing to try to take on a harder case, but when I clicked on the picture of Alexa, I was smitten at first sight, and we wound up putting in a successful application to adopt her. With the prices people pay for pure bred puppies, I was pretty surprised it was so easy to find an adoptable young, healthy purebred with just a few hours of internet searching, but such is the surplus of animals in this country.

Our dog was a rescue dog, adopted from a foster home. She was picked up as a stray on the streets of Chicago, where she was held for seven days and not claimed. She was then scheduled to be euthanized. Luckily, Chicago and Wisconsin have German Shepherd rescue clubs who were alerted that there was a purebred GSD at animal control and put her in a foster home. While anyone can adopt from an animal shelter such as those run by the ASPCA, there is also a subculture of breed rescue organizations. These organizations are typically volunteer outfits of breed enthusiasts who specialize in rescuing their chosen breed, rehabilitating them, and putting them in foster care until they can be adopted. Living as we do in a culture that fetishizes status, brands anything expensive, it's a little odd to me that people are willing to pay $1500-$3500 for a puppy from a breeder, when purebred pups are up for adoption from shelters and breed rescue groups. Unless you need a dog from a certain bloodline for training as a guide dog, or some other kind of working dog, I don't see why you need to further fuel the dog breeding industry when so many dogs (even purebreds) are up for adoption. Of course our dog lacks a pedigree and AKC papers and will never be a show dog. But buying a pure bred puppy and thinking it's going to be a show dog or you are going to breed it and make tons of money are about as realistic as raising your kids to be Olympic athletes or rock stars.

In our case, the adoption rules were rather strict. The breed rescue groups have put a lot of time and energy into saving these dogs, footing vet bills, getting shots, securing foster homes etc., and they are concerned about the dogs going to good homes. We needed to fill out some forms, sign an adoption contract, provide three references, and have a home visit! There was an adoption fee of a few hundred bucks to help cover the cost of the dog's vet care. I'm sure that you can adopt from a local shelter with many fewer hoops to jump through, but if you are looking for a specific breed, going the rescue route would be much more rewarding than buying from a breeder. As I write this our little Alexa is curled up on her bed next to my desk. She's only been in our house for a week, but it's already hard to imagine the house and yard without her.

Lastly, for the record, I don't eat meat. I never really have, as I was raised a vegetarian. I know people always try to criticize when someone is concerned about the welfare of dogs when they hypocritically eat factory-farmed animals. I think the world would be much better if we had more compassion for animals and stewardship of the environment period. That said if someone can adopt a stray dog while still eating hamburgers, I'm still happy to see that one dog saved. Maybe the experience of living with a companion animal will make them reconsider their stance on other life.



YOUTH BOREDOM MODERNITY b/w TWICE THE COOLIES, TWICE THE GHOULIES

A friend once described a quantum theory to me as follows. "Today, I took a shit at work. Somewhere, in some dimension, I'm taking that shit at work. Right now. Over and over again. And it's like that for anything that ever happens."

A creepy idea, for sure, but nothing as terrifying as seeing replayed, regrettable genres of punk long after they're mistakenly conjured. Stumbling upon a flyer for a show that bears some semblance to typical punk/hardcore/underground-ness can lead to disturbing, alarming realizations. Like, in your town — tonight! — five bands you've never heard of are playing bro-jock powerviolence or scary man straight edge. Immediately, horror turns to disillusionment. These kids are young! And they could be listening to punk! Legit punk! What the fuck? Sometimes there's an added *Sixth Sense*-style twist: "....yeah, I think they're mainly Christian too." Good Jesus Christ in heaven. Walking into one of these shows and seeing all of these people in person and finding all of this out at once must be like walking in on gasmask-laden Aum Shinrikyo cult members while they were brewing up the chemicals used in the Tokyo subway attacks.

While I may think these genres are particularly hair-raising, any "(blank)-worship" is usually entertaining in the short term and deeply forgettable in the long. I suppose you could make the argument that all punk is some form of worship but I am not so cynical. I think there are crazy-legit bands out doing fine things today that don't pander to the past. Maybe that will suck in the future. A whole generation will be raised on Guitar Hero and iTunes brackets and demand bands fit into one of five genres or die fighting other misfits in a *Running Man*-style competition. Maybe when I'm forty, eighth-wave EARTH CRISIS clones will be tearing shit up harder than ever and everyone will think I'm a dusty old fool. There's some cynicism creeping in. I'm only 29!

Movies like *Running Man* have something truly awesome going for them; almost every character is at least half a piece of dung and people in general are terribly shitty. The late seventies onward, something was in the air. Crime was in the ascendancy, the economy was shitty, everyone had settled into national cynicism post-Watergate and it resulted in incredible films. *Ghoulies* is another such movie. Yuppie, Satanist, or Ghoulie, every character is a piece of shit and somehow, that is great. "Shockumentaries" like *Faces of Death* were mainly horseshit but 1982's *The Killing of America* is one hundred percent real death footage set to an extremely bleak soundtrack and fucking desperate narration. The tone of the movie actually maintains some respect for the gravity of the content, unlike some of the other like-minded movies of the day, which more or less screamed "holy-shit-did-you-see-that-fucking-dude's-head-get-chopped-off??" *The Killing of America* is written by Leonard Schrader, brother of *Taxi Driver* writer Paul Schrader.

I like to think Leonards go by Lenny, because Lenny has such a good-timing-daddy nature to it. I once knew a True Motherfucker named Lenny in Ireland who was in the IRA, and who post-ceasefire smuggled mad amounts of beer and fucking cigarettes. Once, escaping over the border from the south into the north of Ireland with Irish police in pursuit, Lenny and his gang busted open the doors of the van, fucking suicide-style, mid-chase and started firing their illicit roman candles and bottle rockets at the cops, which the cops reported as being "rocket-propelled-grenades" when they failed to catch the gang. Of course, further investigation revealed the cops to be full of shit and they were completely humiliated by the newspapers and of course, good-timing Lenny himself. Fucking crucial.

Anyway, *The Killing of America* features obscure violence (an example being the totally "how-the-fuck-did-I-never-hear-about-this-before" footage of a man with a shotgun featuring a noose attached to the barrel and in that noose, the neck of a banker who denied the shotgun-wielding lunatic a loan years previously! This guy had also attached a noose around his own neck which runs to the trigger of the weapon so that if the cops take his ass out, down goes the loan officer also. Now, I gotta say that a guy with the foresight to put together this little contraption is pretty damn

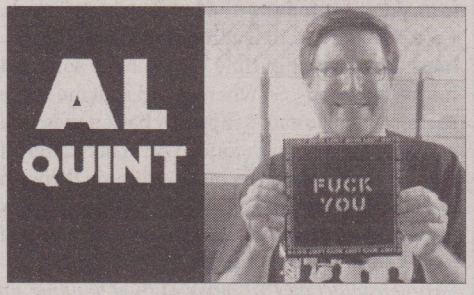
clever and probably deserves that loan. In front of *hordes* of cops, EMTs, reporters, family members and everything else, this one little guy parades around this banker for three days, threatening to blow his head off and explaining to anyone who will listen how much of an asshole this fucking loan officer is. And the banker just basically has to agree, obviously. Honestly, top that, Occupy Movement! This piece is set alongside very famous death footage such as the Kennedy assassinations. The film finally closes with a bit on John Lennon's shooting. We see the vigil in central park, snow falling on New Yorkers who cry and console one another as "Imagine" plays serenely, throwing out so many hippie sentiments and finally giving the viewer some hope of a bright future after watching a feature length movie full of murder. Suddenly, the screen goes black. The narrator's grim fucking voice returns and drops this; "Two people were shot at this Central Park Vigil. While you watched this movie, five more of us were murdered. One was the random killing of a stranger." What the fuck do you say to that? Go to bed and remember to hang yourself in the morning.

This kind of cynicism is grand in the way that you'd think it would spur people into improving their lot eventually. I read once of how national mood is reflected in cinema, the examples discussed being the more sophisticated, non-pandering, bleak, essentially, realistic movies — often with a high quotient of gritty violence — which were passable in times of great national disillusionment, such as after Nixon and then later, after Bush II. The times to worry about are the *E.T.* times, when shit is deep under the carpet and you can click your heels and everything will be just dandy because all of the bloodshed is far, far away. We must be in an *E.T* era presently. There are no Guantanamo prisoners on Twitter that I know of, but I can imagine a steady stream of status updates like, "please help me" gracing the feeds of we who stare at the boxes and have our browsing monitored and purchase histories compiled. Are we not the spectators of the *Running Man* games — total chumps who don't give a shit, love grade-z entertainment and wait to be exploited next?

I saw another movie with my man Jeff Fahey in it once where some awful group, evildoers, whatever, kidnapped the president of the United States for the purpose of stealing the coveted launch codes and provoking nuclear armaggeddon. Then at the end, spoiler alert, it just fucking happens. The world ends! How fucking classic is that? Only in the world of awful Jeff Fahey B-movies. I do hope I am closely related to him — unlike John Fahey, who I've never heard, even though everyone tells me how great he is. (It's folk music, right? It can't be too great. Folk is crap. Everyone has to stop relaxing and get mental. Put down the acoustic guitar and the tambourine. Five, maybe eight fucking people died while you were reading this column! Eat shit, folks.). What if I hear it and like it? I can't recommend John Fahey albums that potentially rule and not feel awful and strange or like I might disappear like Marty McFly when he gets all widdly-widdly at the end of *Back To The Future*. What if I met him and he was just like me but all cooled-out and super-laid? Someone told me there's a movie coming out where there's another earth and we all have alternate versions of ourselves on it and the planets find one another and dimensional twins start dialoguing and it's whacked out. I think if everyone had a good look at their dimensional twin they'd get pretty bummed out. We'd have twice the cool people but also twice the juggalos.

Somewhere, in another dimension, I'm thinking of an idea for a column that is awful. Over and over again. And Jesus wept.

Contact me: fahyjohn@hotmail.com or John Fahy / 15011 Lakeside View Dr., Apt. 2402 / Fort Myers, FL33919/USA



They All Lie, They All Suck!

As I write this, 2012 is only a few days old and after seeing the wall-to-wall coverage of the Iowa caucuses, the first step in selecting a Republican candidate to face off against Obama, I'm sick of it already. I've been sick of it for a while. They're a scary bunch. When a corporate raider/job-destroyer like Mitt Romney is considered the most rational of the candidates, you know we're in trouble. I'm not going to be writing about the Mittster or any of the other motley crew in the field. That's *crew*, not CRÜE. Hell, the way things are going, I'd consider voting for Nikki Sixx or Vince Neil at this point. Not Dave Mustaine from Megadeth, though. He's a born-again Christian conservative. I haven't looked into who he's supporting. Don't care. I'm not particularly enamored with the current resident of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, either, especially after he signed the National Defense Authorization Act, which empowers the executive branch to indefinitely detain any person it accuses of being a terrorist without charge or trial. Obama says he had reservations and his administration wouldn't authorize detention without trial. Well, that's reassuring. I wonder if President Romney or Gingrich would adhere to that? And whatever happened to closing Gitmo, anyway? You know, like Obama said he would. Anyone who still believes that Obama is any sort of leftist/liberal (never mind socialist), despite symbolic gestures like ending Don't Ask Don't Tell, are deluding themselves.

But I'm not going to write about presidential politics. I'm going to write about the author of the words at the top of this column because that's something I've been quoting quite a bit lately, in reference to various politicians. There are only a handful that I think *don't* suck, such as the democratic socialist senator Bernie Sanders from Vermont. Not too many more, though. Anyway, back in the days when I was doing my zine *Suburban Voice* as an actual print publication, I had some truly talented columnists. One of them was a gentleman by the name of Larry Boyd. I first came into contact with Larry in 1984. I'd heard a song by his band DISARRAY on the radio — a tune called "My Intimate Friend." It wasn't really punk or hardcore but a swirling, melodic, and somewhat droning song that ended up on one of the endless mixtapes that I created while listening to various shows on the local college stations. I found Disarray's address in the "Boston Band Guide" supplement from the local arts paper and sent off a letter, possibly with a copy of my fledgling zine that was then called *Suburban Punk*, asking if the band had any other music available that I might be able to review. Old school! These days, I'd probably Google the band name, check out more music online and download it. Times have definitely changed.

Not too long after I sent off that letter, a package showed up at my apartment building with a few tapes of Disarray music and a long letter from Larry, who was the lead vocalist and drummer in what turned out to be a band that had been around since the late '70s. Disarray's music ran the gamut from minimalist punk to more experimental and expansive rock. Not all of it was my cup of tea but Larry had a deep, encyclopedic knowledge of all forms of rock and we started to trade tapes. Over the course of the next few years, we struck up a friendship of sorts. I still have those tapes and he introduced me to lots of sounds from the '60s and '70s that I hadn't really checked out all that much on my own—Eno, early Bowie, New York Dolls, Hawkwind, Amboy Dukes, Captain Beefheart, and more. He definitely expanded my musical horizons. I can't even remember what I taped for him but probably included some of the underground punk and hardcore that was lighting a fire under my ass.

Starting with issue #12 of the re-named *Suburban Voice*, Larry started writing a column for me. It was called "It's My Dime" and he'd touch on a number of issues, both musical and non-musical. He was a few years older than me and had already honed a pretty cynical outlook, although his passion for heartfelt rock 'n roll never waned during the years that he wrote the column. He called 'em as he saw them — one of his early columns concluded by stating, *"Next issue, we'll wonder if Henry Rollins' ultimate goal is to commit suicide while blow-*

ing himself in the fetal position." Larry was seeing things that a somewhat wet-behind-the-ears 24 year old writer might *not* have perceived. He saw through the bullshit. His oft-repeated mantra was *"They all lie… they all suck"* usually in reference to whatever politician was irking him at that particular moment.

Sometimes, his column could be dramatic, such as the piece in issue #21 that detailed his near-suicide attempt after the end of a failed relationship. He ultimately decides that life was worth living, and that other options are worth exploring besides suicide. As it turns out, Larry only had 17 or so years left to live. We'll get to that in a bit.

Over the years that I knew him, I realize that I never really *did* get to know him all that well, despite his columns and our correspondence. Part of the reason was he lived down in the Plymouth/Middleboro area and that was well over an hour from where I've lived my whole life, Boston's northern suburbs. Also, Larry always seemed a bit guarded or reserved towards me — but we did share a love of music and a rather skeptical outlook about politics and other societal conventions.

I did have some fun times with him, though. One of my bands, NO SYSTEM, once played a party at his home and it was a fun evening of lots of booze and lots of loud rock. I think it was the only time I ever played a show drunk, in fact. We also entered into a brief musical partnership. When the drummer for my next band SHATTERED SILENCE went away to school, Larry offered to fill in. It didn't really work out that well — he played all the songs twice as fast as they were meant to be played and practicing was difficult since he lived so far from me. But we did play a show that wasn't promoted at all with SCREECHING WEASEL in front of a paying audience of five people in Worcester, MA. This was in the late '80s, and Weasel wasn't yet a "household name." The other show he played was my wedding — we did a cover of the New York Dolls' "Personality Crisis" and two originals and managed to clear the room inside of a minute. They decided to serve dessert right when we hit the stage. I still have the photo — me in my tux (well, without the jacket), two bandmates in shirt and tie and Larry in his un-tucked, V-neck jersey. He was no slave to fashion and I didn't have a problem with it. I was glad to have him there making noise with us. I had a wonderful wedding but that was a brief period during the day where I could really be myself.

He wrote for *SV* right up through issue #39, released in late '96. I don't think he ever missed an issue in twelve years. Then things went sour. I neglected to inform him of the upcoming deadline for *SV* #40 and he missed that issue. It was a communications gaffe on my part as I thought I *had* informed him. He seemed to accept my explanation. About the same time, I was also in the process of putting together the first *Suburban Voice* CD compilation and didn't ask him for a track from Disarray. Truth be told, I wasn't listening to them that much anymore and it didn't really cross my mind but he thought I was purposely trying to exclude his band from the comp. I tried to explain that it wasn't intentional (it really wasn't) and, while he accepted it at first, it proved to be a fatal blow to our relationship. He decided the exclusion of Disarray *had* been intentional and he wrote to me in November of 1997, saying that he was terminating our association, as he put it. I never heard from him again after that.

A few years later, a guy named David Del-Valle started writing for my zine. He knew Larry and would keep me up to date about him from time to time. Things didn't seem to be going well for Larry, emotionally or, as it turned out, health-wise. Around late 2003 or early 2004, I was looking through my cassette boxes for tapes to play in the car and came across one of Larry's old mix tapes and I thought I should try to get back in touch with him. Attempt to bury the hatchet, so to speak. I didn't have any ill feelings and I thought perhaps the passage of time would have softened his hard feelings. So when David sent me some reviews in an email, I shot him back a message asking if he'd been in touch with Larry lately. I was stunned when the message came through just a few hours later: *"Hey Al, hate to bear this news in such an impersonal manner, but Mr. Boyd passed away about ten months ago. He had an unfortunate affliction that involved fluid building up around his brain, which apparently was quite painful. Very ugly situation. Sorry I never thought to mention it before. He got extremely reclusive in his last two years and I didn't see him much at all."*

I got his sister's email address and we exchanged a few cordial messages where she explained what had happened. Larry died on March 6, 2003 after having been in a coma for some time. He was 45.

In his final column, Larry wrote a eulogy for a departed friend, who had succumbed to brain cancer. It's more than ironic that Larry himself died from a brain-related affliction. In the closing lines of that column, he wrote, *"within the confines of this column, as within the self-imposed boundaries of his life, there was much more to him than could be simply, adequately expressed. What I will do is dedicate in spirit, if not substance, all future columns to the memory of my best friend… he won't be replaced."* Larry concluded with *"Sailor Moon is God(dess). See you next time."* But there wasn't a next time. Those were the final words he wrote for my zine.

After getting that news from David, I had tremendous feelings of remorse and guilt that I hadn't attempted to patch things over. He wasn't constantly on my mind but whenever I'd see one of his tapes or take out the *Boston Rock Anthology* compilation LP that had a Disarray song, I'd briefly wonder what Larry was up to but never followed up on it. I suppose there's a lesson to be learned — an obvious one, accompanied by the requisite "life's too short" cliché, but goddamn it if it isn't true.

As a postscript, when I decided to write about Larry for this column, I did a bit of searching around the worldwide web (does anyone call it that anymore?) and found an interview he did for *Spinal Jaundice* zine in 1989. In addition to wondering what he'd make of all this madness today and thinking that we'd probably both share the same amount of exasperation, one of the last questions stood out: *"If you could attend your own wake, what would you overhear?"* Larry's answer: *"Gee, that Larry, he was sort of spooky, didn't socialize too much, spent a lot of time in his room, mighta smoked too much dope on occasion, but he kept a pretty good beat and made a wicket pot of curry."* That sounds about right. RIP Larry.

Next time, I *won't* be writing about Henry Rollins or Sailor Moon. I hope to be back in reviewing mode after taking the last few weeks off to listen to and write up my best of 2011 list.

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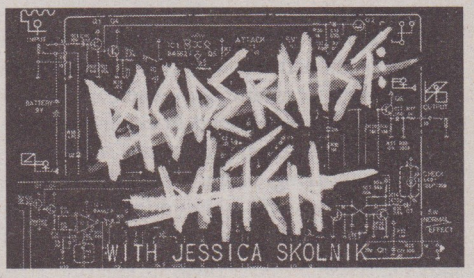


this is not a redemption story

[This is a reworking of a piece that I wrote for my personal blog a couple of months ago. I have gone back and forth about whether I wanted to talk about these subjects in this column but — there are no secrets revealed for anyone who knows me. I used to do a zine about this stuff, I've written and spoken about it in public before, so… here it is. This is a story about sexual violence, drug abuse, and suicidality; please take care of yourselves first and skip this if you need to.]

I guess I used to be a party girl. I mean, in my heyday, I was real big on getting completely wasted, usually taking off items of clothing in public, yelling at people in the street, crying into bar toilets, fucking in bar toilets, going home with anyone who looked at me twice and would maybe hold my hand as if they cared.

I don't think I was a bad person for any of that. I don't think anyone is a bad person for such behavior. I just know that I was hurting, hurting so badly, and what I was doing was ripping my wounds open over and over again.

That's why I stopped.

It started, I suppose, with our next-door neighbor when I was in late elementary school. He was older, and he was one of the few people in my age range who showed me

any kindness. I was a really awkward, nerdy, incredibly shy kid. A kid with secrets. A kid already hiding her pain. I was short and I hadn't grown into my features yet and I had frizzy hair and buck teeth and I was already starting to develop giant boobs even though I didn't have any of the other signs of puberty. I got along best with adults; I had a few friends my age, but not many, and I was on the fringes of social stuff at school.

Our friendship was pretty normal at first. We played video games and watched monster movies, and he let me fall off his skateboard a bunch until I got the hang of it.

Then I met his friends.

His friends were Bad Kids. They smoked cigarettes and weed and purloined beers from their parents or got adults to buy for them. They did whatever pills or other drugs they could get their hands on when they could. I was the only girl in the group, and now that I look back on it I was so flattered by all their attention and acceptance that I didn't realize they were grooming me, using me. They made me feel special, as if I was beautiful and not awkward and frizzy and weird and shy.

And that is why I let them do anything they wanted to me.

And that is why I let them use me.

Skipping past the gory details, they ended up using me for payment to older teens who'd get drugs to them. My original next-door-neighbor friend had faded into the background, and I believed he'd left this group of kids at one point. But I was locked into a horrible pattern, and they were *really good* at manipulating me.

This was DC in the early '90s, and sometimes — though it was expensive and they had to steal from their parents — heroin was available. We never shot it, only snorted it, but I was in love with it immediately. It made me *numb*. Anything could happen to me, to my body, and I didn't care, for once. The flat, deep depression that had always been with me got worse and worse. I was eleven years old when it started, and I didn't tell my parents until long after it was over.

I stopped hanging out with them the summer before 8th grade—I'd gotten an unpaid part-time summer job at a daycare center/preschool reading to little kids and helping to clean up the classrooms. It was totally wholesome, the complete opposite of my life with The Boys, and I really loved it. I hadn't seen them all summer and figured they'd moved on.

One day I was cutting through the park between the daycare center and my house — the park that The Boys and I also hung out in once upon a time. I did it every day and had been safe so far. They came at me with stockings over their heads even though I knew it was them. Who else would it be? They had Swiss Army knives, and one of them always kept a blade against my throat, though it was a formality. I think they knew I'd lie down and not fight, just to survive. They were bigger than me, and I knew what they were capable of.

They took turns.

I saw them one more time, walking down my street past my house a few weeks later, looking in the window. And then that was it.

(This is the infamous rape I tried to report for which the cops in the area refused to follow up on, for which the length of my jean shorts apparently was to blame. I wish so much that I had told my parents, because I know now that they would have been supportive, that they would have done anything useful they could have done to see justice. But I felt that I had brought it on myself for being a Bad Kid, and I'd have to explain why I was doing all those Bad Things in the first place, and I just sucked my secrets further into me and moved on.)

I found punk around this time too, and I know everyone (thanks D. Boon/Mike Watt, also) says that punk rock saved their lives, but it literally saved mine. It was this world in which being angry was not just acceptable but expected, in which there was a rudimentary vocabulary to talk about sexual violence and in which I watched other women come forward and relate their experiences (which helped give me the courage to accurately deal with mine). And I started hyperfocusing on records and bands and trivia because it was something I was passionate about *and* something that took my attention away from how much pain I was in.

I couldn't get my hands on heroin that easily, but when I did it was the only thing that gave me respite from the constant aching in my heart. I stopped when I was sixteen because it was scaring the person I was dating, and I detoxed on my own, pretending to have a really rough stomach flu. I still drank too much sometimes, but my substance abuse kind of eased up by the end of high school.

Freshman year of college was supposed to be a new start, far away from home, and I barely drank, standing by the wall at parties nursing one beer while new acquaintances who weren't as seasoned with drinking got trashed, walking people home, making sure they had enough water. Then I was date raped, and I got pregnant, and it all went out the fucking window again. I weaseled a prescription for benzos out of the campus clinic, and I kept a stash of them around wherever I could. Thus emerged The Party Girl, enabled by benzos and whiskey or beer, a good time that quickly turned into a bad time, notorious, fucked up. All I wanted was to die. And I was hanging on at the edge for some reason, locked in a cycle of numbness and deep depression punctuated by vomiting and crying and trying to get attention with my body.

I stopped when I was 20. Stopped period. I punched a guy in a strip club that the person I was dating was working in (I'd had a full pint glass of whiskey and this guy came up behind me and put his hand up my shirt/down my pants and I punched him in the face and drew blood). It was finding the dollar bill he'd tried to shove in my pants that was the catalyst for stopping, not the punching (I mean, the guy deserved it).

So I didn't drink for a number of years, and I threw out the little bottle of benzos I'd been saving forever. (I think I'd kept them around in a suicide kit, with a dusty bottle of whiskey — someday, when I got the courage, I'd just take both bottles and pour them down my throat and be done with it). I started a therapy that helped me, I got on the right medicine for my anxiety and depression, I built up my friendships with the people in my life who genuinely cared about me, I started working with other survivors and got deep into organizing and activism. I drink now in a totally different context: a glass of wine with dinner, a couple of drinks at a show or at a bar with friends. I stop myself. I know I'm lucky to be able to do that. I know a lot of people don't have the resources to get where I am. That infuriates and saddens me, and it's something I actively work to correct all the time.

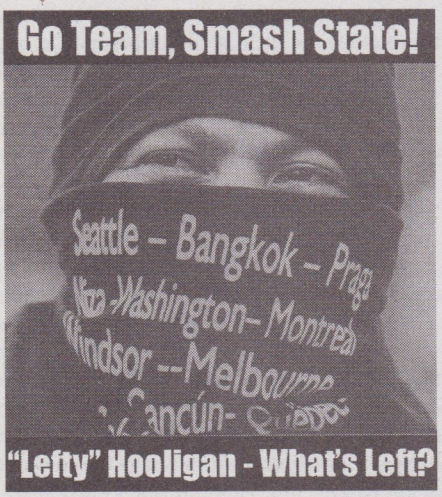
My ten-year opiate-free anniversary is in February of this year, when this is due to be published. In February of '97 I cut out heroin use; on the five-year anniversary of that decision I tossed the suicide kit. I want to do something cool just to mark the fact like I made it, but I'm not sure what that would be (playing a show? I'd feel weird labeling it as an Anniversary Show, but there'd be nothing stopping me from just doing it without naming it). Anniversaries are odd things — they seem pretty arbitrary on the surface, and holding too tight to them can be problematic, but they can also be good anchors and chances to reflect.

I haven't had a suicidal thought in years. I have a healthy, happy, long-term partnership and a career doing something I love, helping other people.

It's *weird*. I always thought I'd be dead before I got to this point. Now I'm living the part of my life that I never imagined would happen, and so I am making my own maps, and it's a really strange process. The project for my twenties was re-learning how to relate to people without alcohol or drugs or sex; the project for my thirties is growing, in whatever direction I'm going in.

This is not a redemption story. I wasn't a bad person before and I'm not a better person now. I'm just healthier, and I've grown a lot. Progress isn't linear. I'm writing all of this out like I've written out other painful autobiographical parts of my life, for the same reasons: because it does me good to reflect on them, and because I want to let other people know that shame and silence are where the worst potentials for pain fester. If I had spoken up when I was a teenager, I could have started healing quicker, instead of letting the gangrene of secrets almost eat me alive. This doesn't mean that you

have to be public about such things, but let the people who care about you, who you trust as far as you can trust anyone, know. Reach out. No one of us can heal completely on our own. This is why we need strong communities (and legal and policy changes).



Victory is the main object in war. If this is long delayed, weapons are blunted and morale is depressed.

Sun Tzu, *The Art of War*

Call me old fashioned, but I think winning is important. At least once in a while. It's why I no longer call myself an anarchist. And why I hang onto the moniker of left communist by the skin of my teeth.

I'm not going to waste space detailing my critique of the "beautiful losers" attitude of both these political currents, an attitude that prides itself with time and again "snatching defeat from the jaws of victory." I've done so in past columns, to no avail, and this sorry behavior just infuriates me because history is littered with the wreckage of too many crushed revolutions and too many corpses. In turn, recent modest successes by Occupy Oakland, which I described in my two previous columns, allow me to considerably narrow the focus of this discussion, allowing me the opportunity to be constructive and not give in to my outrage.

Sun Tzu minced no words when he wrote that victory is the main goal in war. A particular plan of action, involving collections of tactics, toward the goal of victory, is called a strategy. And tactics are the specific techniques that use weapons and personnel in various combinations to engage and defeat an enemy in battle. Goal, strategy to achieve goal, and tactics to implement strategy; it's actually a simple hierarchy. It's the same, whether playing a game of chess, defeating the Third Reich, or overthrowing the capitalist ruling class. And central to this whole affair is tactical and strategic flexibility in order to achieve your goal.

Occasionally, a natural disaster wipes out the enemy's forces, or a spontaneous mass insurrection takes down the government, and you are left victorious by default. You still have to hold on to your victory, which still requires tactical and strategic flexibility. It's the lack of this flexibility that, more often then not, brings about defeat. And nothing guarantees inflexibility more than an iron commitment to principle. Anarchists, and to a lesser degree, left communists were so committed to their libertarian principles that they preferred seeing their respective revolutions go down to smoking ruin rather than compromise those principles. We'll return to this point later on in this column.

Occupy Oakland's modest accomplishments —the reoccupation of Frank Ogawa Plaza a day after brutal OPD repression, the total shutdown of Oakland's Port on November 2, the attempted communization of the TAS building that evening, and the partial shutdown of west coast ports on December 12—happened almost despite a movement riven over tactics. On one side, there were your classic peacenik types insisting on nonviolence and, on the other side, black-clad anarchos itching to riot. At one extreme, humor-challenged pacifists who inserted themselves between rioting anarchos and the Oakland Whole Foods, and who wanted to shut down everything, the whole march to the Port of Oakland, the instant the black bloc started breaking bank windows. At the other extreme, fashion-challenged black blocsters who insisted on "diversity of tactics," to the point of shouting down any opposition at General Assemblies, and who were committed to "making revolution" by fucking shit up through the streets of downtown Oakland. These are the folks wedded to their principles at either extremity unwilling to compromise their tactics, who in fact are more than willing to shoot down the main event if they don't get their way on particulars. Somewhere in between these poles (and aside from the opportunists like union/party hacks intent on policing demonstrators into faux nonviolent conformity, or the provocateurs of various persuasions interested in violence for other than revolutionary reasons) there are the people willing to be flexible, willing to be nonviolent at the moment, but also willing to resort to a little more aggression when necessary.

Boots Riley, of *The Coup* and *Street Sweeper Social Club* fame, as well as a prominent organizer of Occupy Oakland, made the following excellent observation on his Facebook page with respect to pacifists threatening to bolt due to anarcho violence:

The truth is that while almost everyone I know in Occupy Oakland (including myself) thinks that breaking windows is tactically the wrong thing to do and very stupid, many people do not agree with non-violent philosophy. If you kicked those folks out then you would have a body of folks that wouldn't have been radical enough to even call for a General Strike. Occupy Oakland, on the whole, has a radical analysis that leads us to campaigns that others wouldn't and which also capture people's imagination. For instance, as I've said before, Gandhi was vocally against strikes because physically stopping someone from what they want to do is violent. Occupy Oakland has called for a diversity of tactics--which is different than our New York comrades, however I don't think that is supposed to mean that you use every tactic every time. We are so large here precisely because our actions have teeth. If the police blockaded at the port--we would have had 2 choices. The first would have been to let them stop us from getting there--with them thereby calling a victory against OO. The second choice was for us to quietly push through them with the shields we had in the front of the march and using our power in numbers to get through. That would, technically, not fall into non-violent philosophy. I think it is the fact that police knew that we had tens of thousands and we would push through there if necessary, that caused them to stay away. Also, everyone here seems to be inspired by Arab Spring, Greek movements, and other similar movements in Europe. None of those were non-violent in nature. The Egyptian folks burned down a police station, for instance. Everyone I know thinks that tactics like that here would cause the movement to be crushed, so those tactics are not on the table--I'm just pointing out that people are saying that this is emulating a movement which was pretty violent. But, I think the discussion is about tactics, not about adopting non-violent philosophy. On November 2nd, a large group of people with many contradictions successfully shut down the city in the biggest action with an overt class analysis in 60 years. People all over the world, all over the country, all over Oakland--are excited by this. If you are threatening to leave because, in the midst of this mass action some people broke windows and we are all trying to figure out how to work together, then you're missing the point and you'll be missing out on history. Don't let the media frame the discussion. The average everyday person was empowered by what happened on November 2nd. Every movement has contradictions, we aren't told about them so we think this movement should be different--there was violence during the Civil Rights movement. The pastor that had MLK's job before him at Ebeneezer Baptist Church had just made all of his congregation buy shotguns. The NAACP had an ARMED chapter in North Carolina. You can wait 50 more years for your perfect movement, or you can realize that it's here.

I thought it important to quote Boots in full regarding the need for tactical, and by extension, strategic flexibility. One thing he doesn't touch on, but which is of equal importance, is the need to use experience, past practice, and history to determine which tactics, and what strategy, to apply under any given set of circumstances at any particular time. Gene Sharp wrote a powerful, three-volume magnum opus *The Politics of Nonviolent Action*, in which he details historical incidents of civil disobedience being used effectively against a variety of authoritarian and totalitarian regimes, including Hitler's Germany and the Soviet Union. And while nonviolence is underutilized as a meth-

od to achieve social change, there's little doubt that it also has its limits. A strong argument can be made that, without Federal government intervention in Birmingham, Alabama and the rest of the south, the likes of Bull Connor would still be turning fire hoses and siccing German shepherds on the likes of Martin Luther King and fellow Civil Rights activists to this day.

Last column, I criticized insurrectionary anarchism for its rigid commitment to black bloc tactics when I discussed the occupation of the TAS building in Oakland on December 12. While I praised the attempt to communalize this space, I disparaged the hackneyed, formulaic confrontation with the OPD that resulted in a massive rout and wholesale arrest of those involved. During the mass antiwar demonstrations in San Francisco in March of 2003, when hundreds of thousands had taken to the streets to disrupt "business as usual" in the heart of the city, anarchos engaged in a number of black bloc breakaways that attempted to use the larger demonstrations as cover for their mayhem. On March 20, several hundred black-clad youth tried just such a breakaway march and were bamboozled by the SFPD which, with their own tactical rigidity, resulted in the breakaway being corralled and most of its members arrested. These examples of the inflexible engagement by anarchos in a set of unoriginal, dare I say tired actions, despite experience and history to the contrary, illustrate that insurrectionism has its limits as well.

I'll leave the final word to Sun Tzu, from *The Art of War*: *Water shapes its course according to the nature of the ground over which it flows; the soldier works out his victory in relation to the foe whom he is facing.*

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

New Fiction

AIDS!

I was feeling rather AIDS-y. I had this recurring nightmare where I'd go to the STD clinic, say my name, and red lights start flashing and a siren goes off.

I sat there with my HIV counselor and told her my sexual history over the last year—and I swear to God she did this—she gets up, rolls her eyes (*hard*) and says (valley girl accent) "Um, I think you might be HIV positive." *And she was right!*

"How do you think this happened?" she asked. I thought long and hard. It was probably one of the couple hundred guys I let nail me without a rubber but I didn't say that because even though I don't really know this bitch I still for some reason don't want her to think I sleep around.

"I caught it from a toilet seat"—she didn't laugh. I sensed she was a dyke and there is *no way* you're *ever* going to convince a lesbian that semen is cool. Nuh-uh. Forget it! I did the same thing I always did when cornered. I lied through my fucking teeth. "I caught it from my monogamous boyfriend that was cheating on me (sniff, sniff).

Now she was ready to treat me like a human being. *"Oh honey! Here's some tissue! THE WORLD IS SO UNFAIR! THAT MONSTER!"*

I kinda hate this bitch; how come there's no sympathy for sluts? Like none? What if I had told the truth? "Oh, I just wanted to be liked". She would have *certainly* labeled me a menace to society.

"Here's some condoms and lube" she said. I took the lube. I was rather traumatized by the news. I mean, I didn't wanna cry or throw things, to be honest I mostly just wanted some orange juice. I wasn't going to cry but I was *definitely* gonna do some Oxy.

I called my cousin back home in tears "Roscoe, I have HIV (sniff, sniff)." To which he responded, "Oh, like Magic Johnson? *Fuck it nigga*, just eat some vegetables!"

I had to understand what he just said—"fuck it nigga, just eat some vegetables"—was sound advice! But I never eat vegetables *or* drink water. I eat coffee. I'm definitely going to die. Fuck my student loans. This might work.

I remember sitting in the STD clinic and looking at a model of the HIV virus. Ugly thing. It looked like something out of *Star Trek*. A glob shaped thing with red dots all over it. Plugs itself into one of your cells and makes hella copies of itself. It's a virus.

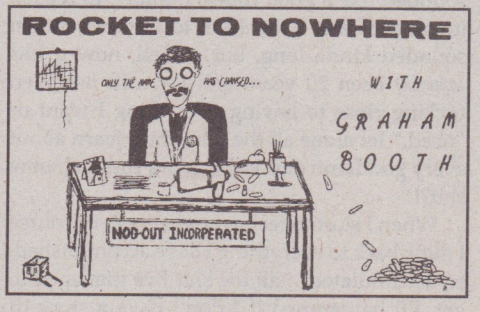
Despite myself, I had a good idea about who did this to me. Also despite myself I didn't let a lot of guys cum in me. (Just ones I thought were hot). He lived up the street and when I biked up to meet him and tell him he said, "Well now this is going to be hard now that I'm seeing someone I actually care about...." And what was I-chopped liver? *But wait*. I was chopped liver.

We had met online and his pic was of him naked with his bare ass up in the air and I'm certain that if there really is a hell all of us gay boys are going for how careless we treat each other. Perhaps, that is. After I tell him we sit on his bed crying and holding each other for 40 minutes and it strikes me that even though we've been fucking for months *this here* is the most intimate thing we've ever done with one another.

I take a long look at him. Big ole white boy, of Scandinavian descent (I could never quite pronounce his last name right). 6'4, 220 lbs of all muscle, blond hair, blue eyes. Looked like he had sailed over from Scandinavia that day on a Viking boat with twenty of his horny cousins. I get a hard on and asks if he wants to fuck one last time. I had already exhausted my risk, like why the fuck not? He laughs and kicks me out and calls his new boyfriend to inform him that he might have quite possibly ruined his life. I biked away knowing I would never see him again and despite everything this I know is not some great tragedy.

I take some Oxy and then a shit. There's something totally shamanistic about taking a shit on drugs. I sat on the toilet all itchy and sweaty and my mind went to dark places. I caught visions of my last two T-cells sitting on a couch in my blood-stream-smoking crack, when all of a sudden one of my T-cells looks at the other and is like "Dude, fuck this place"—*AND THEY BOTH SHOOT THEMSELVES IN THE HEAD!*

The rope attaching me to Earth is cut and I go flying up, up, up above the world. I high-five my dead great grandmother ("Welcome," she says lovingly). I'm really high. I willfully switch the vision. I know I want to be an old man. I picture myself on the seven acres of land my father leaves for me in Alabama. I'm sitting on my big plantation house porch in a rocking chair, long white/grey hair, smoking weed, house full of hot young (and old) boys, growing Organic watermelons. *Yes*. I get up to wipe and I'm so high I stare at my shit for like, two hours. When that wears off I go and cook myself some vegetables.



LOL. I'd have laughed in your face ten years ago if you'd told me I'd be writing about scoring a CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS *400 Fascists* 7" EP in 2012. But that's what I'm doing. It took me fifteen years, but I finally scratched it off the wantlist this month for just $40 on eBay. It's funny how things like that work out. I've had so many chances to get the first CCM EP over the years, but I never managed to line up a reasonable trade, and never wanted to pay the $100+ it was going to cost me (it was already pricey in the '90s), so I just waited it out. Of course, I could kinda care less at this point; it's a sad day indeed.

Tim Yohannan once heralded CCM's *400 Fascists* a "minor classic" in *MRR* circa 1984. I never heard the record until now. I am struck by how fast they were playing way back in 1981. This is one of the earliest fast hardcore rippers out there, playing at blazing speeds most bands wouldn't adopt until a year or two later. Or maybe it's just that they actually got a record out in 1981?!

The only other Italian punker from that era in a similar rough punk style is ICE & THE ICED, whose 7" EP also came out in 1981. But if you've heard it, you know that it's in a way more conventional, mid-tempo, UK street punk style, with a comparatively clean, loud, and high production style. CCM is lo-fi as hell; this recording sounds like boombox straight to vinyl, and is furious as a mutha. None of the other Italy HC greats even got onto tape compilations until 1982, with most of the records not seeing the light of day until 1983 and beyond.

Quality-wise I think *400 Fascists* pales a bit in comparison to undeniable greats like RAW POWER, WRETCHED, or INDIGESTI. But taken in context, *400 Fascists* is a landmark record for worldwide hardcore, a full two years ahead of the curve. It's no wonder it lacks some of the power and clarity of their younger peers who'd be honing the hardcore sound during that time. I'm starting to remember why I wanted this record so bad in the first place. I'm also remembering that my Italy collection still has a massive hole in it... no ICE & THE ICED. Fuck!

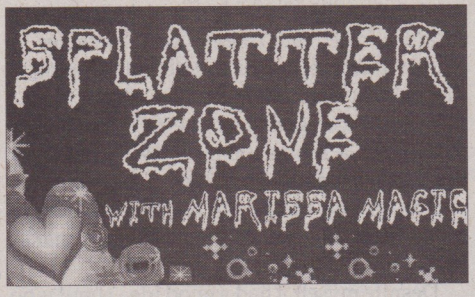
And I guess that's what's all so crazy about all of this collecting shit. It really *never* ends! When I started writing this column maybe five years ago, I remember wanting to front hard like I'd been collecting forever, 20 years sounded like a good round number. In reality, it was probably a lot closer to 15 years, which sounded kinda long, but... Well, now it has *actually* been 20 years and I'm still not even fucking close to having everything I want or "need," let alone all the new shit I learn about every goddamn day. Is this like a curse or some shit?!

When I start to feel overwhelmed, of course I think back to everything I have accomplished, er, accumulated... all the shit I've managed to get. I'll be damned if I don't have a story or some memory about every single record in those boxes. Some as banal as "I bought that on eBay," others where there was some intense trade negotiations. Or the ones that almost got away, but I schemed and finagled my way into the shit on a miniscule budget, or by kissing ass and batting my eyes at the right moment.

It's crazy to think that all those years can be summed up in two or three long boxes of singles. Flip through it all complete with those few telling dramatic pauses in four and a half minutes and put the lids back on. How impressive. I mean, yeah, impressive, but it's three boxes. And then there's the countless other boxes, entire shelving units, of random vinyl accumulations all with their own stories, mostly not worth telling, many worth forgetting. I don't really know where I'm going with this, other than to say, what an odd, odd life.

Of course, the flipside to all this collector crap is the music. I mean, fuck, some of this shit is like the ultimate two and a half minutes of musical expression ever waxed. How is it these little time capsules of decades old music can at once be so contemporary, so deftly capturing the exact same emotions, frustrations, and aspirations some 30 years down the line? Of course, it's easy to argue collectors are living out some extreme escapist lifestyle, but for anyone that's been in the muck of it for a couple years, the rewards provide this kind of exhilarating urgency and stark reality that's often tough to get at in today's typical banal existence.

As time goes on, somehow I want to make sense of it all. What have I spent all these years doing with my life? Am I doing a service or is it selfish? As someone dedicated to unearthing and discovering new (old) music, or helping to spread the word about all the good stuff that's already out there, I like to think of myself as making some contribution to the general consciousness, with a unique perspective and style that hopefully captures some speck of something that nobody else can quite get at. But when I step outside myself, or start to pick apart the legions of my fellow collectors/competitors and their crass commercialism, I guess I'm probably just another record troll in it for myself. Maybe some day I will figure it all out. In the meantime, I wish I wasn't so good at finding old records. Here I come ICE & THE ICED!



I-D-E-N-T-I-T-Y

I was hanging out with a friend of mine a couple years ago and helping her get ready for this photo shoot thing. The pictures being taken were "sexy" but not "porny," like what you would find on the wall of a mechanic shop in a shitty sitcom. She had put together a blue ensemble and was gathering other matching blue items—a camera, a dog figurine, a towel, and on and on. This outfit was completed by a pair of period-stained granny panties, but it wasn't like she was mocking the photo shoot; this was just honestly her idea of sexy. Does she think its weird? Possibly. But really, I bring this up because it struck me as an interesting comment on how we present ourselves to the world. How "not giving a fuck" *is* giving a fuck, how some are strategic and some are oblivious. Am I being a total hippie here? Whatevs.

I hang around with a real weird group of kids. For a long time I never thought of myself as eccentric because I've always realized that I am a total freak and that I don't fit in or whatever, and that being an eccentric not only encompasses weirdness but also a complete obliviousness to said weirdness.

As of late I've been real obsessed with the outside of my room. Let me explain for a second. So I kind of live in this cavernous warehouse and my room is almost shack-like, like a home inside a home. One day as I glued things to the outside of it and painted them the same sickly shade of pepto that I seem to paint every room I move into. I explained to my roommate that at first I thought about making it look like a doctor's office but at the last minute I decided to get flat rather than eggshell paint, and this last minute decision in turn meant that I would make the outside of my room into a tactile wonderland but entirely monochromatic instead of a doctor's office.

"Well, that makes sense," my roommate said.

And this is one of the many moments when it clicks in, where I'm like "maybe I really don't know how much of a weirdo I am." Like, this does make sense to me, but trying to look at it objectively it is kind of a bizarre thought pattern. And then I start to realize how deeply in a bubble I am, and how I present myself in ragingly different ways, and sometimes simply talking to my co-workers or my family feels like culture shock.

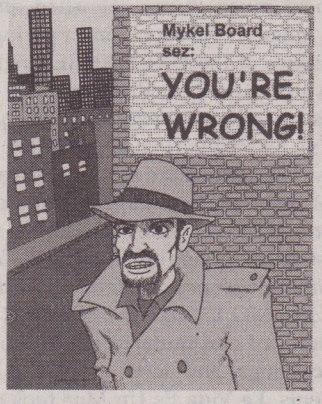
For example, my family does things occasionally like making fun of fat people or letting their opinions be formed based on stereotypes or not experiencing moral dilemmas when shopping at big box stores and what not. I guess at one point this must have been par for the course for me too, but now it just seems fucking bizarre. Like "people really think like this? This is real?" Or at my job that I've mentioned before, that involves me making a shitty attempt to look all norm storm. My coworkers seem to think I'm in my early twenties and that I'm a student. I've never told them this, it's just the only way they can explain in their heads that I have no desire to work more than I do, that I have no desire to try and climb up the metaphorical ladder. Every time a full-time job comes up they say, "You should apply to this, you could make so much money!" The idea that I make enough money to get by and would rather work less and continue on that route instead of have more money but work more is entirely alien to them. I mean, it's also true that I try to avoid my real life as much as I can when I'm in the office. If they even had an inkling of how I exist outside of there they would probably think I'm a satan worshipper or something.

I've gotten to this weird point through col-

umn writing and various shenanigans that I have some tiny minor level of name recognition. It's weird because I'm pretty sure that if one were to only go by my writing to imagine my personality I would probably come off like a super serious-about-everything asshole PC police cop, but I'm not really. But this makes sense, because in truth my writing persona is pretty strategic. I realize people will draw their own conclusions no matter what but it doesn't really stop me from at least attempting to be extremely thought out and specific about what and how I write about things. But my columns and reviews kind of function as soap boxes for me, as this moment where I have this sizely international platform and so all my ideas and views of the world are swiftly distilled into sweeping generalizations and uptight opinions. Like duh it's only this tiny facet of what I'm like in real life.

I have no control over the probability that my co-workers most likely think I'm totally crazy, that my family sees me as overly sensitive, that some dude on the street sees my short skirt and thinks I'm a slut, that *MRR* readers think I'm an uptight bitch, and on and on. I realize ultimately I have no control but it really doesn't stop me from obsessing and thinking about what I present to the public and various other parties. It's not like these outside voices and opinions really have any weight on what I do, but I still try to play mind control with the general public. And at the same time the reason I value all these different views is because it's a constant calling out, a constant challenge, a constant let's pretend.

Not everyone (possibly no one) follows the rules I set for myself or my opinions that I present to the world and for reals if they did it would be a bummer because that shit would be so fucking boring. What I'm trying to say is that I'm really glad my friend's sexy outfit is a pair of period stained grannie panties.



"The crucial reality is the need to sell your labor to capital in order to live, the need to carve up your personality for sale — to look at yourself in the mirror and think, "What have I got that I can sell?" — Marshall Berman

It was something I ate. Bang. Stomachache, I can just make it... I hope... It musta been the Korean food... Seemed so healthy... mushrooms... kimchi with sesame seeds... even tofu ice cream for fuck's sake. Pow! A belt to the stomach. I'm gonna explode.

On the way to the bathroom, I grab today's mail. I'll need something to read while the food makes its painful progress through my intestines.

Ah, made it. Not quite ready to let loose though. I pick up the mail.

First, *The Nation*... my usual bathroom reading. Lefty enough to be interesting. Alexander Cockburn who's almost always right. And book reviews better than the books they review.

This issue reviews a book about the mind. The author of the book is a neurosurgeon who splits peoples brains in epilepsy operations. Then he does experiments on the split brainers. His experiments convince him that people don't really have free will. We act, he says, spontaneously. Then we use free will in rationalizing the act.

The reviewer asks, "if people lack free will, why did the surgeon make them sign "consent" forms before the experiments? How can you consent to anything if you don't have free will?" Smart guy, smart ass. Right up my alley.

Ow! Ow! Ow! The brown muck makes it's way up the right side, across the middle, down the left, almost... almost... Fuck, stuck right at the key point... begging release... yet unreleased.

I check out *The Nation*'s front cover. "Getting Priorities Straight." It's about how Obama sold out to the Republicans (what a surprise!) by making the debt the number one issue. Says *The Nation*, "it should be *jobs*!" Let's have another WPA like during Roosevelt. Let the government hire people so they can earn their own living... not have to take handouts... give people the dignity of earning their own way... put Americans to work. Yeah, pouring tar on highways. That'll give 'em dignity... or black lungs.

Enough! I put the magazine down and open a letter from something called "ACE." I'd think it was a hardware advertisement but for the blurb on the front of the envelope. "Empowering the Homeless." Hmmmm. What does that mean? Register them to vote? Give them a place to live, regroup, and get something decent to eat? Um, no...

"ACE program participants — who have all spent time on the streets or in prison — now sweep our sidewalks, bag our trash, and shovel our snow."

That's empowerment? Empowerment means giving people power over their own lives. What does ACE give people power over, a plastic garbage bag?

The Republicans, they want jobs too. Take the oil pipeline through Canada... please. This from another *Nation* report:

"Republicans used the payroll tax measure to push for quick approval of TransCanada Corp's Keystone XL pipeline project, backed by labor unions but opposed by environmental groups.

The legislation requires Obama to approve construction of the pipeline from Canada to U.S. Gulf of Mexico facilities within 60 days or declare it is not in the national interest. Obama wanted to take a year, beyond November's elections, to review the project.

Republicans argued the pipeline would create jobs at a time the nation is suffering from an 8.6 percent unemployment rate.

'The president says he wakes up every morning thinking about jobs. This morning, the Senate took action where the president has punted,' said Republican Senator John Cornyn."

Meanwhile, Libertarians call on the government to stop all welfare programs, and let people find their own jobs. Stand on their own two feet. Instead of handouts, they should work and find dignity in any job.

The problem, they say, is the minimum wage. It's too high, a strain on business. If you pay people 25 cents an hour, think of how many more you could hire! Newt Gingrich wants to end child labor laws. Hire kids at four dollars an hour. Fuck school. What do they learn there? Maybe poetry or art. Is that gonna get them a job?

What about cripples? They can wheel on their own two wheels.

Get people out of school. Get 'em off welfare. Cut unemployment insurance. Work! That's what freedom's all about, isn't it?

Just at this moment, I release. Relief-filled brown splats into the toilet. Pow! Like a beer-shit. I can feel it in my ankles. It's wonderful. Wiping myself, I use nearly a whole roll of tissues. Still, I seem to have missed something. I feel a little prick... like a small stone in a sock... I reach a finger into a particularly deep anal fold. There it is... I scrape through with a fingernail... another scrape... Something catches between the nail and the finger flesh... got it! I pull it toward my face to examine it. A sesame seed, from the Korean food last night. What a relief!... Then it hits me.

Jobs! People need jobs. There must be hundreds... no thousands... millions... of people who need dingleberries fished from their anal folds. I'd certainly pay $2 for an anal fisher. Think of the employment possibilities

The new company: "At Your Anal Call." All those homeless people, welfare moms, kids who only like poetry or music. All those old folks who no one else will hire. Here's a chance for them to earn money... learn pride in work... make other people happy.

Their $2-a-berry dingleberry-picking will do more than give them enough money for a cup of coffee at Starbucks. It will give them pride in doing it themselves. It will teach them the dignity of earning their own way. Set up charges will be low. There will be little equipment to buy. The only expense will be advertising the service... and the 39 cents of the $2 fee that will actually go to the dingleberry- picker.

I got it! I'll let the government — and foundations — advertise for me. It's a company liberals and conservatives will both love. They'll shower me with cash. It should be easy... a piece of cake... er... Korean sesame.

I call the libertarians at the Cato Institute.

"Hello," I tell 'em, "All Power to the Koch brothers and private enterprise."

"All power to capital," comes their reply. "What can we do for you?"

After a bit of explaining, I'm switched to a "Mr. DeLoit." I explain my plan to him.

"That's a great idea!" he says. "We'll contribute five million bucks to help you set up the project. Then we'll create a front grou... er... charitable organization, do a mass mailing, encourage people to support people standing on their own two feet..."

"Actually," I say, "the work requires some kneeling..."

"Wise guy!" he says. "Now where was I... oh yeah, keep the government out of people's business. Let people earn their way in a free society. Start at the bottom. Learn the value of hard work and a dollar. Go from dingleberry picking to... to who knows where? Might even open a chain of pizza parlors... right? The sky's the limit."

I nod into the phone.

"Now who should I make the check out to," he continues. "And where should I send it? ..."

Well, that was a fruitful phone call. Next I call *The Nation*, that bastion of left-wing thinking.

"Hello," I tell 'em, "all power to the people... especially the workers."

"All power to labor," comes the reply. "What can we do for you?"

After a bit of explaining, I'm switched to a "Ms. Jackson." I tell her my plan.

"That's a great idea," she says. "The government can subsidize your organization... maybe make a contract. It'll be like Roosevelt and the WPA. Jobs, jobs, jobs. Of course the workers will have to make a living wage. Your $2 an hour for the extreme effort of dingleberry-picking is much too low."

"I understand," I say. "How 'bout if we double it?"

"Excellent," comes the answer. "We'll be creating real jobs. Useful work for workers who really get their hands dirty. And there are no plastics, chemicals, or other environmental hazards."

"There may be occasional gas," I say.

"Wise guy!" she says. "Now where was I... oh yeah. We could set up a lobby to encourage the government to hire dingleberry-pickers. We'll explain it's a public need. We'll contact the unions. Let them organize a Brotherhood of Dingleberry-Pickers Local 584. Get some government protection. It'll be like the WPA during Roosevelt's time. Jobs! Jobs! Jobs!"

It sounds like she's having an orgasm. I clear my throat.

"Sorry," she says, "I got carried away.... Anyway, you've got a great idea. We'll form a front group... er... Political Action Committee... to push the idea. "Americans for Jobs Now," we'll call it. How much do you need? Will three million hold you over until we get things started?"

"I think I can get by on that," I tell her. "It'll be a struggle, but I can do it."

"Ok," she says, "we'll make it four. I'd like to give more, but times are tough, you know."

I thank her and hang up. Okay, maybe there's something to this *jobs* thing after all.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or blog viewers (mykelsblog.blogspot.com/) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

-->Inspiration dept.: For those who are just learning about anti-workism, the best source is the great essay by Bob Black. Called "The Abolition of Work," it's available for free on the internet. Just google it.

-->Ultimately THEY control it dept: San Francisco's BART subways system is the first American government agency to block internet use to discourage dissent. On August 11, 2011 BART cut off cell phone and internet access in some stations. They believed those stations would be targeted by protesters demonstrating against a transit shooting by transit police. It worked.

-->As if you need another reason to vote 3rd party dept: Obama has signed a law invalidating the constitution. The law allows indefinite imprisonment... without trial... a violation of the most basic law of any free society. In the US the law violates the "due process" clause of the Constitution. Obama cast it aside...like his promises to close Guantanamo.

-->God or jail, which is worse? dept: In September 2011, Police Chief Michael Rowland of Bay Minette Alabama, announced a new program. Called "Operation Restore Our Community," non-violent offenders would have an option of paying a fine, going to jail or attending church weekly for one year. At the end of 12 months, their records would be wiped clean. There are not many religious choices in Bay Minette: several Protestant churches, one catholic, no synagogues, no mosques, and no B'hai temples. So it's off to the evangelicals... the good thing about it is that prisoners will learn what every goyish kid learns: church is a punishment. Jews learn that synagogue is a punishment.

-->Government training dept: Wired magazine revealed that, at the FBI training center in Quantico Virginia, new employees are told, "the more devout a Muslim is, the more likely he is to be violent." Sounds like a Christian to me. The same training material characterizes the prophet Muhammad as a "cult leader,"

In a surprise move (When Good Things are Done by Bad People), Senators Joseph Lieberman (Israel's 100% patsy) and Republican, Susan Collins, sent a letter to the US Attorney General complaining about the training. They called it "inaccurate and even inflammatory." They're right. What got into them?

-->Where there's a will there's a hustle dept: Hallmark Cards announced a new line of "cards for people who have lost their jobs," The cards come in six designs. It's not clear if any are *congratulations* cards.

-->And if there's an attack did God allow it? dept: The Kentucky Court of Appeals said it's okay for Kentucky to give official credit for its homeland security to "Almighty God," and put that credit on all official correspondence. Now, if there's a terrorist attack in Kentucky... who's responsible for the FAILURE of that security? Not that I'd advocate such a thing. Who me? God forbid!

Fuckin' hell, these deadlines keep popping out at me like a cruel and sadistic jack-in-the-box. I was just on break, living large and waking up at 2pm every day after staying up all night reading novels by Ballard, Miller, and Dick and writing about mutant rock for *Accept the Darkness*. I shoulda banged this fuggin column out then, instead of now when I'm back to busting my ass and fermenting my brain in the school all day/no sleep routine. Fuckin' retard. Anyways, writing about the new VOID reissue last month reminded me of some of the sick reissue records I've picked up over the past year or so, might as well dribble on about 'em here.

I spent much of my cherished and now sorely missed vacation time poring over the reissues of the DISCHARGE singles that Havoc just put out, finally being able to spin records other than *Decontrol* and *Why* has been nice. I've taken a particular rekindled love to the first two, which are the most savage and feral of them all. Few things compare to the euphoria induced by the Neanderthal thud of the first drum sounds on "Realities of War" or the frothing violence of "Religion Instigates." Bands like MG-15, OLHO SECO, and KURO were strained and mutated out of those ugly sonic carvings, and serve as perfect accompaniments. La Vida Es Un Mus took a break from putting out some of the most important records of new blood bands to put out a lavish reissue of MG-15's stark and bristled sole 7". Stripped, raw, and ugly, their gnashing, gravelly attack still sounds great next to the bands whose minds they corrupted into playing feral and mid-paced hardcore, like CRIMEN DE ESTADO and SUDOR. OLHO SECO will

always have a certain cult-like presence in my head for their rebellion against the repressive tropical fascism that attempted to suffocate them as they savagely blasted out their tunes by any means necessary. KURO has a similar cult-like presence, their image and reputation rooted in mystique and violence adds an extra intensity to their psychotic episodes of leather-clad noise. The reissues of OLHO SECO's early recordings and their first 7" continue to beat my head in, and the newly acquired KURO discography LP has a similar effect. These bands sound like they're fist-fighting their way through every groove.

BRAINBOMBS does too, but their sickened, noisy sludge does it in a wholly different way. They sound like they started the fight, while KURO, OLHO SECO, MG-15 and DISCHARGE sound like they had no other choice but to curl their hands into fists and swing in blind rage. The antagonistic reactionary bent of Brainbombs, with their overly-affected imagery and depictions of the grotesque and the ugly, is amplified and made all the more interesting by the fact that they share a member with crust-lords TOTALITÄR. The ultimate irony and humor found in the corruption of idealistic politics. Thinking this sardonically is almost more sadistic than their lyrics soaked with the intent to shock. Maybe not. Listening to music that is this antagonistic is an interesting experience though, feeling good or stimulated by the wretchedness of their droning, gnashing noise makes me suspect I have immensely shitty taste. I drop the needle down on the reissue of *Genius and Brutality* quite a bit; its stimulating drone serves as a backdrop for productivity.

In contrast, I can't get a fucking thing done when I spin my copy of CHROME's *Alien Soundtracks*. This shit legitimately sounds like all the most intensely disturbing scenes of surreality and drug-fucked paranoia and delusion I've read in books like *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*. It prickles out and makes me fuckin' sweat, the manic and freaked out paranoid energy buzzes and swells like some malicious alien invasion infesting my brain. This is the perfect soundtrack to the disillusionment that led to paranoia that led to drug-induced stupors and total insanity in the time they existed. America's cities were not a pretty place when they were around, and their freaked out and chaotic noise somehow emanates this from every aspect of its presentation. The escapism in their otherworldly obsessions, their sweating, manic aesthetics, their loud, frothing guitars and strange hypnotic noises…it's a full experience. If I try to read while this record is spinning the words just melt into each other and spill off the page. If I try to think, my head throbs. It sounds nasty, aggressive, and violent in a way I didn't even think was possible. This shit sounds like it was recorded using the discarded scrap metal of the space-age dreams for drums, while tripping on the remnants of the drugs that turned the hippies sour and playing the guitars that corrupted their own childhoods into oblivion.

While CHROME was doing everything in their power to forget the political clusterfuck whose consequences permeated in every aspect of their lives, bands like CRISIS sound like they're doing everything in their power to stare it in their face and die at its hands if it'll just shock some feeling back into their nerves. La Vida Es Un Mus reissued their swansong 12"—*Hymns of Faith*—which departs heavily from the marching, fresh faced, and obnoxious sounds of their early singles. This record sounds like the disillusionment of political activists as they realize it's all fucked and disintegrate into hopeless, bleak anxiety and disgust. The despairing, low-spirited final march of "Frustration" hits hard, with only one word being repeated through the entire song as it hypnotically plods on while ornate guitar work sharply reverberates. This song cuts deep as hell, it is one of the most aptly titled and themed songs I've ever heard. The sadistic glee listening to corrupted, disillusioned politics is unnerving; I can't tell if I feel an empathy with it or I'm just a nut. The militant sneer of this band's gloomy and dark depictions of Cold-War era England is harrowing.

WRETCHED has a similar militant urgency, but they don't sound like dejected prisoners of war trudging towards the gallows or sitting in damp prison cells filled with blank, existentialist thoughts; they sound like rogue, rabid freaks throwing bombs and wielding knives in one hand and any damaging projectile imaginable in the other, with a fearsome glare lighting up their pupils. I came across a reissue of their *Libero De Vivere Libero De Morire* LP and snatched it up immediately. I wore out a tape of this thing in my walkman during ninth and tenth grade, listening to it anywhere from in the middle of class to when I'd aimlessly walk the streets during winter, irate with everything from the snow on the ground to the people passing by. It's an intense and manic soundtrack to dominate your daily life, and it intensified already prominent feelings of anxiety in spades. Their absolute disregard for tightness and urgent, violent desire to attack their instruments like a rabid pack of wolves runs parallel to VOID. They are to CRASS and DISCHARGE what VOID is to DC '81. I don't know who put out the reissue, but it's sick, and hearing this shit careen and caterwaul out of my speakers on vinyl is a real treat. I can truly say I've never heard anything quite like what I hear on this frothing clusterfuck of an LP. Fans of manic, slashing guitar work take note if you aren't already privy, this shit *cuts*.

The DEAD MOON reissues on Mississippi records showcase another cult band with an absolute disregard for tightness and form. I only picked up *Unknown Passage*, but from what I heard I like this shit the best. I first heard "Dead Moon Night" in a skate video as an impressionable youth and it sounded crazy and disgusting. They suck shit at singing and playing instruments but they play like they have absolutely no clue. The songs would be inconspicuous if played by a normal band, but they play this shit like a band of fucking deformed asylum escapees. It's absolutely deranged in all the right ways and it's just loud and raw as fuck. Sharp and intrusive, almost antagonistic but it still makes you feel good, their ineptitude adds a strain of urgency and desperation that you can't simply affect.

That's all for now, I gotta get back to doing real-world shit and all that junk. *Accept the Darkness* #8 coming soon, keep your eyes peeled for it if that kinda idiocy tickles your fancy. c/o:eggmangel@gmail.com

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

PART 1: PTOOF!

Brixton, London, England, 1972. There's a bitter wind traveling down the Thames, along the cobblestone and concrete, winding through the terraces and balconies, a weird and silent British snake in the night. A needle-prick cold blown in from the sea. It gets in ears and gives you a headache, your second of the day must be the millionth of your life. Hands jammed firmly in your greatcoats pockets, black leather tie whipping your cheek like some faceless dominatrix, you trudge along, into the grey. Brixton, London, England, 1972. A crummy place to be alive.

The '60s, at least the second half, had seemed like one long, strange party. Now, of course, it was over. The sharp hair had grown long, the paisley turned to plastic, leather to leather, dust to dust, clean cheeks to beards. You spit on the ground, remembering all little hells you visited through that weird decade. You can hardly believe it's the Seventies. The world has changed, any fool could see that, and while you're sure that some things are different, even improved, you're hard pressed to say what. All that shaking fury, all that hysterical laughter and free love and Italian shoes, all just pennies down a well now, aren't they?

But out there, through that fog, across the river, down a crooked, shopless street, past a pub with no sign and even fewer patrons, a sharp turn down a sharp alley with sharp shadows in the doorways, a quick step up a flight of uneven stairs to a peeled-paint wooden door, then a shave-and-a-haircut secret knock (two bits, if you're being followed) there sits, with a glass of brandy in his hand an unlit marijuana

cigarette dangling from his lips, Mick Farren. A Punk, if you please.

The first electric guitar was invented in 1931, the work of a Texan by the name of George Beauchamp, who used his tool mostly in vaudevillian shows and Western music performances. In 1932, after a year of shopping his invention around, he partnered with Adolf Rickenbacker and another man) to form the Rickenbacker Electro Stringed Instrument Company, marketing the first commercial electric guitars. The instrument caught on quickly, as the size of bands increased and the volume of the traditional acoustic version of the instrument became more difficult to discern amongst the rabble or horns and shouts. These electrically amplified guitars, over the next decades, became commonplace until eventually, with the advent of rock and roll music, they became the focal point upon which bands were formed, replacing saxophones and pianos as the lead instrument. Nowadays, they are the most commonly played instrument in the world by a large margin, with nearly three million purchased in 2010. I myself own two.

Amphetamine, a psycho stimulant drug of the phenethylamine class, was invented in 1887 by a Romanian chemist by the name of Lazar Edeleanu in Berlin, Germany. After a brief period of intense euphoria and pats-on-the-back, he wrote a few papers and chucked the idea in a closet. Though it may be difficult to believe now, he could find absolutely no pharmacological use for it. The drug remained dormant for decades, until the Philadelphia psychopharmacologist firm Smith, Kline and French began marketing an amphetamine inhaler as a decongestant under the brand name Benzedrine. Its use as a stimulant was quickly discovered, (it's said "by accident"), and by World War II almost every major army was distributing little blue pills by the millions to their troops, sailors and pilots. Following the end of the war, it was named a Schedule II narcotic in the United States (Class B in Great Britain) and, while still used by the military (particularly in the Vietnam War), amphetamine saw its popularity lessen with the general populace. Not that it was illegal--Benzedrine inhalers were still available, as were a wide variety of pills prescribed for various illnesses, illnesses that were, for the most part, quite easy to fake. Now, speed is more popular than ever; according to the D.E.A., over 1.2. million Americans twelve and over have done methamphetamine in the past year. Double that, and you're probably closer to the truth.

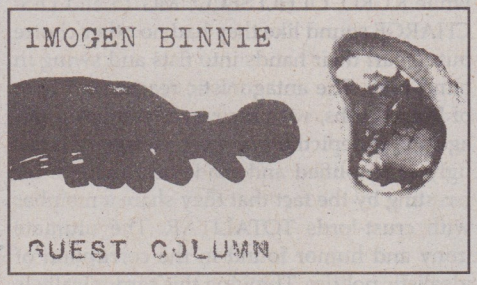
Back in his cramped apartment, Mick Farren mind wanders lazily through the milieu that makes up his brain. For a brief moment, his minds eye rests upon the image of an electric guitar, with a white line cut out next to it. He smiles and hacks out a deep, British laugh. Yes, he'd done speed. And truly, he'd played the electric guitar, and he'd done both at once, over and over and over. He glances up to a small postcard tacked to his wall, above his desk. It depicts Elvis Presley, his eyes shut and his pompadour threatening, singing into a bulbous, silver microphone. Elvis had been a speed freak, in this pre-Dilaudid halcyon days. That little Jewish troubador Dylan ate the stuff, too. Even introduced it to the Beatles. Hell, all those jazz boys back in the torch-light days sniffed the stuff themselves, though their other colored counterparts, the bluesmen, seemed to prefer that other brilliant combination, whiskey and co-caine. Everybody, Farren muses, just wants to get high, in one way or another. Being a musician just makes it easier.

Bands names: The Deviants, formerly the Social Deviants. The Pink Fairies. Hawkwind. T. Rex. Hawkwind. The sound: Loud guitars. Almost atonal singing by a drug waif longhair. Thuggish bass, aggressive drums. Occasional acoustic interludes, sounding as if they're just to keep in practice rather than for any real listening. The place: Ladbroke Grove and the people: Freaks. No, not the same sort of freaks you see wandering the streets now, laptops tucked in their armpits, quinoa salads in their bellies and those awful plugs in their ears. No, real freaks, drug-freaks believing in "free love." You know, like rape, murder, maniac moves in the middle of the night. They read Michael Moorcock and William Burroughs, they smoked long sticks of hashish and lived in squalid apartments with fifteen other people and an unclaimed baby. To you, this may sound like the typical hippy lifestyle, and in a way you are correct. But they had menace, man, far before heroin made their U.S. counterparts into rotten monsters and then politicians. They weren't for peace, love, and flowers---they were for open hatred, molotovs on the High Street, mothers crying, all diluted and cooked and put in the plunger, injected into every strata of society. They weren't the New Thing looking to Be Groovy—they were out for blood.

They did not come from nothing. England in the sixties was a cesspool of Clean, Nice Young Men that went from skiffle to teardrop guitars in the course of a few years. Hermans Hermits, the Beatles. The calm Liverpool beat dominated the airwaves. Sure, it was rock and roll, but it was clean, matter-of-fact and a complete illusion. The reality was that England was a squalid wasteland, that the Empire had declined and that society was changing, rapidly, but its members were too polite to make any mention. Music was a drag-sure, the Yardbirds were all fuzz and flairs, but they weren't truly wild. Everyone still took their cues from dead bluesmen, and the true white riot was somewhere beneath the surface, lurking in the mire below that famous stiff upper lip. But under the cobblestones in some dank former wine cellars, sex-starved teenagers were reading the Beats and scoffing at Christ. All that polite music was fine for what it was, but it wasn't close enough. In America, where people had always been slightly less restrained, the MC5 and the Stooges, the Velvets and the Flamin Groovies, were already plugged in and almost-tuned. But England needed some maniacs of its own.

Gathering in the poor neighborhood of Notting Hill, small, disparate groups of drug enthusiasts, writers, psychopaths and musicians were starting to meet and connect. The Mountain Grill, a small diner on Portobello road later preserved for all time in Hawkwind's *Hall of the Mountain Grill* LP, was where many of them met, excitedly exchanging flat numbers and ideas. Newspapers sprung up-the *International Times*, *Oz*, even the revolutionary science-fiction magazines *New Worlds* were clutched sweatily in the hands of those sober enough to read. Ideas exchanged, instruments all dialed in and the mic stand scotch taped, it was time to begin. Forget Elvis, the Beatles, and fuck the Rolling Stones—in 1966.

PART TWO: SHITTY INFORMATION ABOUT CRAPPY BANDS, COMING NEXT ISSUE



Hey *Maximum*. The drummer from my band broke her arm, can you believe that? She wrecked her bike on her way to work one morning. They put some pins and wire and stuff into her elbow, which rules, but still she can't really play a lot of drums right now. We can't all be that guy on YouTube with the broken wrist who totally shreds out one-handed and then drops the stick 'cause he got too stoked, picks it back up, and starts shredding out again.

I've been in a few bands and one thing I have figured out (although I'm not really that good at putting this into practice) is that if you don't really hang out with the people in your band outside of band practice and shows and stuff, then band practice and shows and stuff are way more stressful and less fun and you end up kind of hating each other. Like, in my old band Angela Chase, we kicked our bass player out a couple times, which I don't think we would have done as much if we spent a little less time trying to play music and a little more time hotboxing somebody's car. Y'know? Especially since I also should have been getting kicked out of that band all the time, too, for being a terrible singer. I can't listen to tapes of that band without wincing at my whiny voice; at least we could turn the bass amp down.

Nobody was gonna kick Sonya out though. Sonya fuckin' rules at drums. She used to get paid to be in a Joy Division tribute band.

But so whatever, anyway, since Lee's arm is broken, instead of having band practice we've decided to watch movies and hang out with each other once or twice a week. This shit is way easier and more fun, you don't have to figure out what chords you're playing or fig-

ure out that you conceptualized the beat really differently from everybody else or anything. Plus Emily, our cellist, made a new year's resolution to like movies, and I made a new year's resolution to like things that other people like, so it works out pretty well.

I don't know if Lee made any new year's resolutions.

So a couple nights ago we made popcorn and watched *Breakin'*. Have you seen *Breakin'*? It rules. I mean, the plot is that this white girl meets these breakdancers in a theoretically dangerous area of Los Angeles and appropriates their culture to get paid, but if you can get past that, it's a pretty rad movie. There's a ton of sick breakdancing, and everybody looks cool as hell, and Ice-T shows up a couple times and does these really, really bad raps. I used to rent it over and over and over when I was a kid in the late '80s and then practice my breakdancing moves on the floor next to our front door. Plus Michael Chambers — whose street name is Boogalo Shrimp, and whose character in *Breakin'* is named Turbo — *preeeeetty* much spends the whole movie making fun of the fact that he's in a breaksploitation flick from the early '80s. The only time he ever takes a break from being mean to everyone is when Kelly, the struggling young jazz dancer, is like "if you keep teaching those kids to breakdance, they're gonna beat you at breakdancing!" and he goes "I sure hope they do."

I fuckin love a good mentoring scene.

Anyway, so we watched *Breakin'*, and it was awesome, and I think it was a good movie to ease Emily into watching movies. I'll keep you updated as Correspondences Movie Band Practice progresses, *Maximum*. After *Breakin'* Lee was like "I have the Minutemen documentary" and I was like "I have the Fugazi documentary" but probably we'll just end up watching *Wet Hot American Summer* over and over again til Lee can play drums again.

This band I really like, Maple Rabbit, used to just use the rhythm tracks that came programmed in their little Casio keyboards and it sounded awesome, so we might rip off that idea, too. They didn't really play the kind of stoner doom mostly instrumental I don't even know what it is that we play though, so I don't know. Maybe we'll just do a tape of us watching *Breakin' 2: Electric Boogaloo* and laughing and talking and stuff. Exclusive bootleg!

But yeah so anyway last year Emily also had a horrific bike wreck that put her out of commission for a while, which means that I'm the last one in the band who hasn't been in a horrific bike wreck in recent memory. I'm staying the fuck away from my bike right now, for real, although that isn't really hard 'cause it's late January in Portland, Maine, and I pretty much never want to go outside again. Remember when Calvin from *Calvin + Hobbes* was being hunted by his murderous bike? My life right now is basically the Wes Craven version of that. I'll lay in bed on the second floor of my house and the door will creep open and my bike will have escaped out of the fuckin' basement and it will have teeth and red eyes and I'll be like, "I used to love you, bike, what happened" and it'll go "WTF kind of punk band even has a cello in it, *chomp*."

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I started working in a record store in high school, and I've been employed by one ever since, but my time spent at that first one in my hometown is scrawled on my psyche like an open wound. A healthy wound, the type of gash inflicted to bleed venom from a snakebite, so I'm compelled to implore people to patronize record stores. I won't rehash any tired statistics about consumers' callous hesitance to actually pay for music. Despite their truth, those have been rehashed into oblivion. No one should shop out of guilt, and record stores will persevere anyways. For an early issue of *Degenerate*, a record store owner offered the following refreshing, optimistic perspective: "Actually, record stores will be the only thing left, because they are willing to adapt, change, and downsize enough to endure changes in the business, but if a big chain isn't selling enough units of something, they will drop the product altogether."

During my employment at a record store in Southern California, I had countless other jobs, each with a closer expiration date than the last. The financial environment in that region warrants it necessary for a young person to have more than one menial job. The high cost of living is a result of the pleasant climate and proximity to the beach. I appreciated neither, so I moved, and I encourage others who reside in the area to stop wasting money and do the same.

While working elsewhere in addition to the record store, I encountered a variety of coping mechanisms people used to deal with their miserable jobs, particularly in retail and food service, and I attempted to utilize each one, but found them all increasingly useless. Among these is the tactic of being so kind to an awful customer that it becomes a joke. As in, for every irksome habit of an easily irked customer, the employee offers an increasingly absurd, tongue-in-cheek phrase or gesture of kindness. Often the customer will abandon their quest to complain, and simply be rendered dazed by the facetious kindness of an employee. I never subscribed to this technique. Sometimes I would inject ridiculousness into customer interaction, as a temporary respite from the banal superficiality of it all, but the disingenuousness of that became a chore as well. Heinous lies about products, the business or the history of the surrounding area eventually became a bore and I inevitably got fired or quit, but I always had my other job at the record store to scurry off to.

Record store customers can be annoying too, but the dynamic is completely unique. Every interaction there sheds light on what music evokes in people. There was the self-declared "bluesman" who wanted "just a really good porno" one day and a movie about Van Gogh that "isn't depressing" the next. A child was looking for Led Zeppelin *IV* on vinyl so he could play "Stairway to Heaven" backwards and hear the satanic jargon. I sold it to him, at a discount, relishing the unholy mystique of rock 'n' roll. The children were my favorite. That Plugz record on the wall was $100, but selling a used Crass CD to a Mormon youngster was priceless.

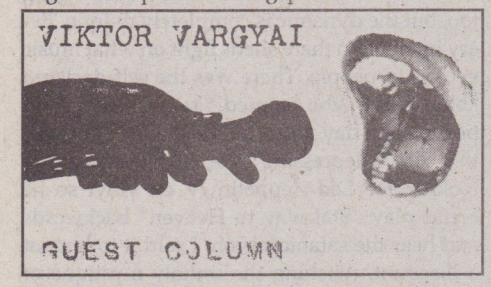
.It was easily the most subversive store in a conservative sea side community. A cyst secreting phosphorescent slow jams into a sterile suburban evening, a beacon for aspiring punks, pop nerds, and accountants moonlighting as bluesmen, we sold lighters to kids and peddled sonic debauchery to anyone impressionable enough to take our recommendation. For me, each shift was a small victory, and it set my life upon its current odd trajectory.

There was minimal oversight and less accountability, but I never took advantage of the store. At other jobs with cameras, accurate inventory and watchful managers, I would go to extreme lengths just to take home a roll of toilet paper from the supply closet, but at the record store, I remained vigilant, because I felt respected. When my ex-girlfriend assaulted me with the listening station headphones and we loudly berated each other during an afternoon rush, I wasn't even told to go home. Michael Gira's nephew came by to fight me at work, but we just screamed. I'm told he came back later to weep about it, and apparently he works there now. On Tuesdays I would hunt down the UPS van in my jalopy with no license plates and a pistol on the dashboard. I could fall hundreds of dollars in debt to the cash register as long as there was a note indicating what I owed, and I remained honest because it was the only job where my disheveled appearance, outlandish behavior, and general social deviance were accepted.

The owner showed me more respect and empathy than I could ever betray. He never arbitrarily imposed his authority upon me or insisted that I love his business for no good reason. It was a testament to the superiority of non-hierarchical organization. Co-ops, worker owned and operated enterprises, collectives, and *MRR* basically work on the same principle. A sense of ownership is instilled in contributors to the organization. They strive to

increase the productivity of the operation out of a mutual desire to improve their experience. Many of the most successful and innovative punk enterprises have been continuously run for decades without monetary incentive or managers, and that's how it should remain.

Older columns, other writing and selections from *Degenerate* zine are on display at www.degenerateephemera.blogspot.com



How We Do Our Punk

What happened was I did myself a favor. This last year, after I finally started working, I went to a high school reunion to tell my teachers how they tried to kill my brain and how great a job they did on my fellow classmates. Around the same time, I fell in love with a girl who broke my heart but at least for the first time I had made love to someone I really loved. To heal my heart I traveled alone to a foreign city, ate vegan pizza with German punk celebrities and did speed from a filthy toilet seat at an illegal underground dance club with a guy who rambled about the greatness of Bob Dylan, so I dropped my pants and showed him my third tattoo I got one day months earlier with those mythical four bars and the slogan "punk love."

This column will be about punk love. I did more adult stuff in this last year than maybe I should have. But I can still evoke my younger self without the need to make up excuses for why I'm not that person we planned I would be. Maybe I haven't stayed naïve and curious. I'm jaded more than even a grandpa should be, but instead of glorifying my past I'm amazed by my present. Punk is at least for me about the present—staying young, ugly and smart. I don't believe in excuses. Why should anyone make those? Why would we not do tgethings we don't really want? I don't even believe in guilty pleasures. There's no guilt in love. There's no innocence as well. It's just pure enthusiasm and blindfolded-diving into joy.

For the first time this year I paid to sleep in a hostel. That's where I had a huge revelation. I spent money to sleep in a hostel, and it was terrible. I wanted to sleep even on a cold floor but at least be around maybe a friend I had known for years, or even one I just met hours ago but who I know will be cool cause fuck knows, we dress the same so we feel the same—right?

Seriously if you wear ripped jeans, sneakers and band t-shirts just hit me up and I will make you breakfast. Cause why would a room be real when the door only opens with money? Whenever I travel I always sleep where real people live. So I have to find punks around the world and convince them I will be cool to have around. And we will have these drunk late night conversations, nerding out on records or just learning from each others' thoughts. Otherwise I stay on the streets and drink rum with war veteran homeless guys as I did in England once. It was great as well, it's always great when it's real. I want it in the pure form and this is the pure form. Hostels, big clubs, contracts, managers—you are stupid and too easy to achieve.

Lately the majority of the shows I went to took place at rehearsal rooms and I loved it cause finally we can be free. And there was no security or other bullshit policy system that clubs like to bust our balls with. Not even a fucking fight happened and it's a big thing in Eastern Europe when you mix together angry, desperate kids in a small room with booze and loud music. I didn't miss anything, and I couldn't even imagine if something was missing. Heat? I was around many people and we sweated. I didn't even need a cloak room cause I knew my friends wouldn't steal my winter coat. It was just perfect.

But then either me or something else changed and all I saw around me was establishment. And I hated it. There is just no fun in establishments. I like changing, learning, improving and, I don't know, just not rotting in one fucking spot. My heart is always with people who can listen to bands and dress and think like they did when they were 16. But I like how my taste and the whole meta taste of the cosmical international punk community is changing and how we rediscover things let it be the Wipers or the whole good part of the '90s. Establishment sucks cause it makes things easy and when things are easy people get lazy. Without struggle life would be fucking boring. And let's face it, it's already been very very boring. All of us could have it much easier. Like get a job with a shirt and tie, and buy fancy shits to kill time. We are already making it harder.

But what's the agenda when the tendency is to just go to a show every weekend and see the same bands, playing the same songs to the same people at the same place and people just no longer care. They no longer care about the rage in the songs, bands don't care about saying something new or really anything that still matters. As I see we just no longer even really care for a show, for a band, for the magic—we just wanna socialize, drink beer, have funny but shallow conversations and save our weekends instead of saving our lives.

On the message boards everybody is saying the show was good but the after party with nostalgic songs was even better. And I'm fully on the side of dancing but not to nostalgic stupid songs we half laugh, cause "yeeea this is what I was listening to when I was a kid." You are still a kid if you're still a punk and kids are open to new things, they wanna learn, they wanna know everything in the world and everything what is new is magical to them. And this is what I can't really see. It has become entertainment. Fucking instead of love making. I love new bands but it's just sad when they are dragged out from the rehearsal room cause "we heard you are playing music and everybody is curious so please come" and by then these bands become just products for promotion but it's no problem cause everybody will applaud cause we're all friends.

That applause is the establishment. It's good to witness people feeling awkward and willing to die behind their instruments, but I just wish them some extra months in the rehearsal room. Or I should just go to their practices. And witness their magic there. Cause why the fuck not? I love shows but there is some more intimate magic in going to someone's rehearsal.

It sounds good on paper that most of the new bands I have seen this year sounded like Beat Happening trying to play Negative Approach songs. The simplicity of punk always satisfies you with the joy of getting what you wanted. Cause you are able to get it yourself if you try. But as a good friend of mine said, some bands are just too into the vibe of doing band stuffs than trying to write good, original songs and being a truly good band. If you wanna satisfy others you can be disappointed, while if you are reaching for your own acceptance you will never be fully let down.

To say again, establishments are terrible. Just go to Germany and I swear you will get bored of anti-fascism. Cause we are always anti-something and it makes everything easy. The problem is somehow this. Most of us define ourselves by what we are not doing, so I see more awful pictures of tortured animals than awesome photos of delicious food made out of veggies. We are heroes by not doing things. So we stopped doing things. You are good by not being racists, by not looking on women as a weaker sex, by not supporting countless ignominious companies.

Rebellion has become something we can adopt. And it gives you nothing 'cause you are just an opposite and not an alternative. And this gives you nothing. It's like a reunion show. Maybe it's good or magical—like seeing Hot Snakes recently was magical—but a reunion show never gives more than a more lively presentation of some songs of a disbanded group. It tells you nothing about what is happening right now, shows no connection to what you are doing right now. Establishment makes you stop being yourself. That's why punk should never be fully established. And even by me saying this—thou shall not do (blank)—it really means that you shouldn't believe me and think about it yourself.

Cause what I'm bored of is the theater all of us are playing when we forget about ourselves. It's when we start to tell others how to do their own punk. This is a sticking point for me. There is no such thing as punk in general. There is no agenda punk should do, it's not like something that could be defined by a purpose of what we have to achieve or something that is depending on the people who are in it. Or it does depend on the people in it but then we should just accept whatever that is. Cause whatever it is we are making it that way. So

stop saying how it should be, who should do it and all this shit. People are sad cause it's no longer a threat? Really? Then make it be one. Don't wait on others. Don't be upset and paralyzed because everyone around you is doing it their way which is different than yours. And what the fuck will happen if something is different then what you do? I've started my zines, my bands, my blogs because I did not like what others were doing and I just knew that if I make them on my own it will be good, cause I know I will like it.

But I have never questioned the right of existence of lame things. I could tell the majority of the world that Ceremony sucks ass, that they are a bad band who are punk only for kids who exclusively listen to hardcore. Hardcore with caps lock. Hardcore with contracts and hotel rooms and baggy clothes and gymnastic moves. But I trust the members of Ceremony that they are doing whatever they like to do and I trust their listeners that maybe they know they could listen to better bands but they have chose to listen to crap instead. Just because music isn't for everyone doesn't mean whoever doesn't have a minimum of enthusiasm shouldn't be allowed to live with their bad taste. Just like how gay marriage won't break up our parents' pact of eternal love, lame people won't destroy our punk either. I know this myself because I spent too much fucking time bragging about what is shit instead of making an alternative.

It's not an unnatural thing to be bummed out by others. And it's even more natural to just stop caring. But somehow "we are punx and we are extraordinary?" I'm tired of this. I'm also tired of people seeing punk as something that is up to "the punks" who are doing it, 'the punks' who are around us. Yeah maybe a scene is what people are making it, but there is always smaller parts that makes the scene. And that's your punk. Sometimes we act like this is a ship and from wherever a new wind comes we are fucked. But we are swimming in the ocean. Don't be afraid of being alone. Cause being alone means you are being yourself and if you can be yourself people might just like who you are—not just where you are and who you know.

I know for a fact that there is nothing better than walking alone at night in abandoned neighborhoods when the weather is foggy and wet and you just listen to the best music that is noisy but still beautiful. Cause everything is beautiful when it's played by eternal kids and heard through headphones while the freezing air tries to break you. I got so psyched one autumn night listening to Void and the Libyans I got goose bumps and I just wanted to stay out on the streets, walk a million miles alone until the sun came up. Or when I went to have a relationship-reconciliation-speak and was listening to Sonskull on the bus and couldn't really believe anything could be better heard. Or my lonely twelve-hour train ride back home from Germany blasting The Men's second LP for four hours straight and forgetting about all my annoying travelmates. Or last night walking in a foggy forest to Universal Order of Armageddon and been amazed by how beautiful some of their guitar parts are.

But this is music. Strength in solitude comes when you just have thoughts that you gather together by only you, or when you are losing yourself in a crowd just focusing on how and what you feel. These things. Dancing like you don't care. Or dancing because you care and wanna show them. Please always care and do things you feel like you want to do. I know it sounds too typical. But it also feels fucking good which is not a too typical a feeling in this existence. And see I'm doing it again now. Forgetting myself and telling you what to do. Anarchists never say please come closer. They believe people are standing wherever they want to stand and they don't wanna tell others what to do. When you are in love you just don't care about what others do cause they can't change your happiness. When you are in love you are just capable and willing to do anything. When you are in love you're just able to be yourself without the need to make excuses. This is punk love and I know it won't dump me.

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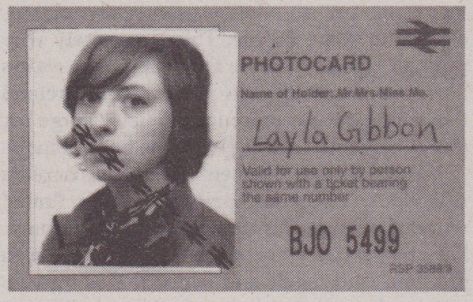


This is the last column I will write from the comfort of my room at the *MRR* house... It's pretty empty in here, just full of the junk I am not sure if I want to keep or not, the rest of my stuff is piled up at my new apartment out at the ocean that I am moving into in two days... After over a year of trying to leave the magazine, my time has come. I will still be coordinating from a distance for a few months, while we figure out who is gonna replace me.

I don't have anything to listen to music with, except my laptop which is nearly ten years old. I am currently raging to a band my friend Talya recommended called Dark Times who have a Neon Blud attack with added Midwestern hardcore gnarliness and um a touch of the '82 Flag demo (no lie), and of course they rule... The girl shouts "I'm sitting right next to you/But I'm living worlds away" and nothing else makes so much sense. I think they are from Norway!!?? Check them out, they have a 7" and a tape and I gotta get them both! darktimes.bandcamp.com.

That is the thing I love about working on *MRR*, constant influx of amazing sound inspiration, new tapes, or discovery of an old band that no one ever heard outside of their town, so many punks making their own version of punk all over place, in different eras and geographic locales! I'm definitely not burned out on the punk rock, but am looking forward to being able to work on my own shit, do a band, make my own zine. I will keep writing my column and assisting in a big way at the magazine, but will not be living in the compound and experiencing the madness first hand. Hopefully my writing will reflect this and be less thrown together after a twelve hour shift of magazine work! I gotta say for all the shit talk about *Maximum* hype bands, the people that live and work here are fucking consumed by music, we lose our shit over it and are in short manic enthusiastic nerds. So much rad shit comes through our PO box and our email inbox, it's an endless adventure this punk rock... I will miss having instant access to everything, but hopefully I will be able to keep up somehow? Ha!

It's not all sunshine and popsicles, there is also a lot of rotten overwrought reproductions of various genres, terrible bar rock, bands that will never play out of their neighborhood bar yet have a PR agent and manager. I think that is the most depressing aspect of music now... I know, the sound world is one of diminishing returns, tours used to pay for themselves, and now gas prices mean unless GoodBurger sponsor your tour you will be stranded and isolated with no gas in your tank and no one watching the show through the screens of their iphone. You gotta have the tour manager, the booking agent, the manager manager, the PR agent, or else... the DIY replication of mainstream industry set up and constructs must prevail.

The award for worst record I reviewed last year has got to go to some creep's concept pop-punk record about stalking and raping a woman. I understand that certain facets of the pop-punk scene have different political standards to the world I exist in, but come the fuck on... Everyone wants to be Peter Sotos now. Even PBR sponsored Warped Tour bros.

In ten years time is punk rock gonna be an iApplication sponsored by Monsanto? A frog like croak in the back of some message board cretin's throat? "Is That All There Is?" sung by a skeletal GG Allin replicant? A text message that no one can be bothered to read? A lifestyle magazine that owns the only venue in town that punks will go to because they get to take all these cool market research studies when they have to take a shit. A crusty who has created the first authentic scabies app.

I am gonna keep it short this month, we gotta take care of the CA state taxes and I have to clear out the last remaining artifacts cluttering up the surface of my room... You can find me on: whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com or email me here Layla@maximumrocknroll.com.

In the advent of "Punkademics" a slew of embarrassing, and frankly shitty, books have been cranked out geared towards college classrooms in a vain effort to "explain" punk. Recently the book *White Riot* edited by Steven Duncombe and Maxwell Tremblay has hit the university circuit claiming to be the "Ultimate Collection on Punk and Race." This book is collection of interviews and writings by punks and academies about race and culture in punk. But, before all of this is amazing material from the source is presented to you, the editors chose to put their voices the first... The internet is eating up this book with numerous positive reviews, which completely astounds me as a punk and also as a punk person who is not white. Golnar Nikpour wrote a scathing review of the book in the last issue of *MRR*, which I posted online. If you haven't read it, you should. It's no surprise that the review has only been reposted by a few personal blogs and has been ignored by the larger outlets whose exposure the editors of *White Riot* are clearly enjoying (look up their interviews—it's pretty embarrassing...). I really commend Golnar for fighting fire with fire. I am glad that she stepped up and got the first swing at this book. Actually, the first negative critique I saw was from the blog *Una Guerra Sin Fondo*, where the issue with the books inaccuracy with the punk timeline comes up. Go read it. Anyway, Golnar uses an academic approach, but also calls upon her punk knowledge to refute the book in a way that even the academics who edited this book can respect, (because they don't seem to respect much else...) Well, everybody, you aren't gonna find that approach here. This book is shit. Let me tell you why...

This book is offensive in the way it simultaneously uses the voices of other punks of color while undermining them, its flagrant mistakes and omissions reflecting the lack of respect for the contributors and punks in general, and the age old problem of erasing the visibility and narratives of those the editors claim to provide exposure for by asserting their own white voices. This is a mere continuation of racist, ethnocentric ignorant attitudes that permeate the academy, proving once again that they need us more than we need them—to quote Maxwell Tremblay, "You see the diversity of people taking this topic seriously. It's not just the four dirty, anarchist punk kids over in the squat over here. It's cultural critics. It's scholars." As if punk has now reached some legitimacy by way of academics... Whether or not academia has a "right" to examine punk is not the issue for me. Anyone can examine anything they want, whether it is in the academic world or not (some people have no interest in higher education and some have no choice in the matter due to financial or other factors). But to infer that academia is the *only* place that valid critique and theory happens is bullshit. To say that punks do not have the ability to critique their own scene is ludicrous. When it comes down to it, most punks don't care about what "academics" do with punk, but when you see signed copies of this book in the window of a book store, *a book that is comprised of other people's voices*...it sucks.

A problem with *White Riot* is that it claims to be the ultimate collection about punk and race, without going directly to the source of those whom they claim to be representing within this book. After much discussion regarding Golnar's negative critique, one of the arguments made was that punks are too defensive about the academy critiquing punk. Naturally! I have my opinions about that, but I don't think that critique from the outside/the academy is the problem with this book; the problem is accuracy and lending respect to the people who identify as punk *and* people of color. We are still here because we made our own way; this book is badly done in portraying that reality. Punk subculture thrives on DIY, anyone can do it, which does level the playing field to a large degree and indeed puts most of us in the position to "look for" punk, it's something we seek out, something we make happen. I understand that there is still a fuck ton of sexism, racism and other isms in punk, but because of that, people who do not fit the "punk mold" in the US (of white straight cis-guy) have struggled for many years to find themselves in punk and have been active — which makes many of us, as Golnar accurately claims, experts to some degree. This is precisely why punk is global. To erase that there have *always* been people of color in punk and to pretend that somehow our presence is a new "surge" or that it happened during what the book coins as "The Race Riot" movement in punk is just plain ridiculous. The book claims to cover "race" without considering the global presence punk has always had. Yes, in the US punk has been predominantly male and white, that is a given. No one knows that better than the ladies (cis or not) and punks of color. *But* there are large parallel scenes within punk in the US that are predominantly people of color (and queer, but for the sake of this argument, we will stick with race and culture). These scenes tend to have language of inclusion rather than exclusion. If terms like "queer punk" or "latino punk" make other punks uncomfortable, that's their fucking problem because we can call ourselves what ever we want. It is about identity, not about being "non-white" or "non" anything. I don't think any of these groups have exactly the same set of problems—there are layers of history and intersectionality that vary making our experiences particular and nuanced—but they do have some striking commonalities in being oppressed—there is a reason terms like POC exist. This is where the editors of the book are glaringly deficient.

When I started reading the book, the foreword is a piece by James Spooner about how he always found himself being called upon to choose "Black" or "punk." While I can sympathize with this, having been in similar situations having to navigate between my culture, subculture and sexuality, I couldn't help but think about how much I learned early on having to do so, especially when I was in Mexico as a kid or even when I got older and met other punks in different countries. I seriously consider Spooner's experience as of one of the many narratives that help other POC punks understand their place in punk in the US. But then... as soon as it moved to the next chapter the voices of the editors killed any hope I had for this book. Both of them explain their relationship to punk and race, making some odd claims (see the Polish punks "theory" in Golnar's review), ultimately placing their voices before all the others in their finest white man's "punk pedagogy." There are some great pieces in here by Mimi Nguyen, which the book seems to hinge on, *lots* of *MRR* material (you're welcome assholes, enjoy your cash on the backs of the workers here...) and some illuminating interviews, but every great piece of writing was glazed over, and page by page the whole book was tainted for me. It is a serious matter when the voice of already marginalized people gets thrown to the back *again*, (especially to make a buck). I saw a review, which claims that the Tremblay and Duncombe "create a much-deserved and long-awaited venue for often-marginalized voices to be heard, respected, and taken seriously." Really? It's like some sort of Spielberg movie where the white man jumps in to speak for and save the "coloreds." *Fuck* that Orientalist shit.

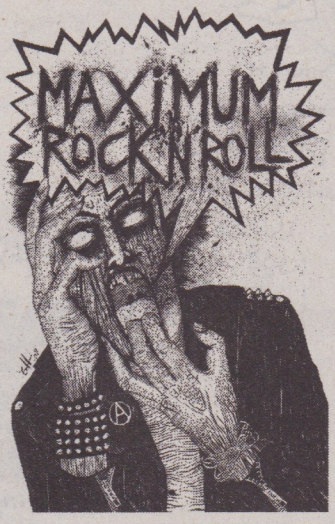
I am sure people will consider my opinion and Golnar's review as portraying punk as a giant "PC" baby, I have already heard critiques of this nature. I don't presume to know what other people's experiences have been in which ever way they identify or how others identify them (or how they deal with identity politics), but to minimize the experiences of a punk of color that has led Golnar or me (us!) to this opinion, which some see as "popular" is rude and ignorant. What people may not realize is that fighting is what many of us do best — at least it is for me. This isn't an argument using my ethnicity, gender, sex, etc...as a "trump" card that white people can't refute without sounding fucked up, I just don't like anyone speaking for *me* regardless of color, gender, etc... Would you? We live in this world within our choice to be punks and within this racist shit we didn't choose. Understand that.

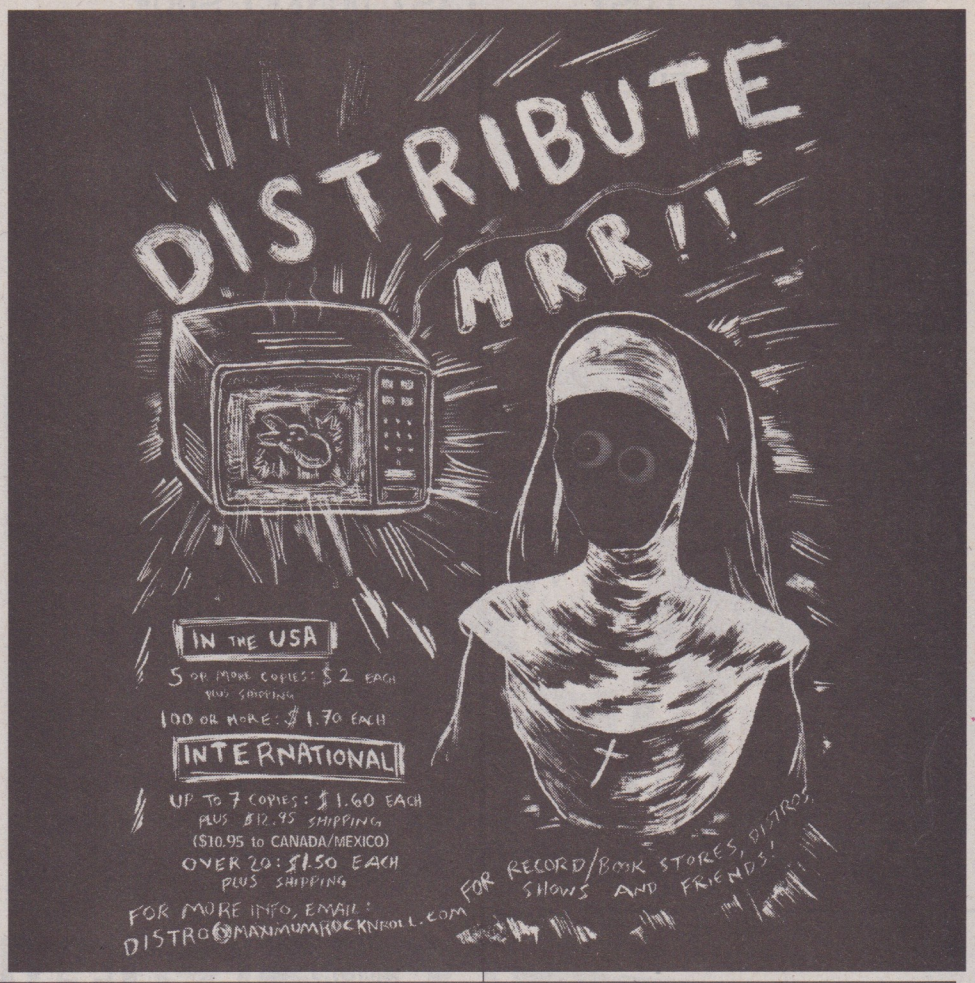
Lastly, if you can tell me that the academy is less racist than the world beyond its walls, I will give you every record I own. Not to say that punks in academics can't make a difference within the academy and in the world beyond, of course they can, but knowledge is everywhere. I am not a punk that hates "college" punks. I put myself through college as an adult and graduated when I was 30. I am glad I did it, but I can tell you that school doesn't make you smart. Education inside or outside of school is important for everyone. The fact that not everyone is allowed its access is fucked and when books like this make that divide even wider by speaking "about" or "at" people rather than "to" the people they discuss, it's fucking crime. Ultimately, people are rightfully protective of their history, especially when it is told for them or presented in a way that does nothing for the community from which it came — and ultimately only profits those from

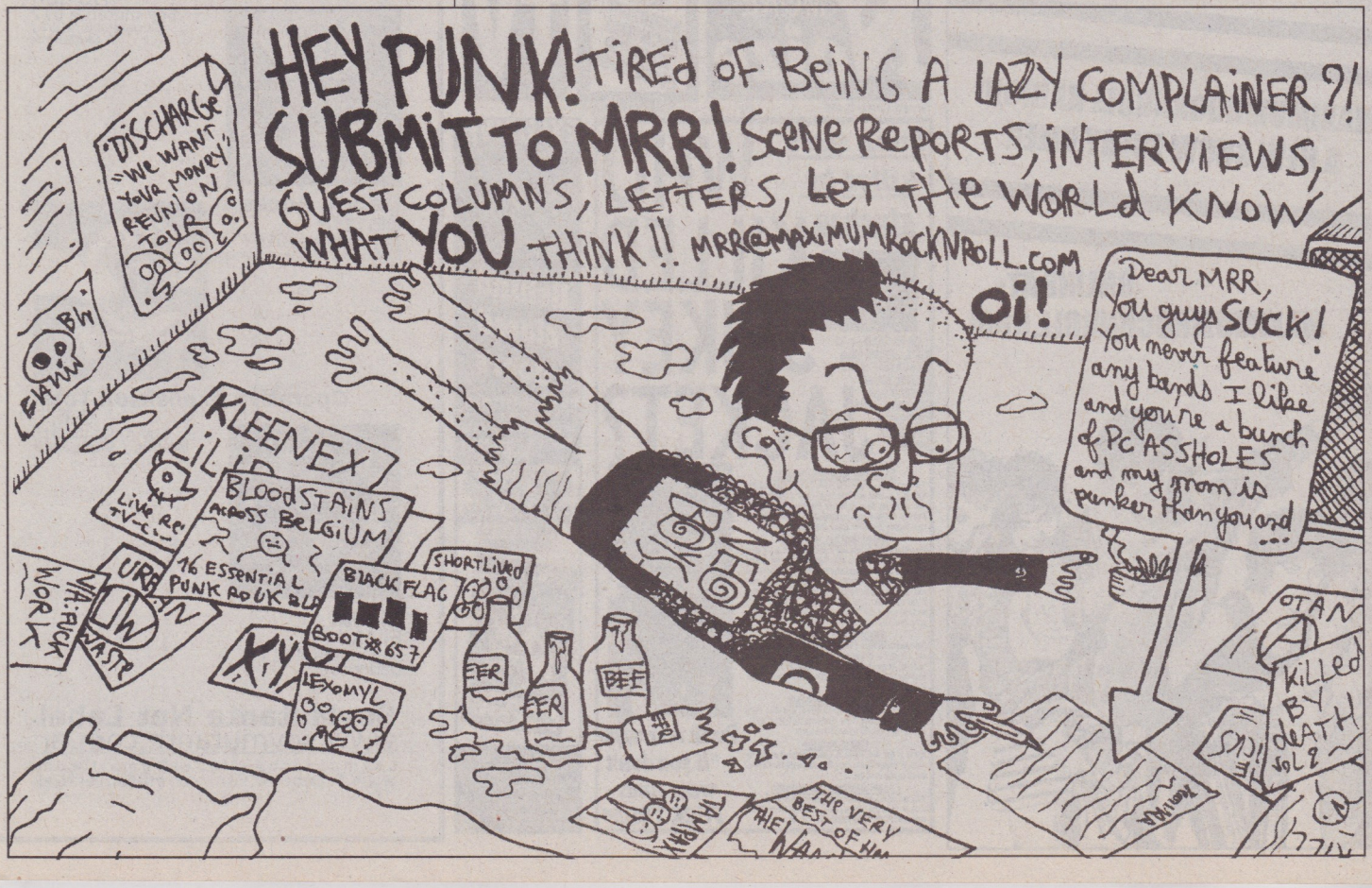
outside. It's exploitation. This book does not actively include the people whose texts they use. It is frightening to me that the book *White Riot* might now be a text that is called upon as a standard without a counterpoint (much like *Reading Lolita in Tehran*), because it is just another fucking White Wash.

I personally see this book as a giant shit on punks in general and especially punks of color. What we do is secret and when it comes down to it, people of color in the punk world can speak for themselves. Punks of any shade don't need you, you need us, and we know more about ourselves than you do. Fuck off. Up the punks.

Mariam@maximumrocknroll.com







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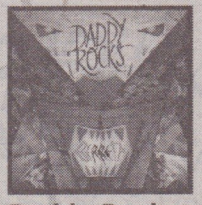

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Punk stars killed by gluebag

WHO KILLED SPIKEY JACKET?

High on glue & cheap cider, criminal punk rockers cause fright & terror among decent honest tax-paying voters everywhere. "Ban them!" say MPs.

Studs their fucking glue bags!
The band was formed in 1982 when the 4 members (Spike, Scumbox, Toneddeff and Glue Head) met in the dole queue. After discussing the wrath Maggie Thatcher had imposed on their Studded Gluebags they decided to form the legend that soon became Who Killed Spikey Jacket.

Spikes their hair with beer!
The demo was recorded mere weeks after forming, the band sent a copy to Sounds and Gary Bushell was fucking impressed to say the least after countless gigs with Chaotic Disorient the band eventually called it a day. The demo tape was then lost in Spike's shed. The demo finally saw the light of day again after 25 years when it was found in John Peel's favourite record box! Now what the fuck are the members doing now!!?!? 4 hear you cry!

Shells bombs bullets war
Spike was arrested on a theft charge from a local glue factory and was sent to B2 years in Intermediate Scrubs where he died after a fight with prison hardman "Cowdear Tommy". Scumbox was last seen flogger' bootleg punk demos outside of Boxclocester in Essex.

Rids the backs of boars
Toneddeff is now a roadie for Motörhead and Glue Head signed up for fighting in the Falklands but went A.W.O.L after 52 days and was not heard from again.

Pigs in bondage
a stint in the dock (which is actually where their hottest (recorded) songs were written). Guitarist usually has his head bunted up som seats ass...

Caught wanking in city suburbs
They are actually all in one place (more or less) for the next week or so nothing (and hopefully recordings) for an official release on PODO PUNK RECORDS in the UK.

"Shock antics & Terror!"

Punk star says: "If you don't wear studs - FUCK YOU!!"

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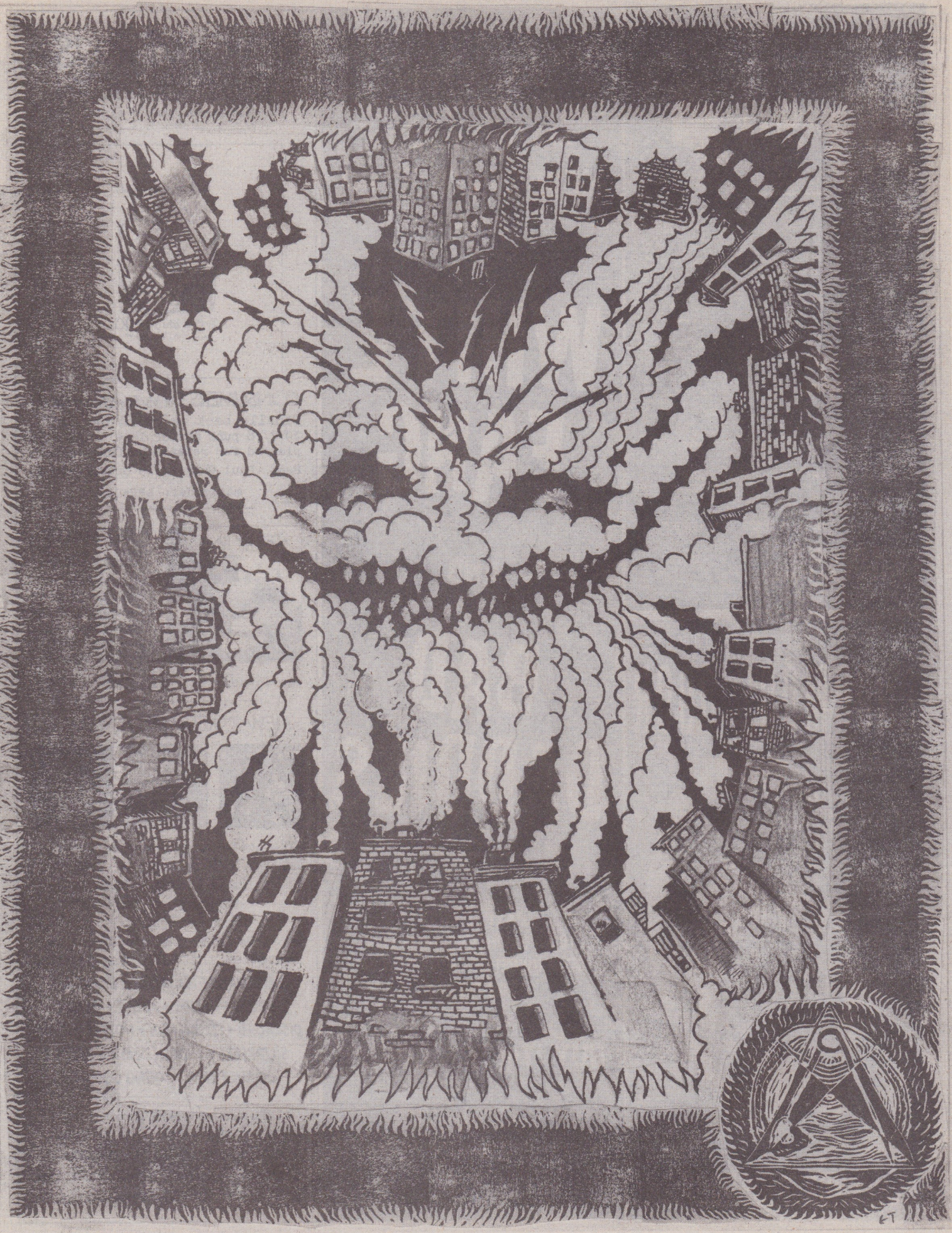

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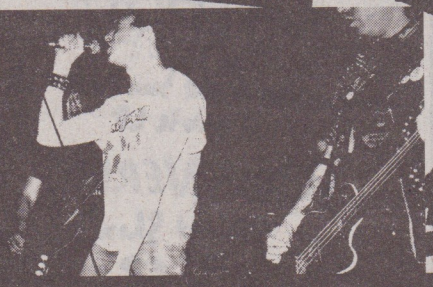
NEW BLOOD

By Jeremy Meier

Five questions asked to four newer bands
1) Date / location of formation
2) Reason(s) for forming
3) Lyrical content
4) Sound
5) Future?

NEW BLOOD was inspired by such great zines as, WARNING and R'LYEH RISING
Thanks for your work on two great zines, Frank!

FRENZY



jfin1984@gmail.com

FRENZY
1) Formed May '11, Portland OR
2) Play raw, fast, loud, punk
3) Lyrics? Contempt for authority, disgust towards society, horrors and anxieties. Hardcore thrash like Siege, Ripcord, Mob 47 along with noisier suspects such as Confuse, Shitlickers, and Wretched have had the biggest impact on our sound.
4) No demo, but our EP "Noisy Trouble" will be out on Distort Reality.
5) To play outside of Portland.

TOTAL WAR

TOTAL WAR
1) January 2011//Vancouver, BC Canada
2) With Foat unemployed, he started writing music with Nick from Unlearn. Fear Of Tomorrow (Foat and Heshers old band) was pretty much done, so Hesher moved back on the drums and we made this band a priority. We wanted to play raw unrelenting punk, inspired by our favorite Scandi/Japanese bands, and take a faster D-beat approach à la Mob 47.

http://chargeddistorted.blogspot.com/

3) The lyrics are about war (duh), disgust with humanity, the stresses of society, working mundane jobs for bastards, absurdity of religion, and frustration of life in general. It's hard to describe your bands sound without sounding lame, so I'll just say: raw mangel punk.
4) We released an eight-track demo cassette in May 2011. Our demo is being rereleased in Europe courtesy of Black Trash records (blacktrashrecords.blogspot.com). North Americans can still get copies from us.
5) We will be on a four way split LP entitled: "Kaimetsu" on Konton Crasher records (www.kontoncrasher.blogspot.com) with Trunheons, Aspects of War, and our dear tour buddies, Disable. Konton Crasher is also planning our debut 7" EP for the New Year. Lot's of touring in the future.

SYSTEMATIK

lastchaospunk@gmail.com

SYSTEMATIK
1) Sept 2011, Vancouver BC
2) No reason, just wanted to start something new after some of our other bands broke up.
3) Lyrics deal with daily life problems. Our sound is Scandi hc leaning more towards Norwegian and Swedish bands like Svart Framtid, Bannlyst, Svart Parad and Disarm.
4) Recording our demo this weekend Dec 3rd or fourth.
5) Recording an LP in March in pdx along with a west coast tour. A four week tour in the spring, possibly during Chaos in Tejas.

ASPECTS OF WAR

warnonmusica@gmail.com

ASPECTS OF WAR
1) We formed in the summer of 2010 in Boston, Massachusetts.
2) Jason and I were living in a practice space, and started playing songs in the vein of Disclose. A few days later Trevor joined, and then Devin after that. We formed to play raw D-beat punk.
3) Our lyrical content is mostly in regards to war being hell, no future, and the like. Nothing ground breaking. Our sound is loud and fast raw punk influenced by Disclose, Discharge, Shitlickers, Crude SS...
4) We made three versions of the demo — mostly just different colored covers. We made about 200 of them, which have all sold out. Four songs recorded like twelve hours before our first real show.
5) We are future plans to release a split 7" with Nomad from NYC, and we are going to be on a four-way split LP with Disable, Truncheons, and Total War both put out by Konton Crasher.

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This LP is newly re-mastered for vinyl by John Golden to make the songs sound, for maybe the first time, how the band hoped they would have in the first place. This contains every song recorded (15 in all, including one not on the now out of print Plan-It-X CD) along with original zine from Aaron Cometbus expanded to 20 pages with previously unpublished art and photos. Includes an MP3 download and the first 500 are on clear vinyl.

Though they were short lived, The Blank Fight succeeded in putting out some truly great, catchy and influential music.

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NEWS

NEWS COMPLIED BY Layla Gibbon and Mariam Bastani

ARIZONA'S RACIST BOOK BAN

By Rinku Sen from Colorlines

On Jan. 1, Arizona's ban on the Mexican American Studies curriculum used in Tucson high schools went into effect. The weeks since have been marked by confusion and backtracking as the district leaders and teachers scramble to comply with the state law. The fight is far from over, though, with a federal lawsuit pending and ongoing organizing taking place. Initially, the Tucson Unified School District Board of Education seemed poised to refuse compliance. But it quickly caved when State Superintendent John Huppenthal, who thought up this whole thing, slapped the district with a $4.9 million penalty by cutting its state funding retroactively to last August.

How do you get rid of a program that has, by all educational standards, been successful for more than a decade? Apparently, the first step is to strip that curriculum of the material that gives it heft. This week, the district began removing seven books from MAS classrooms, which were boxed up and stored in a warehouse where books go to die. That list includes *Occupied America: A History of Chicanos*, Paulo Freire's *Pedagogy of the Oppressed, Rethinking Columbus, Critical Race Theory*, Shakespeare's *The Tempest* and *Chicano!: The History of the Mexican American Civil Rights Movement.* The removal is to be thorough — teachers are not allowed to keep even personal copies of these books in their classrooms. Students and teachers described their fear and heartbreak at an emotional community meeting over the past weekend.

It isn't just the books but also the context in which they are being taught that is problematic for the district. As the list has made its way around the country, the district immediately objected to accusations of banning books. In a statement, the district said that it had not banned the books, but simply removed them from classes that had been banned. The books could still be found in other classrooms across the district, and in its libraries. Jeff Biggers, who has done excellent, consistent journalism on this issue, reported the following availability: two copies of *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*, one copy of *Critical Race Theory* in the online catalog and of sixteenth in-district copies of *Rethinking Columbus*, none are in Tucson High School, the home of the Mexican American Studies curriculum. So these books can still be read and taught, says the district, just not in the context of Mexican American Studies and racial politics.

That is the problem, for instance, with *The Tempest*, Shakespeare's play about colonialism and slavery. Teacher Curtis Acosta, who designed much of the banned curriculum and led its implementation, recorded a meeting with district administrators last Wednesday. Everyone is clearly confused, and trying to protect the district. So administrators tell Acosta in the meeting that it would be best not to teach *The Tempest* using the "nexus of race, class and oppression" or "issues of critical race theory." In an interview with Biggers, Acosta notes that he was told to avoid texts and lessons with race or oppression as central themes. He further notes that there may be penalties if students independently address these themes: "We also have not received confirmation that the ideas, dialogue, and class work of our students will be protected... if I avoid discussing such themes in class, yet the students see the themes and decide to write, discuss or ask questions in class, we may also be found to be in violation."
Three things strike me about this situation.

First, I'm impressed with the rigor of this curriculum. I have read most of these books, and the *Critical Race Theory* anthology is challenging even for me, with twenty-five years of such theory and a lot of practice under my belt. No wonder this program raised grades and graduation rates so successfully.

Second, I think of books as living entities that come alive when a reader engages them. It hurts me to think of lonely books stuck in storage.

Finally, and most importantly, I understand that in this process, the state and the district will come up with all kinds of maneuvers to replace this curriculum against the will of the teachers, administrators, students and parents who have benefitted in myriad ways from its existence. The powers that be will constantly make and unmake regulations because there is no easy way to do this. All that inconsistency will make no difference to the Hornes and Huppenthals and Brewers who put it in place, because their objective has already been met — to put the Mexican American community on the defensive by reinforcing its un-American image, and to prevent any progressive discussion of racial politics in the state. They aren't opposed to racial politics, just to a brand that counters their own.

When I was in Tucson last fall with the CultureStrike delegation, I toured historic South Tucson with Salomon Baldenegro, a local civil rights hero who is featured in *Chicano!* Baldenegro, now in his 60s, told us he was an early reader and fluent English speaker, but when he started school, all kids of Mexican descent, no matter how deep their roots in Arizona, were put into Americanization programs where they "learned" English and American games. When Baldenegro's mom registered him for school, the principal tested his reading. The little boy read out loud a book for first graders, then one for second graders and then one for third graders. The principal accused him of having memorized all the books and refused to put him in the proper class for his level. Some 60 years later, the state of Arizona, having had to desegregate its schools, has come up with a new way to Americanize Mexican Americans.

The state will fail, just as they did with Baldenegro's generation. Tucson activists, while understandably angry and disappointed, project an optimism that we often don't expect from people who have been so put upon for so long, and they are far from giving up. But they can't protect their right to knowledge alone. The rest of us need to back them up, by following their fight, by talking to our own friends and neighbors about it, and by taking action when we are asked.

(Watch the *By the Time I get To Arizona* video by Public Enemy here: www.youtube.com/watch?v=TzlCgDi1MtY&feature=related —Mariam)

FORCED STERILIZATION FOR TRANSGENDER PEOPLE IN SWEDEN

By Nicole Pasulka from Motherjones

Little known fact about Sweden, that supposed bastion of liberal idealism: If a Swedish transgender person wants to legally update their gender on official ID papers, a 1972 law requires them to get both divorced and sterilized first.

Sweden is considered extremely gay-friendly, with one of the highest rates of popular support for same-sex marriage, and more than half the population supports gay adoption. Arguing that the current law is both unpopular and abusive, the country's moderate and liberal parties want to see it repealed. In response, the small but powerful Christian Democrat party formed a coalition with other right-of-center parties to join in upholding the requirement for sterilization. End result: a proposal for new legislation that allows trans — a preferred term for many people who undergo gender reassignment — to be married but continues to force them to be sterilized. When trans people can't present official identification matching their preferred gender presentation, they can suffer "frequent public humiliation, vulnerability to discrimination, and great difficulty finding or holding a job," says Boris Dittrich, advocacy director of the Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender Program at Human Rights Watch, in response to the law.

Sweden's relationship with forced sterilization goes way back. In 1997 journalist Maciej Zaremba, a reporter for Dagens Nyheter, discovered that over 60,000 people between 1935 and 1976 were sterilized against their will, including "'mixed race individuals,' single mothers with many children, deviants, Gypsies, and other 'vagabonds.'" Then, like now, marginalized groups were obligated to sacrifice their reproductive freedom to gain basic rights. According to an article in the Columbia Journalism Review about Zaremba's investigation:

The person concerned was either declared "of unsound mind" — a simple procedure — or was subjected to irresistible pressure. Sign this or we'll take the children, sign this or there'll be no social benefit, no flat, no leave...and so on. Sweden went furthest in the way of legalized blackmail.

As the Los Angeles Times reported in 1999, Sweden's effort to "perfect its genetic stock" ultimately cost the government $22,000 in compensation for each of the approximately 200 citizens — mostly female — who claimed they were forcibly sterilized between 1935 and 1975. The legislation currently under debate in Sweden is despicable, but Sweden isn't alone in this practice. Many countries have at points forced sterilization on individuals deemed "undesirable," and the United States is no exception.

On January tenth, a North Carolina state task force approved a one-time payment of $50,000 for survivors of a little-known state-run eugenics program that sterilized an estimated 7,600 residents between 1929 and 1974. A CNN report estimated that 1,500 living victims may still remain, and while at least seven other states ran similar eugenics programs at different points, North Carolina is the first to compensate its victims. Little is known about how the state targeted individuals for sterilization and the logistics involved, but while eugenics programs in other states tended to focus on criminals and the mentally ill, many poor and uneducated women and children were sterilized in North Carolina. While the United States doesn't force sterilization for trans people, most states require a surgeon's letter verifying proof of "surgical treatment" in order to legally change gender on identification. The ACLU has found that the definition of "surgical treatment" is vague. Those who don't or can't obtain a costly procedure or at least a surgeon's letter are often left unable to legally change their gender, which can create serious personal and professional complications.

The Riksdag, Sweden's national assembly, will review the proposal for new legislation in the spring, and barring further developments, the law will retain its requirement for compulsory sterilization. Love Georg Elfvelin, a twenty one-year-old store manager in Sweden, made an emotional video for AllOut.org during a protest in front of the Swedish Parliament that sums up the stakes in Sweden and around the world: "I can either be represented correctly, or have my basic human rights violated."

UNDERCOVER PIGS HAD CHILDREN WITH ACTIVISTS

By Rob Evans and Paul Lewis from The Guardian

Disclosure likely to intensify controversy over long-running police operation to infiltrate and sabotage protest groups.

Two undercover police officers secretly fathered children with political campaigners they had been sent to spy on and later disappeared completely from the lives of their offspring, the *Guardian* can reveal. In both cases, the children have grown up not knowing that their biological fathers — whom they have not seen in decades — were police officers who had adopted fake identities to infiltrate activist groups. Both men have concealed their true identities from the children's mothers for many years.

One of the spies was Bob Lambert, who has already admitted that he tricked a second woman into having a long-term relationship with him, as part of an intricate attempt to bolster his credibility as a committed campaigner. The second police spy followed the progress of his child and the child's mother by reading confidential police reports, which tracked the mother's political activities and life. The disclosures are likely to intensify the controversy over the long-running police operation to infiltrate and sabotage protest groups. Police chiefs claim that undercover officers are strictly forbidden from having sexual relationships with the activists they are spying on, describing the situations as "grossly unprofessional" and "morally wrong." But that claim has been undermined as many of the officers who have been unmasked have admitted to, or have been accused of, having sex with the targets of their surveillance.

Last month eight women who say they were duped into forming long-term intimate relationships of up to nine years with five undercover policemen started unprecedented legal action. They say they have suffered immense emotional trauma and pain over the relationships, which spanned the period from 1987 to 2010. Until now it was not known that police had secretly fathered children while living undercover. One of them is Lambert, who adopted a fake persona to infiltrate animal rights and environmental groups in the 1980s. After he was unmasked in October, he admitted that as "Bob Robinson" he had conned an innocent woman into having an eighteen-month relationship with him, apparently so that he could

convince activists he was a real person. She is one of the women taking the legal action against police chiefs.

Now the *Guardian* can reveal that in the mid-1980s, just a year into his deployment, Lambert fathered a boy with another woman, who was one of the activists he had been sent to spy on. The son lived with his mother during the early years of his life as his parents' relationship did not last long. During that time, Lambert was in regular contact with the infant, fitting visits to him around his clandestine duties. After two years, the mother married another man and both of them took responsibility for raising the child. Lambert says the woman was keen that he give up his legal right to maintaining contact with his son and cut him out of her new life. He says the agreement was reached amicably and he has not seen or heard of the mother or their son since then. Lambert did not tell her or the child that he was a police spy as he needed to conceal his real identity from the political activists he was spying on. The Guardian is not naming the woman or the child to protect their privacy. Lambert was married during his secret mission, which continued until 1988.

The highly secretive operation to monitor and disrupt political activists, which has been running for four decades, has come under mounting scrutiny since last year following revelations over the activities of Mark Kennedy, the undercover police officer who went rogue after burying himself deep in the environmental movement for seven years. Police chiefs and prosecutors have set up twelve inquiries over the past year to examine allegations of misconduct involving police spies, but all of them have been held behind closed doors. There have been continuing calls, including from the former director of public prosecutions Ken Macdonald, for a proper public inquiry. The second case involves an undercover policeman who was sent to spy on activists some years ago. He had a short-lived relationship with a political activist, which produced a child. He concealed his real identity from the activist and child as he was under strict orders to keep secret his undercover work from her and the other activists in the group he infiltrated. He then disappeared, apparently after his superiors ended his deployment. Afterwards, she remained under surveillance as she continued to be politically active, while he carried on with his police career.

The *Guardian* understands that as he had access to the official monitoring reports, he regularly read details of her life with a close interest. He watched as she grew older and brought up their child as a single parent, according to an individual who is aware of the details of the case. The policeman has been "haunted" by the experience of having no contact with the child, whom he thought about regularly, according to the individual.

MONTCALM COUNTY MICHIGAN GETS HOMELAND SECURITY SNOW CONE MACHINE

By Elisabeth Waldon from the Daily News

The United States is fighting terrorism — one snow cone at a time. Montcalm County recently received a $900 Arctic Blast Sno-Cone machine. The West Michigan Shoreline Regional Development Commission (WMSRDC) is a federal- and state-designated agency responsible for managing and administrating the homeland security program in Montcalm County and twelve other counties. The WMSRDC recently purchased and transferred homeland security equipment to these counties — including thirteen snow cone machines at a total cost of $11,700. The machines were funded by a grant from the Michigan Homeland Security Program. The request for a snow cone machine came from another county, but all thirteen counties received them.

The purchase raised some questions at a recent Montcalm County Board of Commissioners meeting. Commissioners wondered about the machine and questioned its purpose. The Michigan Homeland Security Grant Program's Allowable Cost Justification document, dated May 9, 2011, says the snow cone machines can make ice to prevent heat-related illnesses during emergencies, treat injuries and provide snow cones as an outreach at promotional events. WMSRDC Executive Director Sandeep Dey said one county requested a popcorn machine, but that request was denied. He said the snow cone machine request would not have been granted by itself, but was approved because it came with other homeland security equipment.

"It is used to attract people so they can be educated and prepared for homeland security," Dey said from his office in Muskegon. "More importantly, they (homeland security officials) felt in a medical emergency the machine was capable of making ice packs which could be used for medical purposes."

The snow cone machine is currently being stored in the Montcalm County Emergency Services (MCES) building in Stanton. MCES Director David Feldpausch said the machine could be useful at the scene of a large fire or during very hot weather.

"I don't like the term snow cone machine, because it sounds horrible," Feldpausch said. "When you look at it as an ice shaving machine and its purpose, it makes a little more sense. I assume it will get used in Montcalm County a lot more in the summertime by the Fire Corps."

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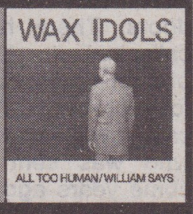

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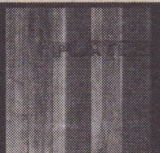

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MRR asks YOU:

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question: what do you say you'll do in 2012 but won't?
(Asked at Shoppers' Oakland show with Neon Piss, Rank/Xerox, and Cathedral Ghost)

Sabrina, 24, Oakland
Organize my room.

Laura, 28, San Francisco
Eat less pastrami.

Bryan, 24, Santa Cruz
Cuddle all the time, and get scabies.

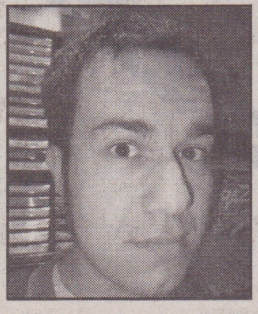
Megan, 28, San Francisco
Move out of the Bay Area.

Ryan, 28, Oakland
I say I'm gonna quit smoking in 2012.

C.P.N., 29, Oakland
Blow up all the dams on the Klamath River.

Jenna, 23, San Francisco
Get better at guitar.

jason, 28, Oakland
Get revenge on my neighbors. Set their house on fire.



Nick, 24, Oakland
I said I was going to make more bad decisions, but honestly I'll probably make the same amount.

Sean, 25, Oakland
I told myself and all my friends that I would buy more underwear, new underwear, and cuter underwear, but I don't think I'm gonna buy more fashionable underwear than my old blown-out ones.

Who Killed Spikey Jacket? needs no intro. Pogo or don't. Huff glue or die. Interview by Amelia Anok.

MRR: What brand of glue is your favorite?
W.K.S.J.: Elmer's Rubber Cement is cheap and widely available. You know the high you are getting with Elmer's. It comes in a shatterproof plastic jar, which cuts down on glue accidents. Ultimately, whatever glue is available; without it, we would die.

MRR: Our readers would like to know if you have ever studded a glue bag?
W.K.S.J.: Of course, haven't you read our lyrics? To be clear, you can't really stud a glue bag, as the bag must be flexible enough to expand and contract when you are huffing it. However, you can construct and stud a leather glue bag sheath, which is how we do it.

MRR: Is W.K.S.J. a concept band?
W.K.S.J.: I guess if you call "punk" a "concept"...

MRR: Or a way of life?
W.K.S.J.: Oi! is a way of life for punks.

MRR: What is your message?
W.K.S.J.: Beep beep, I'm an answering machine...

MRR: Does the question have an answer — or is it in the question?
W.K.S.J.: We aren't sure, but we suspect it was the Riffs.

MRR: What's with the death's head? It seems to be a Boston punk thing... you boys must know, it's a controversial thing to rep...this is a serious question.
W.K.S.J.: We're not afraid. We are the bad guys, just like pirates were, or Vikings, or whoever else used a death's head emblem going back to the dawn of humanity. We are not trying to make a political statement. I mean, we are punks, obviously, we have spiked hair and studs. It should go without saying; we aren't some kind of right wing fascist regime. The average guy on the bus is going to be a little intimidated by a crazy looking punk with a skull emblem on his clothes. That's the point. It's just like how bikers and punks in the '70s and '80s used to wear big swastikas and SS emblems, it wasn't a Nazi thing but it was shocking and offensive and it pissed off general society. I might suggest that *MRR* readers could reference their record collection and look at the imagery used by your favorite bands like Gism, Sex Pistols, Dead Boys, Motorhead... Why is everybody so focused on scrutinizing other punks on the same team when the enemy is out there getting away with stuff right now, anyway? You wear your Jolly Roger, I'll wear mine...

MRR: Spike your hair with beer, pogo, or Pears?
W.K.S.J.: "Pears?" I'm stumped. Spike your hair with beer AND pogo, I guess you can eat a pear too, better to ferment it and drink it.

MRR: Where did you get that "e" from in "Spikey?"
W.K.S.J.: "Spiky" is a word that refers to a jagged spine-like texture like the edges of a fish fin. "Spikey" is a word that we coined to more accurately describe the texture of a studded garment, it does not have spines but instead knobby lump-like protrusions.

MRR: How long is your longest song?
W.K.S.J.: All our songs are length adjustable. "Spike Your Hair With Beer" is meant to be played more than once. It is infinitely long when performed as written.

MRR: How did it all begin? You guys have lasted a while now...
W.K.S.J.: We started the band in a strange time right after the decline of the "street punk" scene. So many of our friends who had always been decked punks along with so many others in the DIY punk scene suddenly started using eyeliner and turned into glam rockers or ponytailed hipsters. We started the band to remind people what got all of us into this mess. We are not kids anymore, we are not the

youth — it doesn't mean we have to be too cool for sing-a-long pogo punk that rightfully has a place in all of our hearts. We have lasted for years because we fill a void. There is a need for this music and for this band. And because we are still punks.

MRR: What is it like having members living large all over the USA leaving W.K.S.J. incomplete in Boston?
W.K.S.J.: Our band is a collective that is greater than the sum of its parts. That is one of the reasons for the success and longevity of the band; we don't play once a week or once a month. We play when punk needs us most. If one of the band members is not available, there is a legion of troops ready to stand and take his place.

MRR: ACAB?
W.K.S.J.: Always carry a bible? All cats are beautiful? If you don't know that all cops are bastards, get the fuck out of punk.

MRR: I heard the rest of you might treat yourself to the West Coast soon?
W.K.S.J.: Really, we heard that *we* are going to treat the West Coast to *us*.

MRR: I feel like no one really knew of you guys outside of Boston until recently — is this due to your split cassette with the honorable Wankys? How did that come about?
W.K.S.J.: Boston needed us, so they knew. Now, the world needs us, so they know. We have no idea how the tape came about, honestly. But we are glad that it did.

MRR: The Wankys split was limited to 82 foreign releases with a glue bag and most of them went to Japan and England...did you even get personal copies?
W.K.S.J.: No, not a single one of us ever did. None of

us have ever heard it. It is alleged that they do a sexy cover of "Spike Your Hair With Beer." How could it be that people have heard about us only through this release that none of us have ever seen or heard? Please mail us copies.

MRR: Who is going to release it here in the States?
W.K.S.J.: We heard a rumor that a flexi of the tape is included in this *MRR* issue? If your issue is missing the flexi, please return to sender.

MRR: I heard murmurings of an upcoming Total Fucker vinyl release...tell us more.
W.K.S.J.: We recorded a fifteen-minute full-length album late in 2011. We are really happy with it and hope to see it released soon.

MRR: What material have you put out so far — any tapes other than your split?
W.K.S.J.: We haven't ever released anything. However, there is a W.K.S.J. movie, and a book, art, and other recordings that very few people have ever heard or seen...yet.

MRR: What was the last show you played?
W.K.S.J.: It was last night, New Years Eve...

MRR: New Years in Boston, I want stories...
W.K.S.J.: We weren't supposed to play the show. Koward and Bloodkrow Butcher played. We were all just at the show and everything fell into place perfectly, this is how we prefer to play. As a band with no equipment, it is also often our only habitat. We played four songs, two of which were "Spike Your Hair With Beer." Hair was spiked, a sea of studs stretched across the

horizon, the crippled crowd surfed, the sober became drunk and the norms became punk. The show was really good and successful, it was sold out and we snuck millions of punks in the back door. After the show we climbed rooftops and fired dangerous fireworks into crowds of people, friend and foe alike were showered with explosives.

MRR: Partisans?
W.K.S.J.: James Kelley lives.

MRR: Craziest show?
W.K.S.J.: Our first show was in a basement in Worcester, MA at the Maniac Mansion. We were all covered in war paint; most of the crowd was too. We shot fireworks into the crowd and they shot them at us. Someone set a studded jacket on fire and it was hurled into the face of a sixteen-year-old kid who had skipped prom to come to his first show, he was terribly burned. Someone else set off a fire extinguisher at some point, clearing the room where we continued to play. Only the punk remained, covering their faces with rags to minimize exposure to the noxious chemical. People were puking all over each other, the drummer puked on his drums, a fan puked on the drummer. This episode sparked a state mandated two-year hiatus in the band. In recent years we have played a few times each year. This past year on July fourth we played a crazy basement show in Allston MA, tons of fireworks, tropical beer storm, air filled with glass, permanent scarring, wagonloads of cops and then the show poured out into the streets where many attendees ritualistically flipped a car and destroyed vast gulfs of property. In November we played a locals only gig. Unbeknownst to some of us, the dense smoke from fireworks had set off the fire alarm in the whole building. We refused to stop playing and finished our set just as armies of firemen and cops arrived on the scene. Police truck, what the fuck...

MRR: Discharge?
W.K.S.J.: A: AND SPIKEY JACKET.

MRR: Do you grow your own studs?
W.K.S.J.: Does a duck duck? Anyone who wants to end the annoying and embarrassing problem of losing studs from their leather jackets can find a solution by looking to the mighty shark. Sharks are possibly the punks of the ocean because they are unpredictable, frenzied and aggressive and they drink a lot. (Other ocean punks include spikey sea urchins and spiny fish with Mohawk-like fins.) Whenever a shark loses a tooth there is a smaller tooth right behind it to take its place. "Shark-Tooth Studding" applies the same principle to studs on a leather jacket. This process involves studding your entire jacket with small ¼ inch cones, then covering each stud with a regular ½ inch cone right on top of it. This has several advantages. First of all, and possibly most importantly, you can effectively double your stud count, and could even achieve absolute maximum stud density by having a stud surface area larger than the surface area of the jacket itself! Also you are unlikely to lose any studs because the smaller stud acts as a sort of anchor for the larger surface stud. And of course if you do lose a stud, there is a small baby stud to take its place. The best part of this is if someone sees a stud fall off and sees the little stud beneath it, they might think that your jacket is actually somehow alive and growing metal studs, or they might even think that the jacket is your hide and that you are a bionic terrorist from the future who has come to earth to wreck everything and destroy their life. One final note: if you use this technique on a denim jacket or vest the weight of the studs will be so intense the jacket will quickly fall to pieces, which of course looks awesome.

MRR: Casualties?
W.K.S.J.: The early stuff was fucking amazing, they were incredibly important and they were a much-needed band in the scene at that time. It is a shame that they appear to have become an embarrassment to what they once embodied.

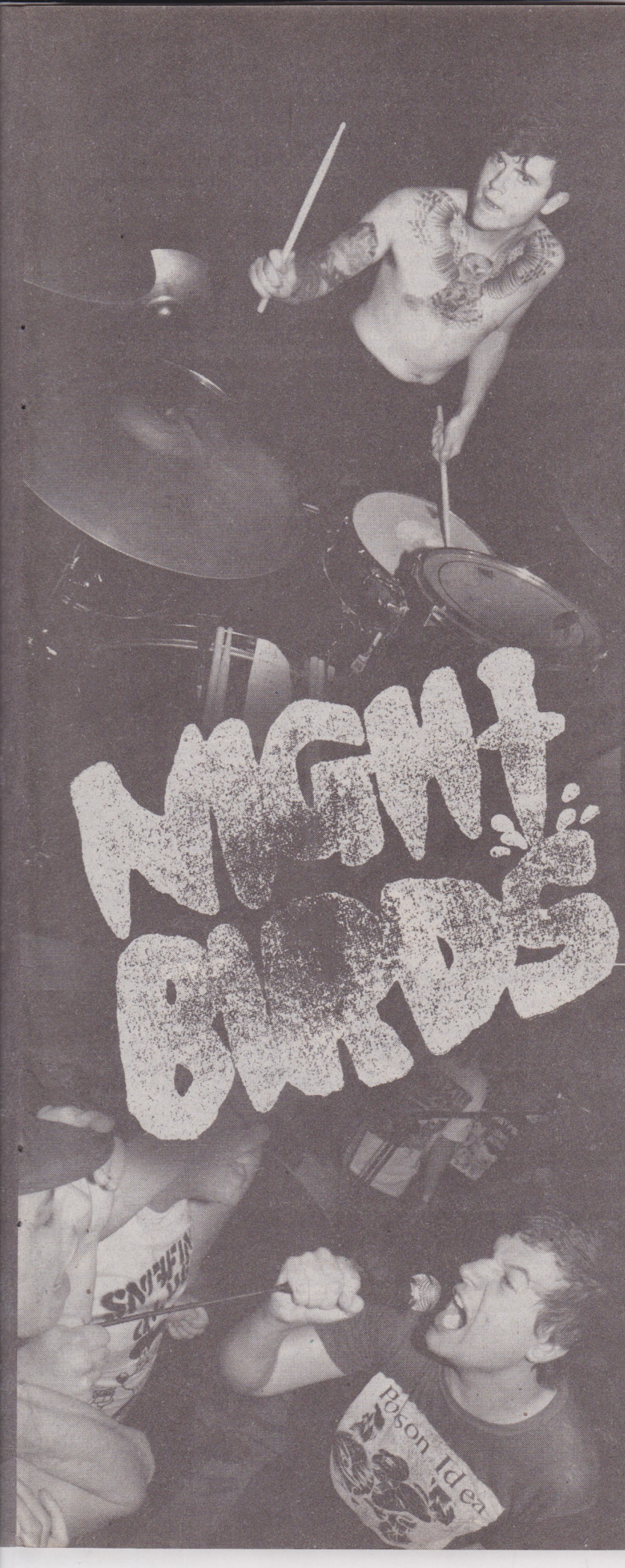
MRR: Who is your biggest fan?
W.K.S.J.: We are fortunate to have a lot of fans all over the country and people who have supported us and helped us out, who come to our shows and let us use their gear and help formulate escape plans. We are grateful to Bloodkrow Butcher and Aspects of War for letting us use their equipment. We think the Wankys are our biggest fans.

MRR: Boston? Would you ever live anywhere else?
W.K.S.J.: We do live other places and as a collective movement we go where we are needed. We all love nothing more than to call Boston our headquarters and global command center.

MRR: How would you like to die?
W.K.S.J.: We shall die as punks. Possibly due to a malfunction of our stud cannon.

MRR: How do you think you're going to die?
W.K.S.J.: If I don't have glue, I'll die.

MRR: Hey goth, fuck off.
W.K.S.J.: We are punks; we play music for punks, not for sexy lumberjacks with rattails. The whole aesthetic of punk is something that we value to the absolute utmost. We celebrate it and embrace it. We did not get into punk to hide behind norm clothes or a dirty T-shirt and cargo shorts with a single punk patch. If you are punk on the inside, it is going to show on the outside. Religious zealots are scene oriented, dogs can be loyal, babies can be destructive, frat boys can get drunk, but only punks dress punk. A punk shedding his studs is like a tree that sheds its leaves and then dies. As part of the DIY punk scene, we value the involvement of all those setting up shows, playing in bands, running venues, and doing everything else that it takes to keep punk a living breathing viable culture. But in the final analysis, in our hearts and souls and minds, we know this one thing to be an absolute truth: if you don't wear studs, fuck you!



In October of 1980 I was in the middle of a chaotic trip to Southern California when I wound up at the legendary Starwood in the company of Geza X and Brendan Mullen. I was torn between going upstairs with them to meet Darby Crash or staying downstairs to watch this new band I'd been hearing about called the Adolescents. I might have chosen differently had I known Darby would be dead little more than a month later, but I opted for the Adolescents, and what a revelation that turned out to be.

I had been going to punk shows for several years, but had never seen that level of intensity before. Normally in those days you'd find me right up front in the pit, but I was genuinely intimidated by the way the crowd went at it (and at each other). That was my introduction to Southern California hardcore. Infused with adrenaline and over-the-top nihilism, it made the Northern California punk rock I'd grown accustomed to seem tame by comparison.

Fast forward 30 years: it's a quiet night in Hoboken, NJ, where I've come to see my friend Joe's folk duo, when a new band I've never seen and barely heard of takes the stage. It's the Night Birds, and it's just like, BLAM! I'm back in Southern California circa 1980. The music is every bit as powerful, hypnotic and intense as anything I heard back then, and better yet, no one is trying to kill me.

I've never been a fan of retro bands, but although the Night Birds channel that old SoCal sound with uncanny accuracy — it often feels more authentic than the original music they're paying tribute to — they're anything but retro. Whether because of talent and experience — members hail from renowned outfits like the Ergs, Hunchback and For Science — or sheer inspiration and devotion, they've managed to take that sound and not just plant it firmly in the 21st century, but to make it completely and irrevocably their own.

The Night Birds are: Brian Gorsegner, vocals, Mike Hunchback, guitar, Joe Keller, bass, Ryan McHale, drums.

Interviewed by Larry Livermore, Photos by Marc Gärtner

MRR: Despite having a sound that's remarkably evocative of 30 years ago, you somehow manage to avoid the trap of being branded a retro band, and instead are right at the heart of what's happening in 2011. How did you manage to pull this off?

Brian: When Joe and I started the band we thought it would be a good idea to learn three covers for the first practice to see how the four of us played together. At the time Mike and Ryan weren't in the band yet and I was playing drums and someone else was going to sing. Joe and I kicked some cover ideas around and the three bands we agreed on and were most excited to do were Circle Jerks, TSOL, and Adolescents... We never said, "Hey! Let's be an Adolescents cover band," but that melodic aggressive style appealed to us both, so that's sort of the direction we set off in. We both like all kinds of stuff, and I think those influences shine through in our writing. Recruiting Mike to play guitar really helped us separate ourselves a little more because although he digs lots of punk, he's listened to old surf classics for the better part of his life, and it shows in his playing. Ryan's drumming too, the guy plays with some real fucking soul and has almost a jazzy style, much like Joe. I don't know, it's just how it all comes together. DH Peligro and East Bay Ray didn't only play punk rock, they were well versed in all sort of music, and it gave the DKs a unique sound of their own. We're obviously not the Dead Kennedy's, but I think you get what I'm saying.

MRR: Without naming names — oh what the heck, I'll point to Joe and Mike in particular – You've often played stuff that was pretty adventurous and way beyond the typical punk rock formulations in your previous bands, whereas the Night Birds songs, at least on the surface, sound a bit simpler and more straight-ahead. What's it like to scale back your experimental tendencies, and do you feel being particularly renowned for your guitar and bass playing in any way colors expectations for what you're trying to do today?

Mike: I've gotten to a point where I do miss that aspect of it more than I thought I would. I did feel a certain reward for trying something truly different because I thought it was good, but on the other hand, Hunchback was a band for a long time. So when it ended, the idea of doing something unlike Hunchback, even if it was less experimental, was appealing. One of the things that I thought a lot about in the beginning of NB was that it would also be fun to home in on picking styles that I really like and take influence from guys I thought were the best; like Larry Weed, Alessandro Alessandroni, Nicky Roberts, Rockin' Enocky, Takashi Terauchi.

I guess the main thing for me is that anything can be experimental or push boundaries, even simpler, straight ahead punk rock. Some of my most cherished music is three-chord punk that somehow manages to engage the listener in a unique way. I mean, I can still be moved to tears by paying attention to what the guitar is doing in an early Ramones song. And as "simple" as Ramones songs appear to be, no one else was capable of writing them. They are, by way of unique passion and mind-boggling composition, experimental.

I'm not trying to be self-deprecating, but people didn't really tell me I was a good guitar player very much until Night Birds. I mean, some folks literally tell me "I really thought you were an awful guitar player when I saw Hunchback, but now I think you're good!" It makes sense in a couple ways; in Night Birds I definitely play the most intricate stuff I've done thus far. Also, if you roll around on the ground people are generally distracted from your lack of talent.

Joe: I do try to simplify what I'm doing in Night Birds a bit because I know that in a live setting Mike will be rolling around on the floor. When you only have one guitar player, you have to be very conscious of holding things together — in this case that one guitar player is on his knees in the crowd picking up his guitar with his teeth. I'm completely happy playing the low-end straight man to Mike's reverb drenched slapstick schtick. Also, there are a lot of song parts with surf guitar double-picking in them so having really busy bass work is usually not the best complement to that.

MRR: This is for Joe in particular: you were part of a band that for many years inspired a passionate, almost fanatical devotion from a lot of people. What was it like to go from that to starting over with a brand new band, especially one with a considerably different sound? Do you still encounter people coming to see you because they're expecting like what you were involved with before, and if so, have any of them being critical or questioning about your decision to do the kind of music you're doing now? Actually, this is probably a good question for Mike as well.

Mike: You know, Hunchback definitely had some brilliantly devoted fans — but it wasn't ever a large group of them really. The fans we did have really "got" us, they were very much people that *already* felt there was too much genre-restriction in the world. So I haven't really had anybody complain about it. I don't want to speak for the Ergs, but I think they might have the same idea here, that their truest fans were ones that by nature had no genre limitations and therefore wouldn't think twice about shutting out a new, different sounding group.

Joe: At first I was really mad that I had to start over again, but once Night Birds start going I loved it. The Ergs was pretty much my only band for eight years so I forgot what it was like to start a band from scratch. Some of the best parts of being in a band happen at the beginning like going through a million names until you come up with one that is slightly less than completely crummy or getting that anxious feeling you get due to the fact that if you don't write a song before you see your band again, you won't have anything to do at the next practice.

The Ergs were kind of a big deal to some folks I guess and there was maybe a little pressure there on the three of us in the band towards the end because of that. With Night Birds, I knew I was doing something so different than my previous band that there was no way to really compare it to the Ergs. That made it completely stress-free. At this point I don't care if everyone who liked the Ergs hates or loves this band. The most important thing in music is to have fun. I love jumping around like an idiot while playing bass and Night Birds gives me the perfect venue to do that.

MRR: Mike, you recently started playing with the latest incarnation of Screeching Weasel. Before the infamous incident in Texas, Screeching Weasel was becoming quite an active band. Is there any concern that if they start playing a lot of shows again (or doing a lot of recording), it will become difficult to juggle the demands of being in both bands?

Mike: No, not at all. I've only been asked to play on a gig by gig basis and there's only so much planned for the next stretch. I opened a shop recently and the other owner does a bunch of music stuff too. It allows us to take off more time than we were ever able to before at, like, Pier 1 Imports or D'Agostino supermarket.

MRR: Also, given the notoriety and controversy that Mr. Weasel seems to generate on a regular basis, is it likely that any of this will spill over onto Mike and/or the Night Birds?

Mike: It hasn't thus far, and I don't see it happening. A lot of that kind of controversy or notoriety is extremely subjective and seems to get replaced very, very quickly. It's perhaps partially born out of our maniacal de-evolution to the "sound byte-as-news" lifestyle. Some people actually believe the things they hear about from TV "news" and the internet, which is really scary. As big a deal as so many folks made SXSW out to be at the time, I've heard nearly nothing about it after playing the show in Chicago. It seems like the actual events haven't lived up to the wild hubbub that was going on online at the time. I really thought the backlash against Ben for the incident was mystifyingly extreme. In total honesty *way* worse things have happened at more than a couple of Hunchback shows. Not that I'm specifically proud of that, but it certainly gives it perspective. I look forward to playing some more with Screeching Weasel; Zac, Pierre, and Dave are all phenomenal players and I couldn't be a bigger fan of Ben's music.
Brian: Yea If I recall correctly, Miranda from Hunchback was on a kick for a while where she would sacrifice a baby during every set and eat it's insides in the name of Satan. That was way worse, for sure.

MRR: New Jersey has had a very active and creative punk rock scene for a long time, yet never seems to have gotten quite as much recognition or respect as its neighbor on the other side of the Hudson River. Even allowing for the typical media bias in favor of New York, any idea why this might be? I've noticed, especially in recent years, that there seems to be a distinctly different sound and feel to Jersey bands — a bit more raucous, adventurous, unpredictable, maybe? — and that even Jersey audiences are different — more rowdy and involved, it seems to me. Do you think this might be an outgrowth of some sort of "We try harder" attitude stemming from Jersey so often being treated as less important than New York?

Brian: New York is always bound to attract more recognition on a larger scale... It's New York City. Same with LA... Musician and actor types move to those places cause their huge cities and that's where ya go to make it *big*! Haven't you ever seen the "Welcome to the Jungle" video? I think that's what I remember that being about... Anyway, as far as sound goes, there could be a thousand reasons why NJ sort of has it's own feel, and I agree with you that it does, but I don't know why. Maybe it's the recordings, since lots of those bands back then recorded in some of the same studios, but I really feel like the Misfits, Chronic Sick, Mental Abuse, Adrenalin OD, the Worst, all the classic New Jersey stuff just sounds like it's from New Jersey. Maybe I'm crazy.

Mike: I think about that too, but my take on it is that Jersey has a little more of a Midwest or even Texas vibe in that there's a lot less to *do* in the suburbs of New Jersey than there is in NYC. Because you're not in New York and everyone's talking about it, you kind of hate it a bit and identify with your immediate surroundings more, ultimately wanting to say different kinds of things because you've fought different battles. You know, look at the Dead Boys lyrical content next to the Misfits for instance. Of course Stiv was from Cleveland, but once he was in NYC for a bit all the songs kind of gravitate towards sex, drugs, sex, fighting. The Misfits lyrical content is legitimately insane, rooted in worship of Horror films and comic books, which are the kinds of things one might *need* to survive growing up in Lodi NJ. Same could be said for AOD's hilarious attitude, or Children In Adult Jails' eclectic repertoire. As far as the recognition goes, I think the Ramones are now totally identifiable as New Yorkers, and since most are willing to agree that they're an enormously important factor in the evolution of Punk Rock, there's been over 30 years of reinforcement on NYC's connection to that.

MRR: At the same time, some people have argued that New Jersey and New York is basically the same scene, and that it's pointless or even divisive to try and draw distinctions between the two. Where do you come down on this? Do you feel a specific loyalty to/identity with New Jersey, or do you see yourself as coming out of a Greater New York/New Jersey scene? Or neither?

Brian: Well Ryan is from New York and currently resides there, Mike grew up in New Jersey and upstate NY then moved to Brooklyn, and Joe and I are NJ natives. I admit that I do love New Jersey. It breeds this classic brand of grumpy, pissed off, suburban weirdo that I have grown to become, respect, and appreciate. It just feels like home to me. When I travel, I see places that I really love, but could never see myself living in. I need my seasons to keep me balanced, as cliché and silly as it sounds. A bone chilling winter of hibernating and wanting to kill makes you appreciate the spring. A summer of intense global warming style sun beams beating on your skin and making you want to die makes you appreciate the fall...so fourth and so on.
Joe: I love New Jersey. I will probably never live anywhere else. The city is great too. I guess maybe New Jersey is overshadowed by New York a little but I do think New Jersey gets its due in both mainstream and underground culture. There have been plenty of widely recognized bands from NJ throughout the years and in the last ten years we've had the *Sopranos*, *Jersey Shore*, and *Real Housewives of New Jersey*. If anything, I think Jersey is played out.

MRR: You recently toured Europe. I know when I've been over there with US bands, especially in places like Germany, people often expected bands to play for an hour or two, and got kind of mad if they didn't, whereas most US bands were used to playing like 25 or 30 minute sets. Since I'm used to the Night Birds playing short, fast and sweet sets here in the USA, I was wondering if you ran into any difficulties with Europeans wanting you to play twice as long as you normally do, and if so how did you deal with it?

Brian: We played a slightly longer set in Europe, and a few times people wouldn't let us off the stage... It's flattering but at the same time we have no interest in playing for an hour. We don't record records that are an hour long, we don't write songs that are five minutes long. We have short attention spans, and while we're down to play a few extra songs because we're so far from home, our band model will always be short, sweet, and to the point.

MRR: Other than that, how were you received in Europe? Did they already know your music, or were many of them hearing you guys for the first time?

Brian: I was really blown away by Europe... Lots of people already knew who we were, and we sold a bunch of records and I think turned a lot more people on to us. I kept waiting for that show where six people would come out and not give a fuck we existed, but it never happened... All seveteen shows were really great. Every time a friends band toured Europe they'd come home and tell you what to expect, but I really think there are few similarities from one bands experience to the next, like any tour really, so I tried to keep my expectations minimal... It is true though that almost every night and morning we were fed like god damned kings which ruled, and doesn't happen nearly as much in the US. And I'm just as guilty too, I've booked a hundred shows but never considered making a band food, it really made me think. It was a real trip though, can't wait to go back.

MRR: Where have you toured in the USA, and have you played in Southern California yet? Since so much of your sound seems to have originated there, I wondered if it would be something like a pilgrimage / return to your roots sort of thing to play there.

Brian: We've played most places on the East Coast from Dover, New Hampshire down to Florida... We've played as far North West as Minneapolis, and as far South West as Texas this past year at the Chaos in Tejas fest. We haven't gotten out to the West Coast yet but that's a main goal for the coming year.

MRR: The type of bands from the late '70s / early '80s that seem to have inspired you used to draw some really rough and nihilistic crowds, some of the most violent punk rock crowds I have ever seen, in fact. Yet the Night Birds crowds, while very lively and energetic, don't seem this way at all. Your music, while every bit as powerful — if not more so — seems to make people happy rather than making them want to kill each other (unless I just haven't been at the shows where they had to haul off bodies). Any ideas on why? Is there something qualitatively different about your music, or is it more a matter of different times, different places?

Brian: I think a lot of it is just different times. Punk rock as a whole is way more socially acceptable, and at this point even glorified than it was the '80s... I think lots of the violence and nihilism was because a larger percentage of people getting into punk and going to shows were using it to escape the fucked up shit going on in their lives as opposed to being part of some happy circle of positivity and beer cozies... I mean, I get it, it's not 1982, I accept it and roll with it... There are still tons of genuine fucked up freaks out there who need punk rock to survive and not kill their boss, their teachers, their parents, and themselves... and those are the people bashing their head on the stage at a hardcore show. I think the ratio of those kids has just gone down, or maybe they've found other shit, like the Insane Clown Posse... as long as the nihilism and violence is still out there somewhere then I'm OK with it.

Mike: While I do agree with Brian, I'd also like to mention that it also seems like crowds are generally less willing to really cut loose these days. People live with a different kind of social fear now, and although I may sound crazy, I do think that the enormity of Facebook and TMZ "gotcha!" reality crap-media inspire a more reserved nature in folks. People don't live in the moment in that respect anymore, and therefore flip out at shows less, and therefore inspire others to punch them less.

MRR: What comes next for the Night Birds? You've got an amazing new album out; are you already working on new songs? If so, are they in a similar vein or do you see yourselves diversifying and branching out? When and where will the next tour(s) be?

Brian: Towards the end of writing the LP we were struggling to write the last couple songs, throwing stuff away left and right until we finally had thirteen songs that all four of us really liked... then of course while we're recording the album Joe and Mike were messing around with riffs that ruled and songs were coming together really easily. At this point we already have a handful of stuff we really like; we just need to start rehearsing them to see how they come together. We may go straight to a second album, but we'll have to wait and see. Maybe a 12" EP? I've always loved that format, like the early Effigies records or Battalion of Saints. As far as touring we have lots of ideas and are trying to narrow it down now. There are lots of places we'd like to go but just not enough time to get everywhere. The West Coast is a priority for us this coming year; we've wanted to go out West since we started. We played 60 shows in 2011 aside from releasing the *Other Side of Darkness* and the *Midnight Movies* 7", so I think we'll match that or at very least die trying.

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NIGHT BIRDS

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Thu. 7/26	Honolulu, HI @ No Suck Fest
Fri. 7/27	Honolulu, HI @ No Suck Fest
Sat. 7/28	Honolulu, HI @ No Suck Fest
Sun. 7/29	Honolulu, HI @ No Suck Fest
Tue. 7/31	Victoria, BC @ Logan's Pub
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Thu. 8/2	Portland, OR @ The Know
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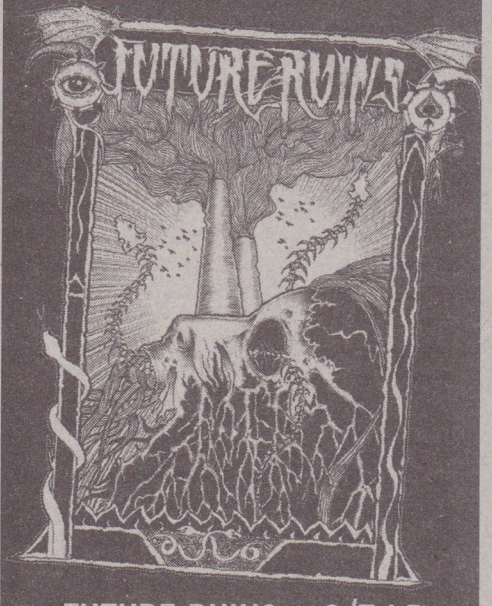

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PROLOGUE

To say I'm excited about this tour is like saying John Candy was a wee bit plump. In the weeks leading up to this I've been going out of my mind with anticipation. JAPAN!! It's my third time here, and second with a band, but this tour is different…the line-ups are like something out of a hardcore jazz magazine, the quality on show threatening to blow us out of the water at every turn. To make matters a touch more interesting, our drummer quit the band three days after returning home from our US tour in July. That's right, ol' Kirky boy decided that he couldn't take the D-beat hooligan lifestyle anymore and gave up on us like the big Nancy Drew that he is, without a single care for the commitments he'd made in regards to touring. Left in the lurch as we were, it was looking like we'd have to draft in a late replacement and spend three-to-four nights a week in the rehearsal room for the next month. With the intervention of reality in the form of work, girlfriends, occasionally relaxing, etc, this wasn't the most attractive option. Not to mention, Kirk was an amazing drummer and it'd be nigh on impossible to find a suitable replacement in that short amount of time! Even more unrealistic, to attain the same level of competency which constant touring and playing live together engenders. Indeed, what a fucking dick! But, at least, I finally understand all those Victory Records stabbed-in-the-back songs.

At the eleventh hour, we struck upon an enormous piece of good luck. Our mate, Shin Takoyama, said he'd step into breach for the duration of the tour. The owner of Osaka's Punk & Destroy record shop, Freedom Fighter label and drummer for FRAMTID and NIGHTMARE. We couldn't have found a better replacement anywhere! Add to the fact that if you can rely on anyone to keep their word and honour intact, it's a Japanese chap. Fucking score! Sayonara, Kirky boy.

Words by Cormy

HELLO TOKYO!!

We arrive late on the 14th at Tokyo Narita Airport after a grim 30 hours in transit from Melbourne. No border hassles and we exited into the departure lounge to meet Satoshi and Ebi from ISERISMO, together with So, who runs Hardcore Survives Records. Back in October, Yeap booked an Australian tour for ISTERISMO, which went extremely well. Meaning they were more than happy to return the favour for us. We'll be doing all nine dates of the tour with them, booked by Satoshi. Add to this that we had a split 7" released on Hardcore Survives two weeks ago, plus the fact that our 12" has now been around for three months, and the stars are aligning for a fucking awesome tour! We drive into Tokyo's Koenji district where we drop our bags off at Shogo's, from ISTERISOM, place and head out for some traditional punky punky night street drinking and rice balls. Naturally, after such a long journey, we were gasping for a good drink, and proceeded to get smashed over the course of a couple of hours.

Morning brings a horrendous hangover after a mercilessly brief sleep. Ah well. I hang out on the balcony to get a bit of air and read my book, since Yeap's snoring is far too much to sleep through and Satoshi's flat is smaller than my bathroom. The lads take forever to wake up so I go for a walk and get some Pocari Sweat (fuck you hangover) before we eat breakfast with Satoshi and make some banners for the tour. This evening will be our first rehearsal with TAKOYAKI SAN and although I was pretty sure I'd be taking it in my stride, I'm starting to get nervous….really fucking nervous. Perhaps it's just the hangover and lack of sleep, or maybe the previous days spent in an enclosed space, but I'm getting edgy as fuck. We head down to Koenji square to get some food and check out some record shops. I pick up some awesome random shit in Record Shop Base, Tokyo's best punk shop, and we meet Shin.

It's awesome to see the big lanky maniac again, though I'm definitely feeling the nerves, especially when he admits that he's been so busy that he hasn't had much of a chance to learn the songs and just had half the LP on his headphones for the train journey. Oh bugger! We buy some beers and Satoshi picks up two bottles of Jaeger and it's down to the rehearsal studio. We play through the set and it's, let's say, "stunted". Not bad, but not good. All the way through, all I can think is "I hate Kirk I hate Kirk fucking bastard you've totally fucked us I hate you". We go out and have another beer and a chat with Shin, catching up with the mad shit going on in his life over the last few months. We head back in and…*boom*!! We play the set and it's fucking incendiary! Get in there Frank! The horrendous weight lifts and it's all fucking insane madness, smashing round the rehearsal room and feeling it. I'd been so fucking nervous. Playing Japan is essentially the peak of existence for a punk band and to do so at less than your best is extremely humiliating. Without being too soap-opera about it, there's a question of honour and pride involved. I could talk for hours (and have) about how bitterly disappointed I am in Kirk's decision to bail on us, as there's no substitution for the hard graft we've put into the 30+ gigs over the last few months, but I'll leave it at this: fuck off, you false cunt.

We head out and get some more beers and the sense of relief is palpable. Fucking yes! Once more through the songs and it's proper good. Oh fuckin hell yes! This tour is going to be insanely good. We finish up around 11pm and head down to Koenji to drink. The punks are out in force and Greg, who sorted out our U.S. tour, and Alex from PERDITION, have just turned up from the airport, we're fuckin smashin' the Jaeger and beers. Louis VAGINORS and a couple of lads from Adelaide come and drink. Yeap's taking advantage of his size over the locals and throwing people into the fountain. My inner scumbag is coming out and I'm being nasty to the gaijins, and it all fades into a wonderful alcoholic haze. Ahhhhhh tour!

DAY 1 – TOKYO

I wake up feeling splendid and quickly realise I'm still drunk. A couple of ibuprofens and a beer works as insurance and Satoshi makes us some great food before we head down to meet Shogo at his flat and take a bus to Koenji for record shopping. Yeap amusingly invests $70 in a TERVEET KADET LP at Record Boy only to find the exact same one for half the price at Record Shop Base five minutes later. Naturally this provides no end of entertainment to myself and Penke. I get an awesomely ridiculous Kriegshog t-shirt and a couple of good 7"s. We're booked in to rehearse at 3pm so we meet Shin and get a few beers before running through the EP songs and getting 'em down. It's all fine but I feel weird….floaty and a bit out of it. Yeap's the same. Can't figure out if it's from the long flight or the drink. So we have a beer about it.

After a couple of hours hanging out with Greg and the lads at their

Photo by Chiyori

Photo by Chiyori

Photo by Chiyori

Photo by Yeap

Photo by Chiyori

mate's clothing shop we head down to where the gig's on tonight. It's a secret show; the ISTERISMO lads were freaked about our whole drummer situation so they've sorted out this warm-up gig at a tiny Brit bar on the third floor of some building in Asayagaya, just us and them. We get there and the owner and his mates are sound. The iad doing the mixing is this Scottish chap who bears an uncanny resemblance to Ewan McGregor, and he certainly has his work cut out for him. Shin has to use brush sticks because of the neighbours, while we're saddled with 10 watt practice amps. The PA can barely handle Yeap's vocals and we spend about half an hour pissing around to construct a serviceable sound. I split my signal between three amps and the results are hilarious. We get our drink on and I'm becoming more and more partial to the local Yebisu brand. I'd only had their stout last time but the lager is decent, malty and clear. On tap so it's the obvious choice. We hang out and drink and wait for the gig to start.

ISTERISMO play and they're awesome. People are going bananas, smashing around, crowd surfing and the small room is packed. The sound is weak as hell but what can ya do. I've managed to maintain a reasonable level of inebriation so when we go on it's fine. I can hear almost nothing except for the drums but it doesn't matter; people are off their fuckin heads and going pure mad. Shin is fucking perfect, not a single error. It feels like we've been playing together for years. Legend! It's Satoshi's 28th birthday tonight; a lot of the time after shows here there's a big party somewhere with food and drinks. Everyone gets a drink and the promoter does a speech about I don't know what and everyone cheers and has a big laugh. There's a cake for Satoshi, which Shogo mashes into his face after the candles are blown out. Someone throws it at Shogo and he ducks and it whacks someone else in the face, which is absolutely fantastic. We proceed to get completely buggered before taking a taxi back to Shogo's. Yeap and Satoshi head back to sleep and myself and Penke pinch some whiskey and go drink with Shogo and Zumi, from SLOW MOTIONS, before heading back to Satoshi's while having a massive moan about everyone and everything.

DAY 2 - TOKYO

We're woken up by Yeap deciding that 7:30am is a great time to play one of his new records really loud in Satoshi's one room apartment. We shout at him until he turns it off and I get another bit of patchy sleep before waking up properly. Yeap's losing his voice, due to the fact that we've not been rehearsing for the last month, and is pretty worried about it. Another great addition to The Kirk List. It doesn't help that people smoke constantly everywhere here. I take a shower and get caught having one due to an inability to keep my ablutions quiet, which causes all manner of amused discomfort to the lads. What can I say? I'm a barely civilised barbarian at the best of times; all sense of decorum goes out the window on tour. Penke gets on the internet and ends up in a state of serious agitation due to managerial dramas in the footy, when it turns out that WESTERN BULLDOGS are still without a manager. He admits to having written out an application for the job when he was drunk a couple of days ago. That is good fuckin' stuff right there.

We need to be at the venue for tonight's show by 1pm to sound check and sort everything out. It's on at Antiknock in Shinjuku and the line-up is insane, though it's all pretty much eclipsed by the fact that GAUZE are playing. Fucking GAUZE!! We get a couple of taxis since we've got a huge amount of merch to bring along with our instruments. We also have to stuff all the tour records; we've had an extra 100 from the first plates pressed just for Japan and Shin's done an amazing job of adding extras and making it all look fantastic: screen-printed outer bag with art from Sugi; an awesome pink obi; alternative printed covers; and a screen-printed inlay plus a screen-printed inner sleeve. Unbelievable! It looks amazing but takes some serious assembly. We sound check and it's excellent, though Yeap's voice is slightly patchy and below its usual paint-stripping volume.

We finish stuffing the bags and myself and Penke run off to find a restaurant so we'll avoid all the linguistic wrangling about veggie this and vegan that. We get some awesome rice, soup, pork and egg stuff and head in to check out Disk Union next door. Every time I've been in Tokyo I've ended up accidentally buying a fuckload of records in here, but this time I went way over the top. There was a sale on just for that day, with everything under 1,000 yen being sold for half-price. I pick up 15-20 classic LPs, all sorts of shit I never got before for one reason or another, and all of them for $5 each or less. DEAD KENNEDYS, RIISTETYT, DEVO, BAD BRAINS, 4-SKINS - all sorts of great albums.

We head back to the venue since it's already after five and the gig starts at 5:30pm. It's already filling up and we get in just as FILTHY HATE are starting. They're Satoshi's other band, HERESY/RIPCORD-style fast punishing hardcore. Two singers occasionally attacking the crowd and crazy energetic madness, it's a good start to the night. I bump into my mate, Nenji, from previous times here and we have a beer before LIFE begins and we leg it in. As always, they're fucking amazing. Insane mix of anthemic hardcore and pure blistering rage, their bassist, Nori, is like a hurricane, swinging his Rickenbacker around like a sword and bouncing off the walls. It's like a punk version of *Where's Wally?* Every time you look over to where a bassist might reasonably be expected to stand, he's somewhere else: in the crowd, on top of the PA, in the corner behind the drum kit, or behind the heating vents. They play one particularly amazing new song from the forthcoming LP and it's excellent, *really* can't wait for this record. The place is packed and people are already going mental. The last show of the NDT tour was at the same place, but tonight is already shaping up as ten times crazier.

I head out with Penke and Greg to get a beer and we stand around to drink and talk about how fucking mental everything is and accidentally miss ATF and half of AVFALL. It's not like other countries where it takes a half hour for the next band to set up and start. It's a straight-up changeover and starts within five minutes. I'm pissed off cause I wanted to see 'em both. What I catch of AVFALL is deadly, raw Scandinavian-style chikan hardcore, with a ton of OTT fury.

By this stage I'm nervous as fuck. It's weird. It's been about ten years since I felt proper nervous before a gig. I feel like I'm about to start a fight (which I suppose is true enough), that weird buzz of aggression and violent energy. I go backstage and warm-up and feel like a total nerd. GAUZE are in there doing their stretches and so on. I do some scales until my hands are limber enough, though all my muscles and joints feel like shit. I watch a bit of FEROCIOUS X but it's hard to focus and enjoy it with our first proper gig with Shin about to start. Playing right before the titans. Jesus. I'm cacking it.

We set up and start and it's amazing! People are off their fucking heads, stage-diving and crowd-surfing. Myself and Penke are barely refraining from killing each other (at one point he actually punches me in the face, the prick) and Yeap's all over the place. His voice is fine, though with the UFC match onstage I'm out of tune as often as I am in tune. At the end, people are screaming for more, so we do one. It's fucking awesome. I feel fucking amazing. We did it. No major fuck-ups and now GAUZE are about to play! Aaargh!! I run and get a beer before going back in again to get a good spot at the side of the stage and see the band. It's totally packed and the anticipation is insane; people are utterly rapt. When they start I'm just sort of stunned. GAUZE are kind of a phenomenon. It's difficult to understand from hearing the records just how seriously people get into the band. There's a huge amount of people wearing their shirts and singing along to every word, and the intensity builds with each song. They don't stop at all. Straight through. I get more and more excited until eventually stage-diving and going fucking mental in the crowd. It's total warfare and nobody can get enough! A band at the top of their game for over 20 years, who have somehow combined all eras of hardcore. Fuck.

I head out to get more drinks and bump into some old friends. We hang out and I'm basically just sort of blown away by the whole thing. Someone comes out and shouts that ISTERISMO are on. I run in to see them and it's fucking amazing! The sound is insane. Total

nightmare of mad chaos, Satoshi's like a vicious banshee while Jun and Shogo are trying to destroy their instruments, Ebi keeps the whole thing in some semblance of order with a pounding assault of broken D-beat. Jun actually succeeds in destroying his bass and we have to run around trying to sort it out with different cables and pedals and I stage-dive into the classic move of not noticing the huge gap in the crowd. Six feet down on my back on the concrete floor – oof!

Afterwards it's like some kind of punk bazaar with all manner of trading going on. I end up with about five new t-shirts and a bunch of 7"s and patches. We head out and trade shirts with GAUZE, drink and take a bunch of photos before heading back to Koenji, where myself and the two lads go with Shogo and get some really great ramen with roast pork. We head back to the square and do some more drinking, somehow getting into a session of '90s Britpop street karaoke. It's gonna be an early start so we head back and get showered and lie down for about four hours kip.

Until tonight, the best show I'd ever seen was NEUROSIS in Dublin in the '90s. And now it's this. Amazing— one of the best nights of my life.

DAY 3 – NAGOYA

I wake up feeling tired but good. A hilarious situation ensues as Satoshi and Yeap attempt to transport six huge boxes of merch to Shogo's house using a skateboard. It goes fine for the first two seconds, before the whole thing collapses into a crushed pile of vinyl and fabric, providing top-notch laughs to me and the Penkster. At least until we feel guilted into helping. We pile into the van at 8am and drop the Adelaide lads off at the station. It's a decent tour van we'll be taking, a ten-seater Toyota Transporter with plenty of space. Ebi, Jun and Satoshi are taking turns driving; I offer to help out but I'm hugely relieved when they say no. Driving in Japan looks stressful enough, so I can only imagine how bad it must be when you can't actually read the signs. The traffic on the way out of Tokyo is insane. As far as I can gather it's some kind of holiday this weekend, though Sunday is the traditional family day here, since so many people work on Saturdays, so the roads would probably be busy either way. Truckstops are amazing on Sundays here. Everyone's out with their family so you see the maddest people just hanging out and eating crazy crap from the thousands of food options available. There's all these Japanese soldiers in uniform with helmets and everything, plus U.S. marines in hummers decked out in full combat gear. The result is that it's like being on site during some kind of mad Godzilla remake.

Photo by Greg Daly

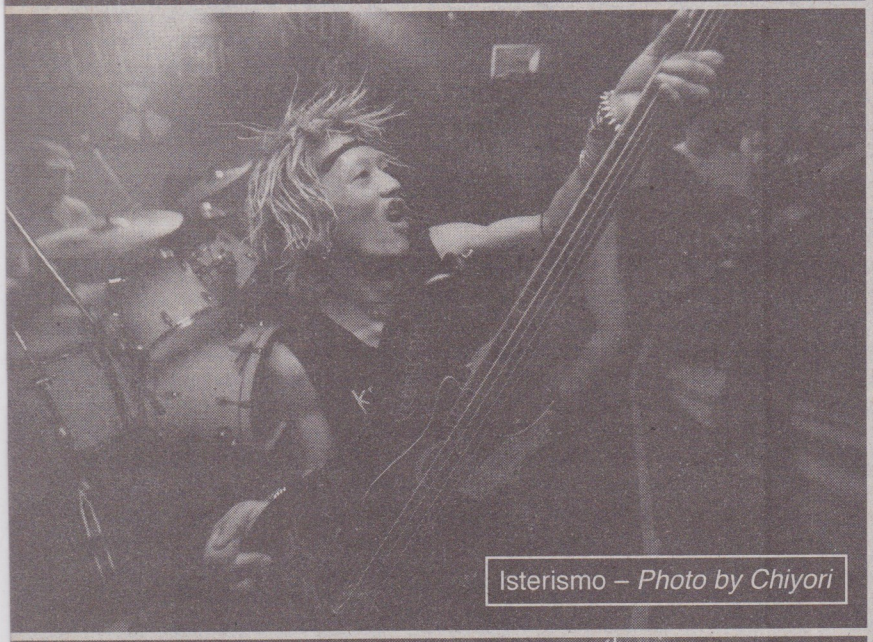
We've a longish drive with a couple of stops along the way, though it's all fun since we're just hanging out and talking bollocks with Shin, Greg and the ISTERISMO lads. We arrive shortly after 5pm and load in. Nagoya's a bit mad. The punk scene there has a lot of connections with bikers and yakuza types, hence things are pretty violent and there can be a weird atmosphere around gigs. We're playing a small basement club called Day Trip and there's an eskie full of beers and chu-hi on ice so we crack into that. Punk clubs in Japan are fucking awesome! Loads of them are really dark and intimidating, red lights and black paint etc. I still can't understand how they make it work with rent for all the tiny fantastic shops and bars, since space is at a premium and a lot of these places cater to extreme fringe-interest stuff. With punk gigs, that's why the entrance price is often twenty to thirty dollars, and I guess stuff in a lot of the bars and shops is fairly expensive, but it's hard to imagine how they manage to meet the overhead.

Day Trip is full of mad-looking crusties getting charged-up and sorting out merch tables and shit. No sound check, which is kind of nice since I'm pretty hungover and couldn't be arsed. My old mate, Leader, shows up and he's kindly brought vegan food for the hippies, so we hang out and have a beer outside and he introduces me to his friend from years back who's one scary motherfucker. He owns the dojo across the street from the venue and specialises in MMA, his other mate is a judo master and they all have various violence-related accessories hanging off their belts. Leader walks off and I keep talking to the two lads before noticing that there's three or four muscle-bound younger tough cunts hanging around in the background just sort of keeping watch. This scary punk dude comes up and grabs my beer, starts drinking it and just looks at me. The two other dudes just kind of stare at me as well. I start laughing and pull another beer out of my pocket. They start laughing too. Fucking hell. I stay for about a minute more and quickly leave to go back into the shop.

Overheard some guy I don't know telling someone from one of the bands that he's a friend of KROMOSOM here on tour and get pretty pissed off. Not paying in, taking free shit, getting people to do favours. People will do anything you ask. Fifth time. Beers, chu-hi case, not paying in, eating band food, staying at band space…

ATTACK SS is crushing chaotic brutal D-beat and leave the stage one by one. SYSTEM FUCKER developed japcore style more, mad fashion, maniac singer trying to kill himself and everyone in the room, with the most amazing hair of all time! SHOCK TROOP is pub rock with a harmonica. They aren't that interesting, but not bad. FOLKEIIS is fucking amazing! NWOBHM-influence from eight months back, they have exploded into an insane mix of Finnish hardcore, ORDO AD CHAO, and JOHN ZORN. Incredible! They have a new record out soon and are really nice kids. REALITY CRISIS blew my head off! They are insane! The singer swinging out of the light fixture kicking people in the face, attacking crowd, like a full street-riot onstage. Everyone on front of the stage going mental. The madness of the onstage behaviour made SYSTEM FUCKER look like the Beatles. The guitar player turns out to be beer-stealing guy from earlier. ISTERISMO fucking destroys, and is the best so far! Satoshi attacks the crowd. Jun goes wild on his bass and the crowd goes even more nuts. Insanity! D-CLONE has insane sound and are so fucking loud! It's incredible madness, with both members trying to

Al – *Photo by Chiyori*



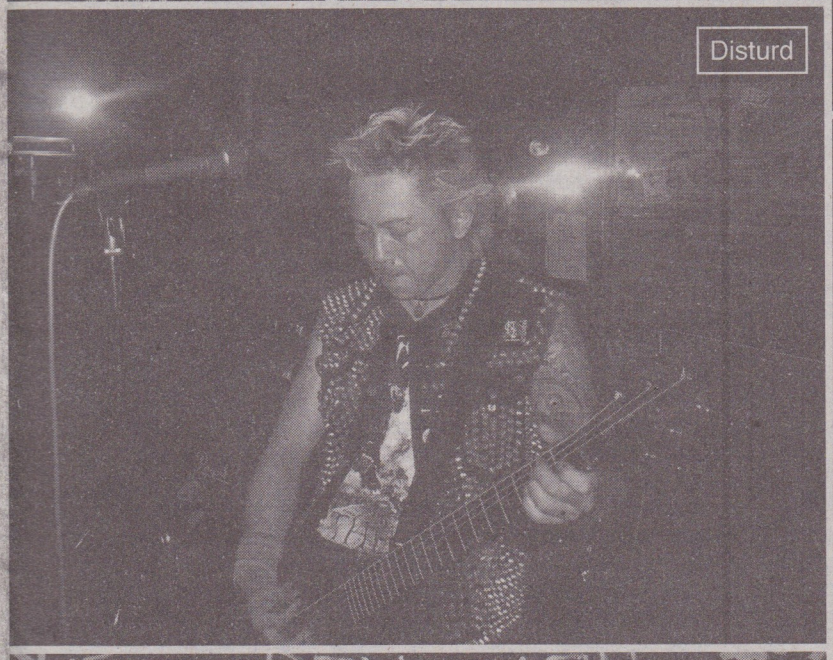
Isterismo – *Photo by Chiyori*

System Fucker – *Photo by Yeap*

End of Pollution – *Photo by Chiyori*

Nemesis – *Photo by Chiyori*

All photos on this page by Yeap



smash their instruments while playing crazy song-structures which become more and more complex. Almost every band at tonight's show proves exactly how punk is 90% live music.

Party, drinking, arm-wrestling, yakuza, D-CLONE house, weird porno party, pissing on girlfriends, many showers, sleeping like the dead at 3am, and Yeap chatting at 5am.

TSUYAMA

I get up around 7am, and am so tired. We drive through an amazing forest. Yeap stopped and got real good food. We pinched loads more things. Curry. Statue of Indian person looks like a Blackman—what double-racism. Mini daddy and his fat dad. Jah rastafari t-shirt and mad dog. Walk. Funny lady. Temple. Drunk bear. Cats. Teenage pranks. Snake. Mad bridges. Norweigan Japan. Too many early chu-hi. Miracle body. Amazing whiskey. Food. DEATH DUST. MASSGRAVE. DISTURD. LAST NIGHTMARE. SKIZOPHRENIA. ISTERISMO. Cigarettes. Punched dude in the face. Climbed a ladder. Sound-dude fishing for Yeap. Broke bass and used Jun's. Afterparty with great food and good vibes. Zeke drank beer. Tequila. Zeke drank all the beers. Ate all the food. "Settle down let it go." Okay okay. Just want to hit someone and stared. Laid out food for us and Zeke, the party bastard. Blitz Blue Hearts, singer from LAST. Fucking packed. Got real drunk and passed out. Fireworks. Shogo. Everyone going nuts with fireworks. Awesome house. Amazing art. Set up like a shop. Passed out 6am. Got up 8.30am.

FUKUOKA

Woke up. Zeke is terrified. Walked to K2 and got some "sleeping pills." Roofies in the car. Amazing ideas. Forest. Mist. Toilets, ibuprofen and codeine. Next thing, discovering the answer to the mysteries of how life develops and realizing the next day I'm reinventing the Nazi "Blood and Soil" mythology in new words. I quickly become hugely paranoid and pass out. I wake up in place, amazingly refreshed. There are gorgeous girls and fashions, a mad storm, and a shop with pervy stuff. Sound check with NEMESIS blows my head off. AI is intense japcore. I missed setting up and had a big chat with Shin about crap, END OF POLLUTION and AMEBIX/ANTISECT play great show, party. There's Nazi stuff at girl's house. I shower and drink whiskey. "I hate yerrow monkeys" shocker. I sleep on the floor.

KAGAWA

I wake up. Eat. Drive. More roofies. Mental time. Mini daddy. Dog. Stealing. Truck stop tranny. Kilt. DROPKICK MURPHYS. Beautiful drive. Islands. Talk with Shin. Cemetery. Club. Huge backstage. Chance to spread out first time in a week. Greg loves. Email. Bad news. Alcohol. Rock star cunt. Go mental. AXEWIELD is amazing but can't feel anything, AKKA is the same. Bad news. Take pills and don't remember.

KYOTO

I wake up on a padded floor in an amazingly cool room. It turns out we're at a dude's from EFFIGY and AXEWIELD's house. Teletubbies. Fruit juice. Water. Apparently, I passed out after taking mysterious sleeping pills. Penke ate one to prevent, and the other ones someone took. Apologised and gave a favourite personal thing. Temples 20 mins. Austrian opera group. Traffic. Dropped off at station. HICKY SPAZZER. Fat ugly tourists. D-beat bullies. Warhead dudes. Club. I'm feeling mental. Food party. Zombie strippers. Basket case. Swans shirt. AKIRA coming up. Ghost. Penke shivers and cold. Me too, after two minutes. Distant MDMA feeling of unnatural calm and distance. Maybe LSD. Go back in and things are really strange and tense. WARHEAD BABY is playing with, mix up word for "rabbit" and "girlfriend." Watch AKIRA and just go with it. I come up properly and end up getting steaming drunk and having a mad time with WARHEAD. I can't write about what happened for the next three hours. We drove to Osaka,

We arrive, go to Konton. On the piss with old mate. Dude from CORRUPTED. Zouo. *Mad Max* on the TV. Beer. Tequila. Smoke a fake joint from rasta shop and get high as shit. Go and watch some skaters doing a video. Talked about really good hardcore with this awesome skater kid and make him miss his friend landing a trick. Rob more whiskey and went back to Kansai Punk Support Centre and sleep.

OSAKA

Freshness burger. Meet Sugi on the street and go to mandarake. He recommends a ton of awesome comics to me. I meet Penke and Greg. Streets full of mad sex hotels and Don Quixote vibrators. Dude with girlfriend picking out dildos. Randomers doing mysterious "work" on streets. Shopping crazy shit. Loaded-in and sound checked. Had relief part three. Tattoo studio. Raids on different shops. Takoyaki. Territory. Raven. Wolf. Back to Kansai Support Centre. Charge hair. Gig. LAST MEASURE is pretty awesome, mad crasher, crusty American hardcore. ZYANOSE is confused; HAWKWIND on acid with atrocious dental hygiene. FRAMTID is intensely mad, with new songs, people going bonkers, catchier backing vocals, and lots of shouty bits. ATTACK SS has a mad singer, who is vicious and grabs people. Penke from ISTERISMO had a fucked up wrist. I was standing down the back, going mad during the best song. Ran down to warm up. Pence robs someone's beer before Jacky tells him it's ZOUO's, and they are welcome to it. And some kid's eye gets popped. We passed around bottles and people are going mental. It wasn't the tightest set of the tour, but made up for it in energy. The second night in a row playing with us as a second set.

Afterwards, I get the drink on. A young apprentice from ATTACK. SS matching Penke drink for drink at the bar. U-14. Shots. Beers. BDH set was great fun. Corrupted singer. Walked around. Hanging out with some Japanese hiphop chicks. Dog pissing on Penke. Leather jacket and leopard skin. Konton bar. Oasis bar. Laughing at and giving the finger to an entire row of idiots waiting to go into a nightclub. AVFALL singer "bitches." Penke bottle of whiskey. Walked out waving at the store clerk. Throwing a bicycle off some stairs. Oblivion.

MIE

Wake up after sleeping and Greg says come down to Freshness Burger. We go on a mad drunken shopping spree. King Kong and Mandarake. Leave for Yokkaichi. Scenery so unbelievably beautiful. We drive up into the mountains. OASIS on stereo. Mandarake blew two weeks wages. Toys. Books. Presents. King Kong. Incredible forest on drive. Japan is so amazing. Trees. Head is on the moon. Follow heart. Sports cars. Dweeb driving a spaceship around. Arrive and bring gear in. Meet all the local lads and say hi. Go to shop with Penke for much needed chu-hi. Then go to Vortex where we go absolutely mental. Leg it to the gig for ACROSTIX. Amazing,

progressive, new songs with a MOTORHEAD vibe with incredible progressive drumming. CONTRAST ATTITUDE is one of my favorites, "Who Can Change." PERSEVERE had mad tats, with a UK punk feel, Hiroshima. REALITY CRISIS is not quite as mental as the other day, but still fuckin' terrifying. ISTERISMO are mad bastards. Satoshi jumping on me. Shogo cracks a rib during our set. They were decent but not as mad, concentrated on playing guitar instead of attacking people. Sounds good, and people are into it. Nagoya punks present. We head to the afterparty in a great Izakaya. Kenta. Shogo food sensei. Drinking. Paranoia. Back to new Vortex. Destroyed. No more drinking. Try to get a good sleep. Early start to Tokyo. No luck. Lie there seeing images of Katori and Hino manga. Weird sex things. Red and black pulsing filth. Noises weaving into an ambient fabric. Get up and walk around. Still mental. No peace. I stay awake all night going nuts. Eventually the alarms go off around 7am and everyone gets up. My head is in shreds and I'm a paranoid wreck.

TOKYO

We make it to the van and say goodbye and I take some more Rohypnol before we discuss tour money. I am totally losing my mind for another few hours. I wake up and we're nearly in Tokyo and I feel okay again. We go to Satoshi's house to pick some stuff up before we drive to Shelter for the final gig of the tour. Jump in Satoshi in the lift. I eat an apple and drink some green tea and now I'm feeling okay again, pretty good. Go in and see some old friends, set up and sound check: spending most of it on an ill-advised cover of Take 'Em All. Sounds great, so we go and get lunch at a Chinese restaurant. Excellent food. We give the lads their presents, various Kitaro characters which remind us of them. Take a walk around the various punk shops in the area and get some cool shit. The lads have gotten me a present of an awesome MOTORHEAD pendant which they give me and I'm dead chuffed. We get back to the club and I get a few cans of Yebisu stout, my favourite second only to Guinness. I go in and change my strings. I gotta sound perfect tonight - no room for fuck-ups.

ASMODEUS is ANTISECT cruse with a more modern metal sound. REDNECKS is Ebichan's other band, manic thrash hardcore. We head out and pinch a bottle of Hennessy since I'm feeling pretty pimpish. Meet various old mates. UNARM had member changes, and isn't as intense as before. FORWARD is incredible, so tight and focused. Souichi is the most amazing guitarist and singer beyond anyone so far witnessed. "What's The Meaning Of Love" is the highlight of the tour, on the floor surrounded by thirty punks all singing along. ISTERISMO are intense and insane, embodying perfectly the general ethos of the tour: friendly and violent.

We set up and start and it's chaos from first stick-count. It's a great show and people want more, so we come out and do our shambolic cover of "Take 'Em All" followed by "Sentenced To Life." I stagger off and go to head out before I realise I've forgotten my drink. I go back to grab it and see that Yeap is still bantering with the crowd so I go to shove him in over the barrier to crowd surf. I miscalculate and he slips, bashing his face in off the crowd barrier. I check to see that he's not bleeding and then walk off, since I know he'll be raging and want to kill me when he gets off the ground. Head out, chat with Eiji and Heat from DSB. See various old mates, drink more and head back in. The atmosphere is great, and I start chatting to Youichi. Turns out he's a big fan of Guinness, which I happen to have fresh in my pocket, so I show him the right way to pour it and we chat for a while. Yeap's in a state backstage with an icepack to his head. I go to apologize but I'm told he's too pissed off, so I go and drink at the bar with Penke and Greg instead. Everyone's in a great mood and the party continues until it's time to load out and we take a couple of taxis back to Koenji. We head for a second afterparty to a small restaurant and I'm wrecked, needing some weed now to calm me down. We can't get any so I just drink more before we head back to Satoshi's. I have a shower and get the most shocking sleep. I wake up suddenly with the feeling of hands around my neck choking me. Nothing's there. I sleep again and wake to see a pile of skulls under Satoshi's bed; turns out it's just paper bags. Christ.

FINAL DAY

We got an appointment with Tokyo Hardcore Tattoo today for 10am so we head out with Satoshi to Koenji, one final time, and get some bananas on the way. The shop is legendary. We're met by UK, our tattooist for the day. Yeap goes first and I try to call my girlfriend, but it's impossible to find any public payphones. I get a sandwich and a beer. Penke's next, getting Rabiasan done on his arm hangin' with the dinosaurs. I head down to Village/Vanguard to get some souvenirs, presents, perv stuff and art books before I go back. Then it's my turn. It's a bit weird to have my arse out in the shop but we sort it out and poor ol' UK puts a real brave face on her embarrassment at coming face-to-face with a proper gaijin arse. She does a great job and adds her own flourish with some freehand kanji at my request while I float away on a cloud on endorphins. It's done and I hear the lads describing me to as "ichiban chikan." Very honorable! I get a THCT hoodie and we take some photos with TETSUI ARRAI singer and UK before heading off in high spirits. I find out that Shogo's been admitted to hospital. His chest has been hurting a lot the previous days and it's gotten serious. We go for lunch and present Satoshi with a gift we've bought for him for his birthday: the EU's ARSE 7". He's over the bloody moon and we get a delicious curry in before it's time to pick up the van to take us to the airport. Good ol' Shogo turns up and it turns out he's cracked a rib. We grab our stuff down from Satoshi's and decide to load it all up in the van on the way. I've brought an empty suitcase to bring back all my loot, so I carefully load it up. The traffic is horrendous. We get there in plenty of time and are treated like rock stars, except the security knob heads rob me of my extremely expensive bottle of Suntory 12-year, which I forgot I'd wrapped in a ton of socks in my carry-on bag. Fuckin shite. At least it was free. Onto the plane and it's one final roof to kiss reality goodbye until we arrive for our two hellish connections in Aussie, and one HJ's later we're back in Melbourne, picked up by our gorgeous girlfriends and ready to for work tomorrow.

AFTERMATH

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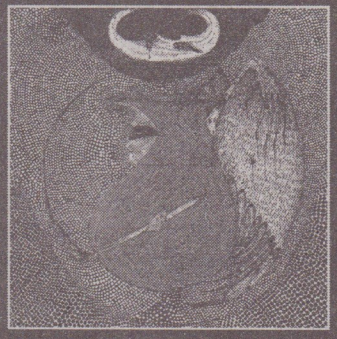

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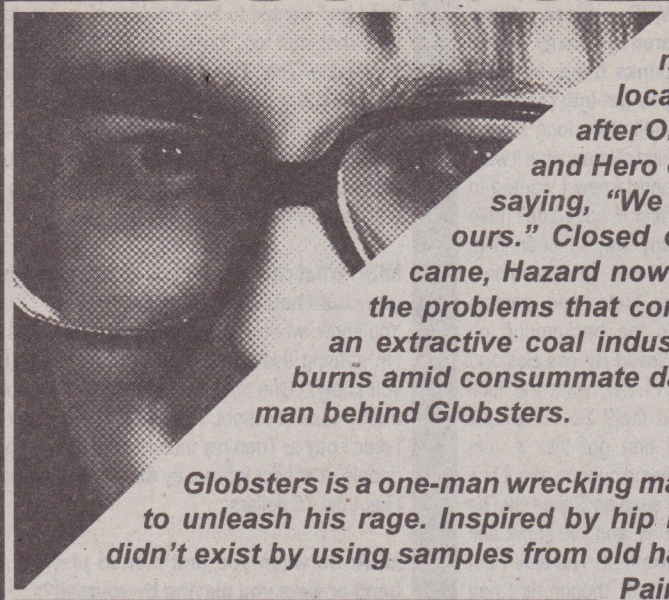
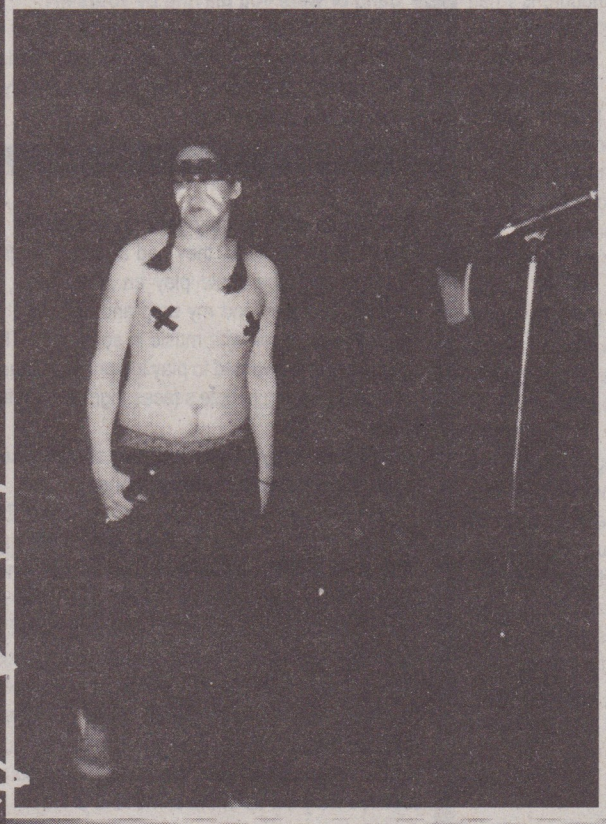
SMASH DETOX 7"

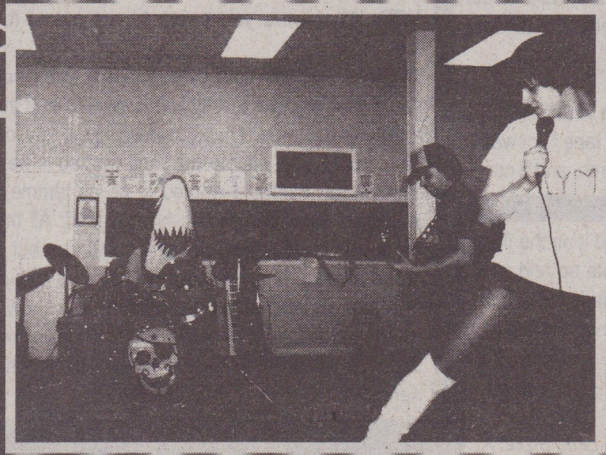
GLOBSTERS



Hazard, a town of 4,456, is located in the mountains of eastern kentucky. Though located nowhere near the sea, it was named after Oliver Hazard Perry, a US Navy commodore and Hero of the War of 1812 who was once quoted saying, "We have met the enemy and the enemy is ours." Closed off until 1912, when the railroad finally came, Hazard now sits with a declining population and all the problems that come with a crumbling economy based on an extractive coal industry. Despite all of this, a brilliant flame burns amid consummate darkness. That flame is Adam Brewer, the man behind Globsters.

Globsters is a one-man wrecking machine that decided he didn't need a band to unleash his rage. Inspired by hip hop, Adam created a backing band that didn't exist by using samples from old hardcore records — and then went to war. Pairing insane live shows with being one of the nicest humans on the planet, Globsters is as genuine, wild and genuinely wild as they come. We're not sure that Adam has met all of his enemies yet, but it's a pretty good bet to guess that when he does, they'll be his.





Interview conducted with Adam at his home by Josh May and Derek Mullins.

MRR: So what is a Globster, anyway?
Well back in the day, before forensic psychology, and autopsies and all that shit, all these things would wash up on shore, and people thought they were sea monsters, but really they were just whale carcasses that were so decomposed and deformed that they couldn't tell what they were. So they called them globsters. And that's really what I am, I'm just this big monster that's rotting, basically. I'm a human corpse.

MRR: Aren't we all?
Yeah, if you went to high school, then you're a living corpse. They don't prepare you for life, they prepare you for death! They prepare you to go to fucking work, to put you out and to kill you. That's what work does to a man, but that's all a man's got in the world. That's all a man can do is go to work, and make punk when you can. Rock and roll in your spare time!

MRR: There are a lot of people that know what being a punk in a small town is like, but Hazard seems to be a different beast. How would you explain it to someone who's never been there?
Well, there's only one punk in town and that's me! And if you're a punk and you come to Hazard, you should look me up, I ain't hard to find. But there ain't nothing in terms of punk here. You have to go to Whitesburg or Lexington to see other punks. It's a retirement town for old ass people. They like it quiet and they like their churches. If you like going to church there's plenty of churches, and if you like Wal-Mart there's Wal-Mart, and that's about it.

MRR: Do you like going to church?
I ain't been to church in years!

MRR: Since there aren't really any punks there, how did you get into punk?
Well, it's a long story. I kind of knew what it was, and I knew I wanted to hear it, but I didn't have any way of hearing it. I'd see Misfits posters or Motorhead posters in the background on *Saved By The Bell* and I'm like, what the fuck is that? So that's how I first got into it, just being curious about shit I seen on *Saved By The Bell*, and you know, shit like that. The way I got into it, though, is I had a friend named Zack Mullins, and he had a brother named Derek. Zack's brother was a punk rocker and he got Zack into that shit and Zack got me into that shit because he had access to it. When I was in eighth grade, Zack wore a Black Flag shirt on a field trip and I'm like "What the fuck is that? That's the baddest shit I've ever seen! It's got these scissors on it - I have to listen to this band!" And for years in my mind I built up this myth around Black Flag that they were just a bunch of maniacs that stabbed people with scissors and hedge clippers and shit. But when I finally got around to hearing Black Flag, it was really nothing like that. Like the Misfits - I knew about the Misfits for years and years, but I didn't have any way of listening to them. I had heard all these stories about the shows being wild, about girls getting their jaws broken with flying tables and shit, and I thought, "Well goddamn, this is like a wrestling match or something!" Then when I finally hear the Misfits, I'm thinking, "What the fuck is this? This is like '50s music!" I mean it's still fucking awesome, but I had just built it up so much in my head, what I thought punk was. I had no fucking way of knowing. The first tape I got was *Paranoid* by Black Sabbath. I guess that was what leaned me towards the evil, heavy side of things. I was ten years old and I stole it off my dad. That guy with the sword on the cover, I just thought that was so fucking cool. That was it for me, hearing Black Sabbath. The only songs I would listen to were "Iron Man" and "Paranoid." I didn't care whenever fucking "Planet Caravan" would come on. I hate that fucking song.

MRR: Do you listen to it now?
Fuck no I don't listen to "Planet Caravan." All the Black Sabbath records have at least one shitty song on them. Like "Changes?" Fuck that. Fuck "Changes" and fuck "Planet Caravan!"

MRR: So you realized there was something different out there? Then what?
Yeah, stuff besides country and western and radio shit. Then the first punk tape I got was a G.G. Allin tape because I wanted to know who he was. Derek made it for me, and it came with a note that said, "If your mom finds out you have this, tell her you found it on the floor at school." That was the note. Zack gave me the tape, then ripped the note up and said "No one will know now." Then he made me another tape, with Dystopia, Charles Bronson, Assholeparade, just all this badass fucking '90s shit. That's what pushed it over the fucking edge for me.

MRR: Why do you think that stuff pushed you over the edge?
By the time I heard that, everybody I went to school with was into Korn and Limp Bizkit. At first I had wanted to like that kind of music, to say, "Hey man, I like that stuff too," but it was like I wasn't part of the club or something. Then I heard punk and I was like, "Well fuck that shit!" That was just the new thing, completely hating everything around you. I was like, "You can do that?" I only thought you could hate some shit, you know, I thought you were supposed to like everybody. But you can hate everything around you, and you can say fuck everybody.

MRR: What changed for you as a person when you realized you could hate everything?
You know, when I was going to school, I was getting beat up. I'm hearing this music, and I'm like "Yeah, I can fight back, you know?" One time I got in a fight at school and I broke the trophy case at school. They tried to make pay $150! Fuck that! I didn't pay it. Then my friend Leonard went around asking for people at school for money for me, and he got me 75 dollars. I kept the 75 dollars.

MRR: So when you first started playing, did you have a band or were you playing by yourself?
By myself. I had nobody. Where I live is so isolated. I never had friends come over after school, never had anybody. I didn't live around anybody my own age so the only time I seen my friends was at school.

MRR: When did you play your first show?
When I was in college, they had a poetry reading at school, and they said you could play an instrument. So I brought karaoke machines and my amp and shit. All I wanted to do was express myself with music in some way. That was a fun show. After that I wanted to play in front of as many people as I could and to get in people's faces, right in their fucking face!

MRR: When did you start playing shows where you were actually performing your own songs?
It was later on in college. Me and my friend Zack started a band called Spring Break Shark Attack. He had gotten old enough where he could drive and come over, and he got a job where I worked, so we were seeing each other all the time. It was the first time I ever had a friend that would come over to my house regularly. We just started playing, just guitar and singing. It was a fast band, that's what we wanted to play was fast music. Fast screaming punk music like Charles Bronson, stuff like that. Zack was real into Kraftwerk and shit like that but he liked fast shit too. We just meshed so well together, because we grew up in the same kind of way.

MRR: What were you trying to get out of it, just having fun?
We were definitely having fun, but that whole cookie monster hardcore scene, we mostly just wanted to fight that shit! That's really what it was. I would dress up in my costumes and Zack would wear his masks. I just wanted to be the complete opposite of "manly." I wanted to be as femme, as queer as possible, and make people fucking mad. All these dudes in these bands would just talk shit about me, but they wouldn't get in my face, they were scared! Scared of queers I guess. One time an old man tried to fight me at a show in Neon, at a community kitchen. They let this kid Mikie Burke have shows there. He was the only one doing shows at that time in eastern Kentucky.

MRR: So after a year or so, Spring Break Shark Attack stops and you find yourself without a band again?
Yeah, I got really sad. Zack got a new job and I didn't get to see him as much, but I really wanted to play music, so I would just do that stupid poetry reading shit again. I played at a talent show and I didn't know what the fuck I wanted to do. I just took my guitar, two amps, and I played a guitar solo. Little babies started crying, old women got mad... My mom and granny were there, and afterwards I felt weird because they were like, "That was too loud Adam!" Well sorry, but have you ever heard of extreme music? There's all kinds of motherfuckers that just play noise and call it a show, why can't I do that? Hazard was not even ready for noise shit! That's how ass backwards this place is. I bet in all these other towns there just has to be some weird noise guy that hangs around shows and plays before all the bands, you know there has to be. Oh yeah and they sent me a letter afterwards, saying not to play the college ever again! I still have the letter. I'm blacklisted from the college I graduated from.

MRR: So Globsters came shortly after that right? Tell us how that came about and how you decided to start sampling music.
I really just wanted to be in a band! A fast band! I like rap and hip hop too, shit like that, so I'm like, "Well why don't I just make music like they do, just splice and cut shit out of songs?" And I got into the Japanese shit, that shit is violent as fuck! I wanted to take from that, to be in a violent band that gets in peoples' faces. But I had nobody to play with so I sampled that shit. I took the instrumental parts from that shit, and all in one day I just made my tracks. I had all these songs that had just been building up, all my lyrics, and I just recorded it.

MRR: What were some of the early records you sampled from?
Death Side! And this death metal band called Death Strike, they have a record called *Fuckin' Death* that's just fucking awesome. And a band called the Stranglers.

MRR: The Stranglers had more of a rock and roll sound right?
Yeah. I like all different kinds of music, but its all rock and roll. If you're playing a guitar through an amp its fucking rock and roll, I don't give a shit what you fucking say. It just matched my songs! I wanted a sexy riff so I took it from a sexy song. If you're mad you're going to sing with an angry blasting song, if you're gonna be singing rock and roll and shaking your hips and your ass, you want a riff that does that!

MRR: What does your family think of your music?
My mom didn't like it in the beginning, but she likes it now. My mamaw, she's supportive of it. She takes me to Whitesburg when I play a show if I can't get somebody to take me. My dad has my record hanging up in his store. Any time somebody comes to the store and asks about the record hanging up on the wall, he says, "That's my boy! That aint for sale." They don't tell me I can't do it now. When I was younger, I used to want to sing in church, but they all knew I listened to that kind of music, and they said, "You can't go to church and yell like that!" How do they know what I'm going to sing in church? I might want to sing "Satan Is Real" in church, you know! They wouldn't let me sing at church! My mamaw sung in church. I wanted to sing like she does. You know she used to play her music the same way I do now, she played backing tracks over a cassette player to do her songs! I didn't consciously do that, but it's a weird coincidence that my mamaw sang a different style of music and we do it the same way, you know! It's the good and the bad. I live in the basement in hell, she lives upstairs in heaven.

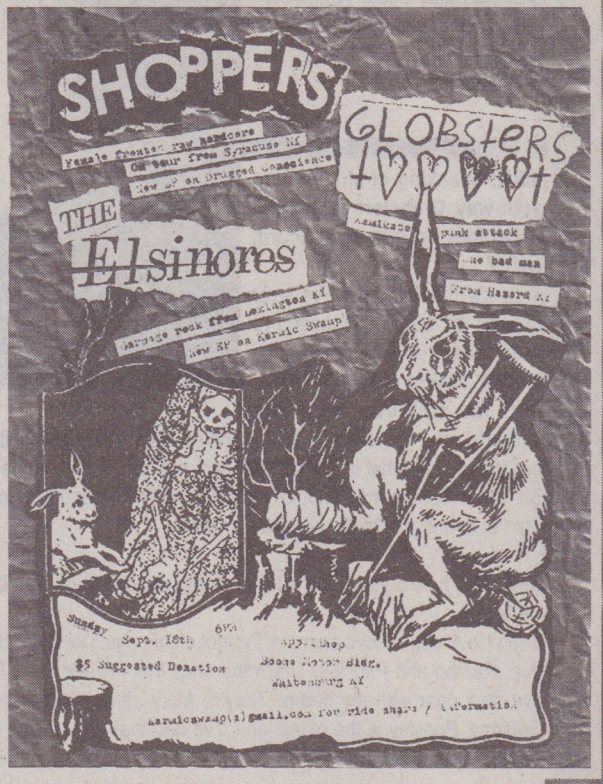
MRR: What are your songs about?
My songs are about my life experiences in Kentucky. When you're isolated you're living inside your head all the time. A lot of songs are about killing myself, girls, and looking for friendship.

MRR: So when the record came out how did people respond to it?
I got the records in the mail the week I was supposed to go to North Carolina to play a show. Whenever I play a show, I'm so excited when somebody walks up to me and gives me a good word. Have you ever liked a band, and you wonder, would this band be excited about me liking them? You meet them and they're not excited that you like them. If some kid walks up to me and they're excited about my music, of course I'm going to be excited to meet them and shake their hand, give them a hug or something.

MRR: In my experience of sharing your music with people who've never heard it before, it seems to be pretty polarizing in terms of people either loving it or hating it. Does it seem that way to you?
Yeah it does, and I like that, because I don't want to be one of those bands where people say, "well he's alright, but I don't listen to him all the time." I want Globsters fans to listen to my music all the goddamn time! And I want people who fucking hate me, to hate my fucking guts.

MRR: Why do you think that people react to it in such extreme ways?
Because it's such extreme music! There ain't somebody that is like me that just hates so much stupid shit in society. There probably is, but he probably ain't in a band, he's probably in jail. He's probably over there in the fucking Perry County Detention Center.

MRR: Who are some of the bands you've played with that you're into?
I like Peter Stubb a lot, he's my fucking hero! The Elsinores, I play with them a lot and they're really cool. Shoppers, Equine Influenza, Buck Gooter, Lotus Fucker, Penis Geyser! That show fucked my shit up, the Penis Geyser / Lotus Fucker / Globsters show.



MRR: So that brings us to 2012, and you have a new record coming out? Tell us about that.
Yeah we just got done recording the new EP, its called *Rock and Roll Misery*! I'm really proud of it. We're going to put it out on Josh's label, Karmic Swamp, and Dan's label, SPHC. This one's so crazy that it takes two labels to put it out!

MRR: Do you think that the new record is really different from the first one?
It's different and the same. Different because every piece of music and riff is my own. Oh yeah and I sampled drums from YouTube too, I forgot about that shit! I had this riff, but I didn't have a drummer available to me, so I just found these Ramones tracks on the internet to play along with, took some of the drums and sampled them in there and they fit. I chopped the parts out that I needed

and repeated them, and it sounds like I played it! Then I played guitar over it. When I record my vocals though, I like to at least have somebody in the room, because its like I'm capturing a show performance, so I've got to have somebody to bounce off of and get a little feedback from. They don't have to be happy, but it helps that they're bouncing it back at me. Josh would do that shit too, that really helps me a lot. I did a demo for these new songs like I did for the last record, but I re-recorded three of them. There are two new songs I've never played in public. I've got one song called Deny the Belief. It's about not going to church. I name-check King Diamond in it cause I'm sure King Diamond made a lot of kids not want to go to church. I also name-check Kevin Sullivan, cause he's a bad ass wrestler. I bet if you asked not Kevin Sullivan the man, but the character he played, if you asked him to go to church, he would've stabbed you in the fucking head with a fork.

MRR: You're pretty into wrestling?
Wrestling to me is the same as rock and roll. It's life. I like the showmanship of it. I like the characters, the personalities; you know the blood and the guts, the fighting, the athleticism. It's showmanship. When I play a show, I like to come out to music like a wrestler does. Whenever I play, I want people to know some shit is coming your fucking way motherfuckers!

MRR: Speaking of shit coming your way, Globsters is gearing up to tour on this new record, right?
Yep, it's the first time I've ever toured! It'll be the furthest I've ever been away from home playing music! I am so excited for that! You don't even know how excited I am. You're going to see me go completely ape shit, probably. I can't really say what is going to happen, but I'm going to come at this head on, like a fucking man should. I'm going to fight it, and I'm going to come right at it, and you better be fucking ready!

MRR: We heard you have a lot of dogs, do you think you'll miss them on tour?
Yeah I love dogs, I love animals. I've got eight pugs. I've got Little Man, Little Joe, Rambo and Pugsley. That's the ones that live with me. The girl dogs live next door with my daddy. They're Mary Jane, Hailey and Holly, and Squirmy. Pugsley is the oldest one, I've had that dog since I was sixteen, and he's paralyzed now. The most famous dog I have is Little Man.

MRR: Why is he famous?
Cause I can make him talk. I can make him say "I love you!" He was in the movie about me!

MRR: What's this movie that you're talking about?
The movie is called *Memories of a Lifetime*. The way it came about was through this really cool program that Appalshop does called the Appalachian Media Institute. They teach kids how to use video equipment and make movies. They put kids together and let them make a movie about whatever they want to make it about, and these kids wanted to make a movie about me!

MRR: So the movie and the internet was how people heard about your music?
Yeah, and my records. Really what's gotten my music out there to other punks is the distros! Anytime I play a show with a cool band that's touring, I try to trade them some records. Every time I play with a good band I've got to have their record, and a lot of times I'll trade with them and then they take my records out into the world. Trading records has gotten it out a lot more than the internet. I think the internet is for the shit talkers, the people that want to gawk at you. Which I don't give a shit about people doing that, but the guy with the distro is the guy keeping punk alive to me. That's the guy putting it out there.

MRR: What do you want to come out of all of this?
To keep going for all the little Globsters out there, you know? If there is some kid that gets on the internet, you know, that's all he's got, and he hears my music, and he's like, "Goddamn, that guy is his own fucking band! I can fucking do that!" And if he does that, and that gets back to me, that would make me feel so good, that I got some kid to fucking make music, or do something on their own, it doesn't matter. Kids need a chance in life, and they don't get a lot of chances in life, around here anyway.

MRR: Do you feel like you are Globsters, and Globsters is you?
Yeah! I feel like the only way Globsters can break up is if I'm brutally murdered, or if I kill myself. I have to die for Globsters to end, there's no other way to end it. If I died, there could be Globsters impersonators, but there ain't gonna be another Adam Brewer ever, never ever. Everybody's got something special about them, and that's what's special about me. I'm a Globster!

Look for the new Globsters EP, *Rock and Roll Misery*, available for mailorder in early March from Karmic Swamp in the U.S. and from SPHC internationally.

Globsters will also be hitting the Northeast in late February / early March! Here are the dates:
Feb 24 Lexington, KY w/ Merciless Game & Chaos Destroy
Feb 25 Detroit, MI w/ Merciless Game & Chaos Destroy
Feb 26 Syracuse, NY w/ TBA
Feb 27 Amherst, MA w/ TBA
Feb 28 Boston, MA w/ TBA
Feb 29 New York, NY w/ TBA
March 1 Washington, DC w/ TBA
March 2 Baltimore, MD w/Lotus Fucker
March 3 Lynchburg, VA w/Lotus Fucker

For more information about the upcoming record and tour, visit:
www.karmicswamp.org / sphc.bigcartel.com / skullfuckmusic.tumblr.com.
You can also contact Adam directly at barbaricgeek@gmail.com.

GLOBSTERS ♥♥♥♥

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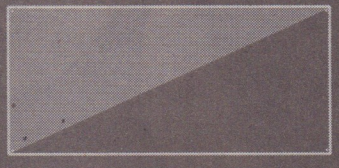

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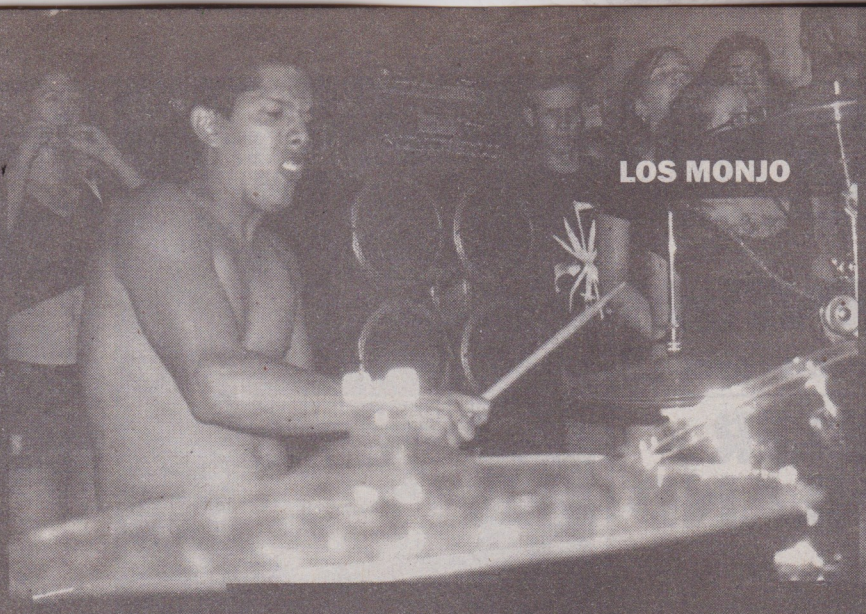
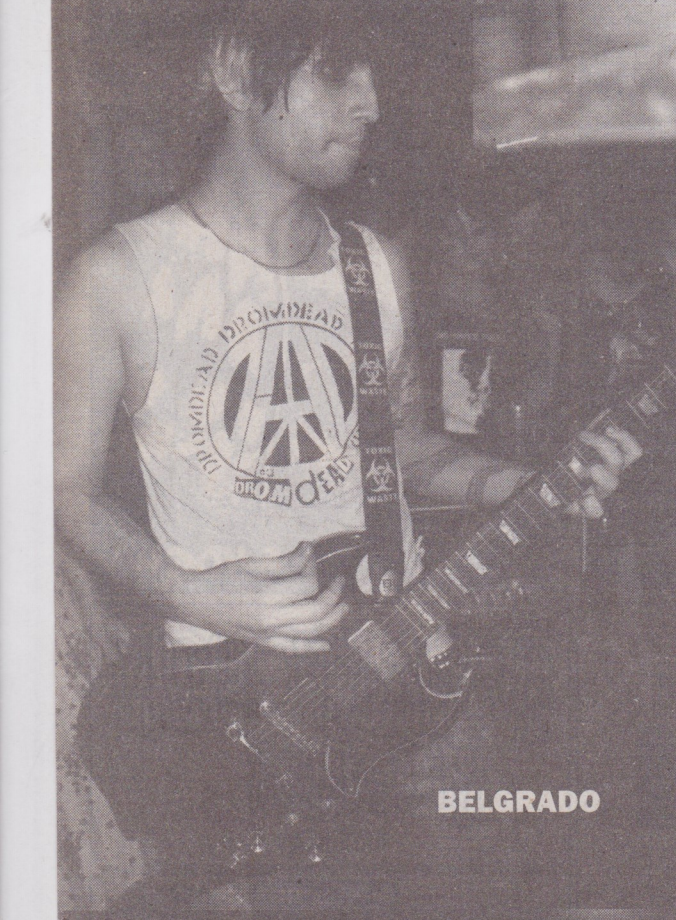
— Fidel Antipatia



LOS MONJO

BELGRADO



PERMAFROST

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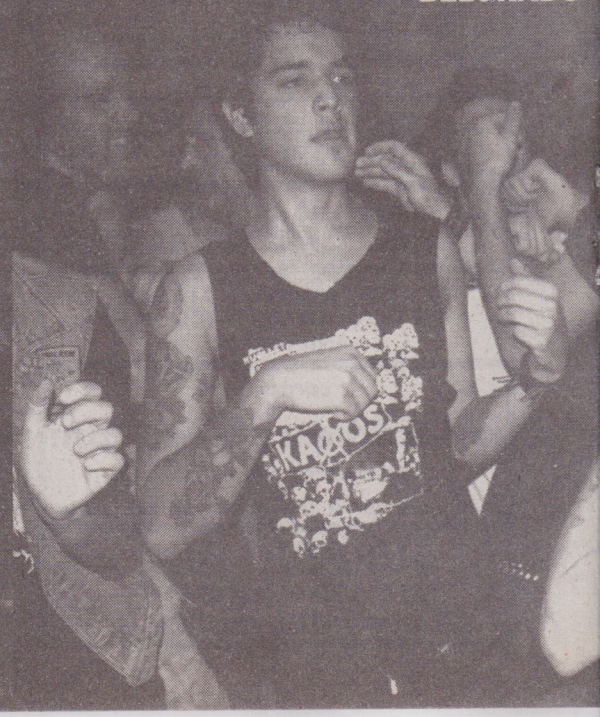

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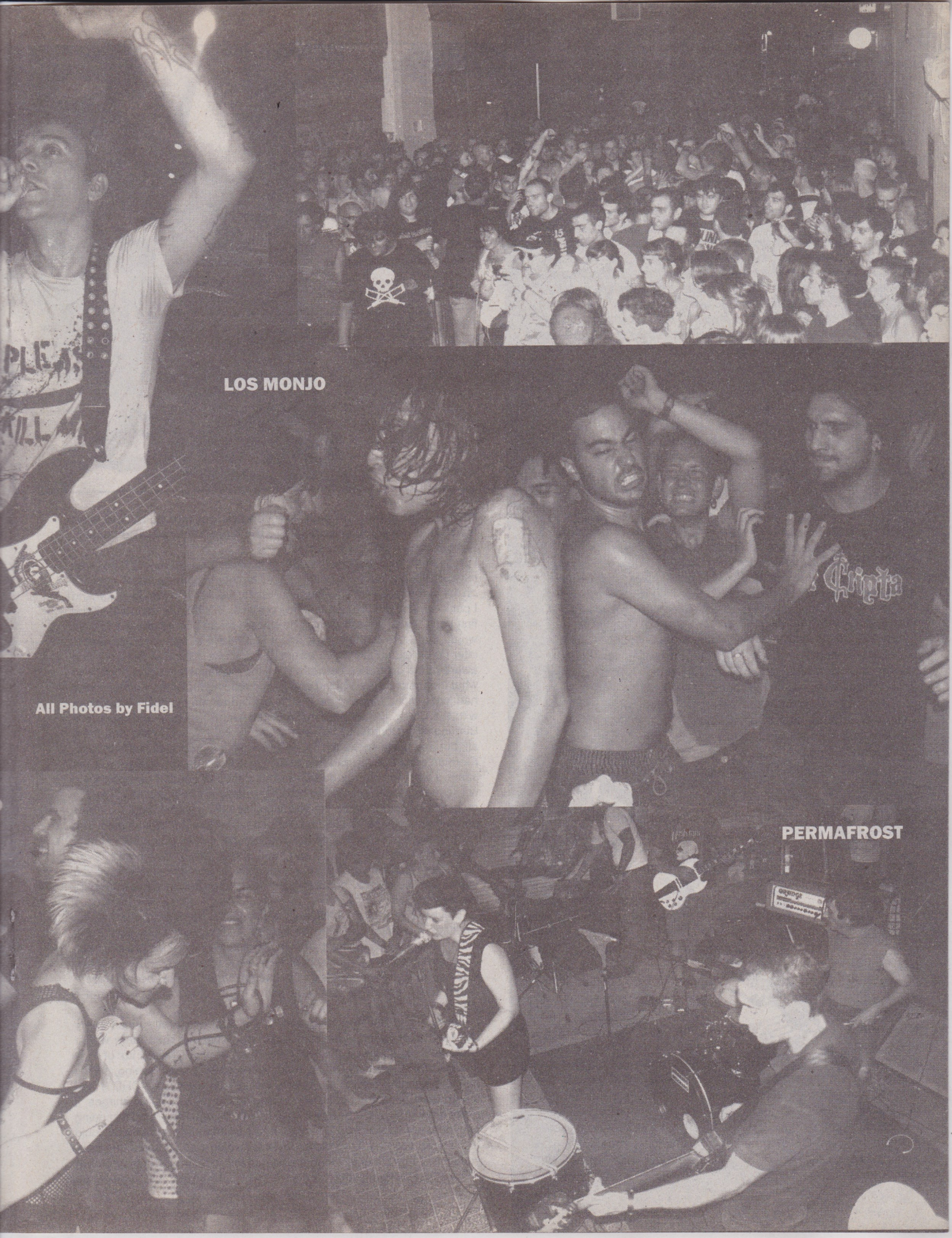


LOS MONJO

All Photos by Fidel

PERMAFROST

A few years ago there was a wave of zines like HeartattaCk, MRR, *and* Slug & Lettuce *devoting issues to the theme of being punk into your 30s. Back then, like most of my friends who were teenage punks, none of us were giving a thought to what may come that far in the future. But now, well over a decade later, I'm 30. And I see just as an important part of my life today as back then, though it takes the form less in terms of music and more in terms the ideals, the ethics, the DIY confrontational approach to try to better the world around me.*

Before I ever met Neil Robinson, I knew of him through his involvement with the more political and activist sides of punk. He was the original vocalist for Nausea and later for Final Warning, he had a major role in New York's late '80s and early '90s squatters movement and the ABC No Rio space, and he ran Tribal War records. After meeting and getting to know him, he struck me as someone in the punk scene who was far less likely to let their identity govern them, but rather would acknowledge that his ideas were still evolving and adjust his actions accordingly. And throughout this time, his anti-authoritarian idealism has been at the forefront of his activism and projects.

I recently heard that he had sold his records—the records that Tribal War had released, his distro that had made up his livelihood for years, and even the records of his own bands. I also heard that he had begun to spend his time as the produce buyer for People's Food Co-Op in Portland, Oregon, and had gotten together a collective of people to start a farm and work toward removing themselves from capitalism and the urban grid. It made me consider where one sees the role of punk in their life if the ideals behind the music were applied to more substantial areas of the world than simply making a good record. On an Autumn day, I met up with Neil at the farm that his collective works on, and later sat down with him to discuss his progression through urban punk to how that has led to his current passion as a food grower.

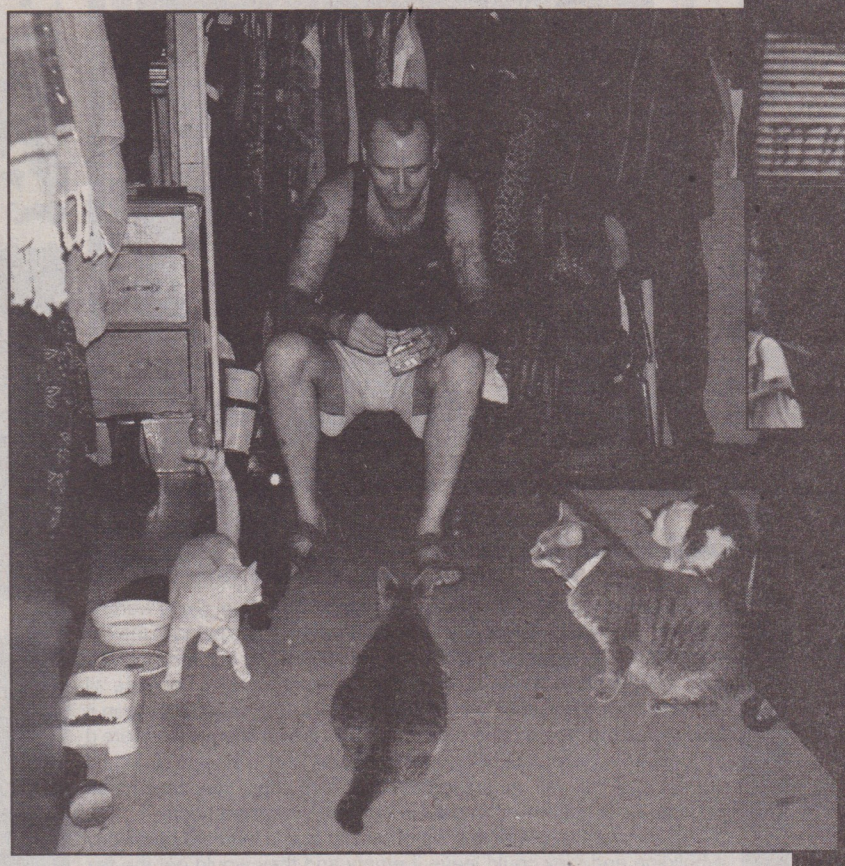
Interview by Shaun Astor, Photos by Chris Boarts Larson

MRR: I want to start off with how you first got into punk, and what it was that drew you specifically to the more politically and socially radical aspects of the music.

I pretty much got into punk through my brother. It was around '77, so I was maybe thriteen, fourteen. I went into my brother's room, he had this record on the record player, it was the Sex Pistols, *Never Mind the Bollocks*. And I put it on, and put the headphones on, and, BOOM, the minute it hit the first song, I was just drawn in. The lyrics, I mean I could pick out certain words that were in the songs, and it just spoke to me. A couple weeks later he picked up the Clash album, the first one. I think even then I was aware of the difference between what the Clash were singing about and what the Pistols were singing about, and reading the lyrics, because they had lyrics with theirs and the Pistols didn't. I remember really resonating with the Clash, the whole "I'm So Bored With The USA" and "London's Burning With Boredom." I'm reading the lyrics, I didn't understand them all, but this really spoke to me. And their songs around diversity issues. From an early age my dad had always instilled in us that everyone is the same. I worked with my dad on building sites in London and I saw the way certain people got treated by other people in terms of both class and race. It was interesting on the building sites, which were made up of Irish and recently emigrated blacks, a lot of people from the West Indies, and hearing the big media stories about apartheid, stories about Ireland, and then being with these people and hearing their day-to-day stories. Even back then I realized you need many sources to get the real news because you'll hear the stories, but then you'll hear from the person who has to live it everyday.

Maybe a year later, at fifteen, I managed to get a job up in London working at a hotel chain in the kitchen, which was a time when the unemployment was raging, there were one in twelve people unemployed, youngsters mostly. At our school they were really only trying to teach kids how to sign their names on the unemployment check, because there wasn't much hope that you were going to get out of school and get a job.

I was going to the 100 Club and to the Marquee pretty much every weekend and seeing your mainstream punk bands. Then there was a show at a big squat on the Old Kent Road. It was Crass, Flux of Pink Indians, DIRT, Zounds, all of them were playing. And seeing all the banners hanging behind the bands, being someone with ADHD, I had a hard time just staring at someone singing to me. If they had images, it really drew me in. And fucking Crass comes on and they got a film going and there are sound bytes, I thought it was so incredible. And Steve could explain the songs on a level where most people could grasp something, you know? I had started meeting some of the more intellectual anarchist crowd and I was lost when they were talking, it was like "Oh, here we go



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again, another intellectual, just like my teachers, talking to me as if they're an authority figure." And then Flux, they were the band where I picked up the whole veganism/vegetarianism/animal rights thing, they had an information packet from BUAV, the British Union Against Vivisection. When I read that, that was it, it was like, vivisection is just wrong.

I'd started going to demonstrations. I went with Flux to a demo, and that was my first experience seeing that all these bands were being followed. It was an anti-nuclear demo where we were going to a silo outside the city, and this van followed 'em the whole way. Hanging out with Crass, it was the same thing. This was during the time when Crass had put out that fake phone recording of Thatcher and Reagan, and that had really blown up in the media. They didn't know it was Crass at that point, I think they thought it was Russians. So when that came out, punk was still, "Ah, they're just layabouts, they're never gonna do nothing," and then all of a sudden it was just, "Whoa, we gotta watch these people." I think the more mainstream punk at that point did completely separate from the more anarchist, revolutionary style of music and lyrics, I think you saw a real separation then.

MRR: At that point, did it feel as if the anarchist punk movement was being seen by the state as an actual threat, or was it just a smaller isolated scene?

No, it was a threat. I mean, there were squats all over town. The Animal Liberation Front had started doing stuff. It wasn't the ALF then, back then it was Band of Mercy. Anyway, the ALF was getting in the media. I think the media did an amazing job of building it up. I think if they hadn't started reporting on these actions, I don't think people would've heard about it. But I remember the first laboratory got broken into and smashed up, and the thought of those beagles finally having freedom, it was an intense feeling.

MRR: What was it that made you decide to move from England to New York City?

I met this American girl one night, Jennifer, and we started hanging out. I had gone to another job and it was really stressful work. I was doing split shifts. I was shooting so much speed to keep me going. She came back a few different times to see me, and, it was the day before she was gonna leave, she asked, do you want to come to America?

We got an apartment above Downtown Beirut on 1st between 9th and 10th St. Downtown Beirut was the punk bar on the Lower East Side. That's when I started meeting the people that were squatting on the Lower East Side. And I started a job, I'd get up at four o'clock and go down and sit outside this moving company, and the owner would come out and go through the line and pick out who was going to work that day. I got in with this African-American guy, Freddie. He was kind of a mover-by-day and then a hustler at night. We'd often go out together at the end of the day and I'd make way more money hustling pool or whatever we could pull. He introduced me to dealing coke. And I wasn't making enough at the job during the day to make the rent. I hadn't really started dealing yet, I was kinda helping him do stuff. But then Jen and I split up.

I got another job at a restaurant, and my buddy was squatting the attic at this art gallery down off the Bowery, just over from CBGBs, and said I could crash there. I was there a few weeks, then the owner of the building found out we were up there. I think he knew, but he let us go. But then he came up one time and he said, "You know, I got that empty apartment that's being renovated, do you all wanna live there?" We were like, ahh, there's gotta be a catch, so he said, "If you'd be my runner, I'll let you live there." He was running coke. So I started working for him. I'd be going up to Midtown and down to Wall Street. That was my introduction to how much drugs go through the Stock Exchange. It was incredible, nearly every fucking broker was high. That's where we first started the band. I remember we started doing Black Sabbath covers, that's kinda how Nausea begun

MRR: It wasn't common for there to be a political slant to a lot of the squats happening?

No, the squats that were there were there out of necessity. At the time I got there, the Lower East Side was a classic war zone. Drugs

were just being dealt out of every abandoned building. Cops weren't allowed to go past Avenue A or 1st Avenue without two being in the car because if they stopped and got out, they'd jack the car. I think that's why, early on, they kinda allowed the squatters to go in, because all the abandoned buildings were being used by drug dealers. I mean it was incredible, you'd have a cop car parked over there, and there'd be people outside a building just lined up, with a brick that would come out of the wall, and right there were the cops, they couldn't do nothing. So drugs were rampant in the whole neighborhood.

At the time there was this warehousing law, a landlord could buy a building and they could leave it empty and they would get the fair market value tax break. So most of the buildings were structurally okay, but then they'd buy 'em and have local kids set fire to them so no one would be able to live in them, and then they'd get a tax break. So there was no incentive to do 'em up. The city was kinda looking after 'em, for keeping them empty with a vision of...and I really didn't, at that time, have a long-term vision of what it meant to warehouse all these buildings, I really didn't understand gentrification then.

MRR: How large of a scale was the squatting going on at the time?

It was big. On 8th Street, there were like five squats, just on our block. We were right around the corner from Christodora, which became synonymous with the Tompkins Square Riots, and Christodora was the first building that got slated for gentrification. I think that was really when the whole community came together, because they started realizing what it meant for everyone. You know, the Puerto Rican and Dominican community was very strong, you had a lot of family groups living together, a lot of people lived in rent-stabilized housing. But it became very apparent as 1st Avenue changed, businesses changed, and then when Avenue A businesses started changing, everyone was like, holy shit, this is not gonna stop here.

MRR: You brought up that you were using and dealing a lot of drugs, but on the recordings with you singing for Nausea, they're very political lyrics. Was there ever a point when you sobered up, the way that Crass did, or were the drugs a constant throughout this time for you?

I think it was just kind of a constant through. You know, we were definitely aware of the issues of some of the alcohol companies, but we didn't act on it. It was very much part of the culture then that, during the day, we'd go out from the squat, we'd hang out on 8th Street or on St. Mark's Place, panhandle, get some money for pizza or some 40s, and go down and sit in the park, maybe fall asleep in the park. And there was really a whole culture around Tompkins. I think that's why when the Tompkins Riots happened, there was such a culture around it. It wasn't just a park, it was its own little community. There were the

punks, the homeless, the characters of the Lower East Side, it was their home for the day, and often at night.

It was a really interesting time, because I try to go through my head, how did I... I had these strong values and these political ideals, but they all were kinda mixed in with this, fuck, total nihilistic drug alcohol life, and how was I sorting it out in my head. To this day I can't figure out, like, at some point I knew I had to get out of the drug game, you know. I don't think I started dealing when I was in Nausea. I was a user in Nausea. And that was when I stopped, my heart gave out one time. I'd been on a speed binge for a week, I hadn't slept. I got up one morning and my heart stopped. It was the scariest thing. And I went into the emergency room, and they were like, oh you had a heart murmur, or something, how long have you not slept? I told them and they were like, you gotta get off the speed and the coke. I mean there was a dealer next door to my friend's squat, and we'd go there, we were paying $75 a gram, and we'd buy a bag. I would cut it again and I was selling mine for a hundred a gram. So we'd be in there, we'd be spending $500 a day, we'd just sit in there for hours smoking one after another, and then finally go to work. And it just hit me, that this is wrong. You know, to get sucked down to this level. And when my heart stopped, I was like, okay, this is it. And that day I gave up drugs, alcohol, cigarettes.

MRR: I know that you became involved with ABC No Rio pretty early on.

The city had been the biggest landlord, especially of low-income housing, and they were losing a lot of money because of it. So at some point, someone in the city said, "We got to get out of the landlord business. Let's just sell em all off." That's kinda how in the Lower East Side, so many buildings got sold off to uptown developers. And ABC was one of the few buildings they were still trapped in because people were living there. So they couldn't do anything until they got everyone out. They did things like the heating system would go off during the winter and they wouldn't come fix it, the pipes would burst. Sometimes at night people would come and they'd get into the building and electric wires would be cut. They would come, they'd break our padlocks off and put their padlocks on. And I'd go and break theirs off and put ours on. So we figured we need people in here all the time. We put extra gates up, cemented up all the windows to the basement with cinder blocks, just really fortified the place.

The bands played upstairs then. And we wanted to move shows downstairs, it had an awesome basement, but it was a mess. So we went in there one weekend and completely cleared it out. We went to every dumpster in the neighborhood and filled them up. We installed a PA, built a stage, and then there was that one pole right in the middle in front of the stage, and we wanted to take it out but it was kinda the main support for the whole building, so we were like we better leave it, and it was always there every time a photo was taken. All of a sudden, I had booked Offspring, NOFX. Green Day was one that I booked and then they didn't show up. They had approached us, and I guess their booking agent had booked three shows on the same day and picked which would be the most popular and didn't tell us. I remember us getting together and I said "That band's never gonna play in this state again." [laughs]

MRR: And you eventually left ABC and New York and moved to the Pacific Northwest?

I left there in '97.

MRR: I met you on the Primate Freedom Tour, where the performance tour was coinciding with a cross-country activist tour targeting primate research laboratories. And I remember that there weren't just bands but you were incorporating speakers and activist literature, and that's not really the typical punk tour at all. Was there anything specific that motivated you to include different aspects to the shows?

Touring with bands, it wasn't like we were all one scene. There's this impression that punk/hardcore is all the same. It's definitely not like that, there were definitely different communities that had

different styles of touring, of how the music was presented, of how the shows were presented. I'd always been open to trying something new. And people in New York would criticize me for putting the craziest bands on the same bill. I just wanted to bring people together and try to have them hear a different way to present it. Mixing straight edge bands with completely fucking drunk Casualties-type bands, and it was fun to see where it would go and how people would react.

The idea of that tour was to raise money for the activist part of the tour, and also to kind of activate from the punk anarchist communities who had already been kinda doing stuff around animal rights issues in those areas, to hopefully get them out and onto the frontlines at the university demos. And for something like the Primate Freedom Tour, it seemed really important to not just have bands screaming lyrics half the people couldn't understand, but also have some time for dialogue. I didn't want to just attract the punks, I wanted the activists that were already doing stuff in those communities to feel comfortable coming to a show, to offer it to everyone.

I'd definitely started thinking about the fact that there were all these bands screaming about all this amazing stuff, but then in their daily lives they worked a shit fucking job for a shit fucking company, they drunk shit fucking corporate beer, they really hadn't plugged into small-scale food sources. It wasn't that I wanted to get sucked into judging but I was becoming aware of it myself, how all these different pieces are linked, you know? Where your food comes from, and the stores you're shopping at, and with the meager resources I had I didn't want to keep supporting them. At some point around that tour—two months I think we were out—even though it was enjoyable, going to each town, meeting young people doing cool stuff, I wanted to be part of the cool stuff that was happening here. I wanted this sense of laying down radical roots and starting to lead by example. So after that tour, I was like I'm done with touring, I wanna lay roots.

MRR: You recently sold your entire record collection, including the records of your own bands. After being involved in punk for so long, after having the Tribal War distro, which was your livelihood, what made you decide you wanted to part with the records?

I had moved all those thousands of records from New York out here, I had moved them again from one house to the Mississippi Co-Op House where I did the distro out of the space that became the Black Rose Infoshop. And when I moved out of the Mississippi Co-Op, I moved into another house and I just filled up the rooms with boxes. Then I decided to move into an apartment at a co-housing eco-village, it was very small, one bedroom. I wanted to move into a space where I felt my impact was less because of the scale of the place. And I realized I couldn't take all this music with me. I realized that there would be other young people for whom the message would have more value than it did for me anymore. And all those images, all those record covers are all tattooed in my head anyway. The memories are all there, the music is still there. The values, the sentiments, all the imagery is all there. I knew at some point I would stop doing it and some other young person who had a passion would carry it on. Plus I had started a farm, it would be nice to have that extra money, to invest that money into the farm.

MRR: So until this point, most of your life had been spent playing in bands, setting up shows and tours, and selling records, with activism being an integral part of it all. Can you explain how your interest in food issues developed? What motivated you to begin devoting your energy into becoming a food grower?

I wanted to explore a little more subsistence, taking myself and the community I was living in out of the marketplace a little bit. I saw food access as a powerful tool, of both oppression but also a healing power. Around the Lower East Side there were many guerrilla gardens. A lot were started by Latino and Puerto Rican people, and I loved the sense of community around them in the summer, when people would go there and have barbeques. I remember the first time I did Food Not Bombs in New York City. I cooked at home and I made all these different lasagnas, and I took it in. I think it was a Saturday and I went into the park and we set up in the bandshell. Me and my partner, we walked around and told people we had free food. Damn! In the end police came to escort me out, because people were just so hungry that this power trip happened. Some of the stronger homeless people who had just come out of prison, some people just started getting really abusive, trying to get the food, they weren't being orderly. Next thing I know, people are fighting each other trying to get something, and then the police came and they're escorting me out of there. But I saw the power in food. And it's becoming very apparent that both food and water access is probably going to be the fuel of the revolution, where people's access is going to be the tipping point.

MRR: Can you explain how you went from talking about farming to actually getting the land and doing it? How much did you know going into it, and how did everything turn out the first season?

I'd been helping a farmer for four years. He'd been a volunteer at People's, and I volunteered with him at his farm. I started doing the farmer's markets for him downtown, and when I was doing the market, I shared a booth with this Irish woman named Paula, who was leasing land up where we are now. She was doing small-scale, just under an acre. She worked at an Irish pub three days a week and the other four days she worked

on her farm, doing it all on her own. She inherited some land in Ireland and wanted to go back. At the time I was living at the Mississippi Co-Op and it seemed like the perfect way for the house to get involved in its own food production. I threw out the idea to them, and a few housemates got involved, a few people from the community got involved, and we just went out there and, you know, we had just kinda simple knowledge of doing food in our backyards, we'd read a few books. We'd done that first year and made a lot of mistakes, but so much food came out of it. We were putting stuff out on our free porch at the Black Rose, but there was still so much food. So we went down to the co-op farmer's market and I went to one of the vendors and asked if she would mind selling some of the extra food we had. So for about a year I would take produce down there Wednesday mornings, and she would sell it for us. So we were producing food for our homes, giving some of it away, and selling some of it at the market.

After that first year, I was excited about the new way I could relate to farmers I was dealing with at People's. I could talk to them about fertilizers and amendments they were using on their soil, the organic processes they were doing. I could talk about certain seed varieties. And I noticed as I was doing that, all of a sudden there was a new respect for me. Because I could talk to 'em, and I started understanding more about the issues of labor they faced. The migrant labor issue hadn't really come out when I first started farming. Migrant labor was the unopened can of worms that neither left nor right wanted brought out because there's not a simple answer. But I knew the farmers I was dealing with paid them way more than the minimum wage. Even today we still talk about if we were to kick out all the Mexican workers, my friend, a Mexican farmer, always says, "Ooh, you going to get the gringos to work?" You work for eight to twelve hours a day in southern California strawberry picking, whoo! I have this plan that every single American will work eight hours a year in a field somewhere, because it's brought me a whole new respect about the food that I eat, a whole new respect and appreciation. I understand struggles behind it, beauty behind it now that I don't just take for granted. I know how many hours go into the garlic that's being used in here. That garlic's been in the ground for eight months. And I want other people to share in that appreciation of the food.

MRR: I was talking to someone earlier who moved from Portland to a farm in a smaller town on the coast around the time that I moved from the city to a town with 8,000 people. I always thought my town was a community, but I went down and stayed with her for a week and the difference was down there everyone was showing up for dinner with food they had prepared using ingredients from their gardens, from their farms, or had picked earlier that day in the wild. And my town was just totally disconnected, just is still urban, regardless of the smaller population. When we talk about community, it's not the size of the place that creates the community, it's food, it's our relationship to it.

For me, I really became aware—as undomesticated animals, there're two things we have in all of us, to get food and shelter. They're the two basest instincts we all have. So when someone tells me they don't know how to grow food, I say, you may not know how to grow it, but I'm pretty sure if you were out in the forest, you somehow would know what was there to eat. And to find shelter, you put someone out in the forest, they're gonna know how to make shelter. I started thinking a lot about the undomesticated experience we have, and I think this urban experience, like you say, I think they want to get us away from the knowledge of how to grow food. And if you look back many, many, many years ago, so many revolutions and so many conflicts arose around access to land and growing food. But things are shifting in Portland, and everywhere. I read that in New York City they're covering massive warehouse spaces and filling 'em with dirt, and filling boats with soil and putting them on the East River.

MRR: It's interesting how little you ever hear the word "radical" applied to food growing, in relation to other things such as diet, which is essentially consumption.

I think something you see a lot of from underground music in the past and and also in the more recent efforts to really bring back a more sustainable environment around food is co-opting and greenwashing by larger companies. For instance, on the West Coast, there's one company that now controls all of the distribution of packaged health food. Do you feel that there's any room for only changing consumer habits, or do you feel like that might only be doing more harm than good?

You know, when I look at Hot Topic selling Nausea t-shirts with my Smash Racism logo, it pisses me off to no end. I think Chumbawamba tried to take that on: can you be popular with a simple message and can you control popularity. I do feel that the industry learned from the early days when they feared punk for going on its own, for doing the DIY thing. All of a sudden you had these major labels setting up these so-called DIY subsidiaries so that they would have street access, they kinda learned how to get in there and control it.

I'd say with food, people are aware. Not the general public, but the co-op community, the natural food community that's been supporting small natural food stores are definitely aware of the big chains plugging into it. You know, Wal-Mart rolled out their organic line, and now they're even downsizing to smaller stores. Safeway's doing it, and I feel like they've all started at such a late stage that people are wary of them and are not necessarily plugging into the prices they offer without knowing the issues that go into getting those prices. You know, at People's we decided to stop carrying corporate sugars, because what we found out was a lot of these even organic corporations are destroying rainforests to plant sugar plantations. So we plugged into a company that does fair trade sugar. What we're finding out is, especially on a global scale, demand for good quality environmentally—and community—rewarding food is higher than what can be sourced. Even corporate stores are plugging into fair trade. So now we're at a point where we can't bring in the fair trade sugar because there's not enough of it being produced.

Another thing that's going on is the issue with quinoa, in places in South America where quinoa is their diet, they don't have enough for their own communities. They're losing their cultural diet because they're getting paid more to export it to Europe and

North America than to keep it local. So there's certain things people are starting to realize, they're starting to link population growth, demand for good food; if you get a demand swing one way, we can't fulfill that demand. Bananas are coming to an end as we know it, because all bananas are a clone. So what we're eating right now is called the Cavendish banana, and there's already a disease that's starting to wipe out the Cavendish. Back in the '50s, we lost the banana that was before the Cavendish, it got wiped out by disease. Well the next bananas are nothing like what we're used to, there's little finger bananas, and the red banana. So for me it's the perfect time to bring up the local food discussion.

I think we all have the obligation to start finding land that's on the outskirts of towns, to start purchasing that land, to keep it from being developed. It's cool doing these small green spaces in the city, but you're not going to grow enough protein from beans on a half-acre plot in the city. Now if you have a hundred acres on the outskirts of town, you could make a dent.

MRR: At the same time, though, the trend is more and more people moving into cities and urban environments.
You look at Europe, where the squats in the urban areas got busted, all of a sudden in France and Germany they're going out of the cities and finding farm houses that had been abandoned for ages and starting communities. There weren't any cops that really cared. They did a lot of work to get to know the neighbors, to work with them, and a lot of them have become really successful. I want to have those relationships on the edge. I need the urban environment. I need to be forced to socialize. I don't want to keep pushing out. It bothers me that we have this easy convenient access to what we call the wilderness. We have this relationship where we're either conquerors of the wilderness or we're observers, and I've never felt this necessary need to escape and climb a mountain. I realize with the farm it's taught me to sit and observe nature, because really all farming is is becoming a steward of what nature does. You know, nature was the first farmer. Conventional agriculture and even large-scale agriculture tries to take on nature by faking it, and I'm interested in permaculture. You know, can we let nature do its thing and grow the food, but can there also be a commercial relationship. I feel like we're kind of experimenting with that on our farm.

MRR: Understanding that people tend to struggle against the oppression that's most directed toward them, such as being black, being queer, being poor, I think a lot of people don't look at food as being a struggle. Do you feel like healthy food is something that can coexist with people's more direct struggles, that food is something that people can actively dedicate energy to?
I mean good food access is definitely around class struggles. Every community that struggles with class is talking about it. People are looking at obesity issues, heart issues, why is it that the African-American community has such high issues of heart disease, of cancer. And you can't help but link it to the food that's available to single parents, people on welfare or getting food stamps. You know, finally parents at schools are realizing that kids are going to school and getting their food out of vending machines. The Oregon Food Bank here has its own farm, and people who are getting food from them are invited to come out. It's both a demonstration farm and a food-producing farm. And then you're starting to see where groups of people are coming together and saying things like, "You see that piece of land over there that's got the abandoned house? Can we knock it down and grow food on it?" Or there is a lot up in North Portland where they're just taking over pieces of land.

In Mexico, they've completely lost all their access to their ancient foods because the US put pressure on their agricultural system to grow stuff for export, to where they have no corn for themselves. They bring their corn in from America, and who grows it in America? Migrant laborers who had to come up here. And again, I think we're at that tipping point where many communities have to think about the access to food, where learning to grow food and learning about the food that's already around us is going to be really important.

MRR: In your mind, what do you think keeps people from doing anything about these issues, what keeps people content and stagnant in their current habits when they have an understanding of the destructiveness of not acting? What do you think it would take to make people overcome those barriers and take an active interest in pursuing those issues?
I think the root of it all is the self-serving capitalist model, especially in this country. I mean you look around the world, and... I don't know what to call it, socialism, communalism, cooperatism, on an international scale is happening; people are saying we want to work together. But for some reason this country—I know we need to be patient, this is a very new country still. I don't think we realize how new it is, and I have definitely thought about these issues, especially growing up in newer communities of recent immigrants and my own personal experience of "this isn't home for me." And when you start looking back on who can call this home, you realize this country's made up of people who cannot call this home. Then you get this very strong rugged individualism. I mean unfortunately, it's no longer just freedom of religion, now it's also freedom to practice commercialism, freedom to consume. When you go out into the mainstream and you start talking to people, people get really defensive: "You're gonna take away my access to that cheap meat?!" I see that even here within the vegan movement, sometimes it feels like there's that selfish entrepreneurship, just pushing their own success, and unfortunately it still feels like success is measured by how much money your business makes.

I think there're also so many divisions, economic divisions, racial divisions, and I think a lot of people are trying to heal them. But then we have policies on a government level, on a state level, that still just perpetuate and keep those walls up. The English were good at it, and the US has learnt from it. So really, to me, until the capitalist model goes down, and then, we start working on mutual aid and building communities that really do care about everyone in the community, it's gonna be hard. It's gonna be very hard. That step from convenience and access to everything to having to make hard choices, I don't know how that's going to happen. But it will.

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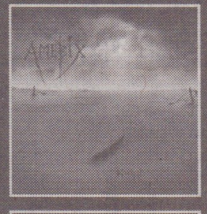

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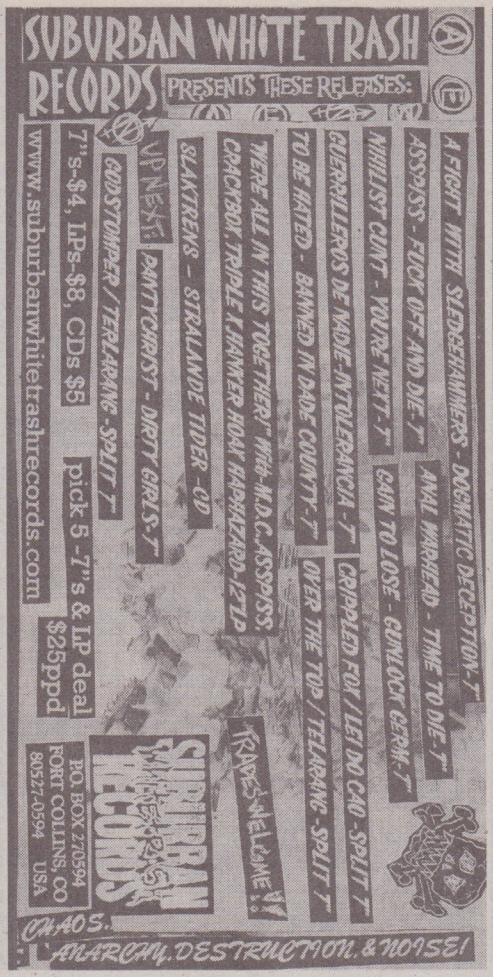
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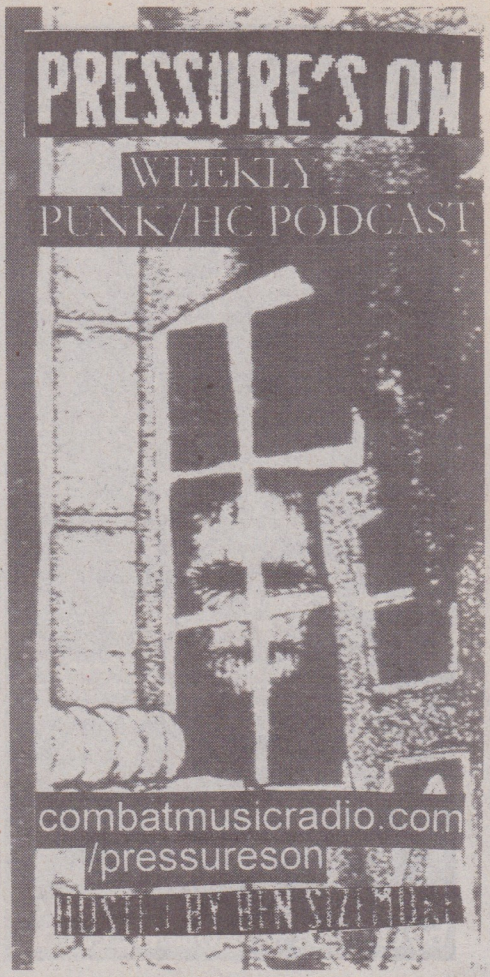
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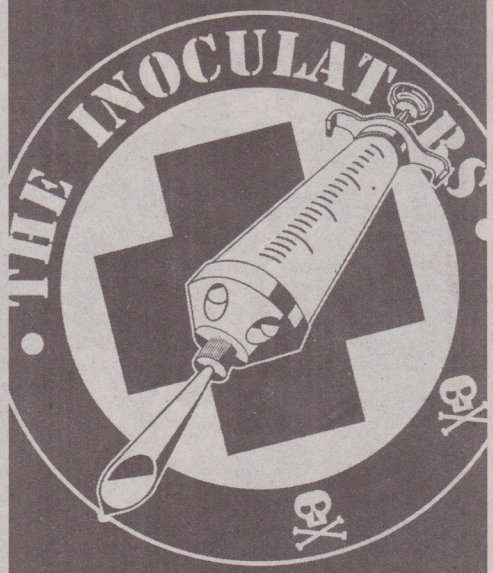

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MRR: Please introduce the staff of Give Praise Enterprises.

Right now it is just me. I pretty much do everything. Occasionally friends will come over and help, but other than that it's me packing records, doing ad design, mailorder. Everything goes through me.

MRR: What's up with the name Give Praise? Are you giving bands praise or demanding it from the kids?

I wanted to start a zine, a while ago, called Praise To All. That only made it through half the first issue and never came out. I liked the name, you know, I liked the idea that everyone deserves a chance, it's just like supporting everybody. When I didn't do the zine, I kept the name for the label. I thought Praise to All was too long so it became Give Praise.

MRR: How would you define a successful punk record label and how successful is Give Praise in your eyes?

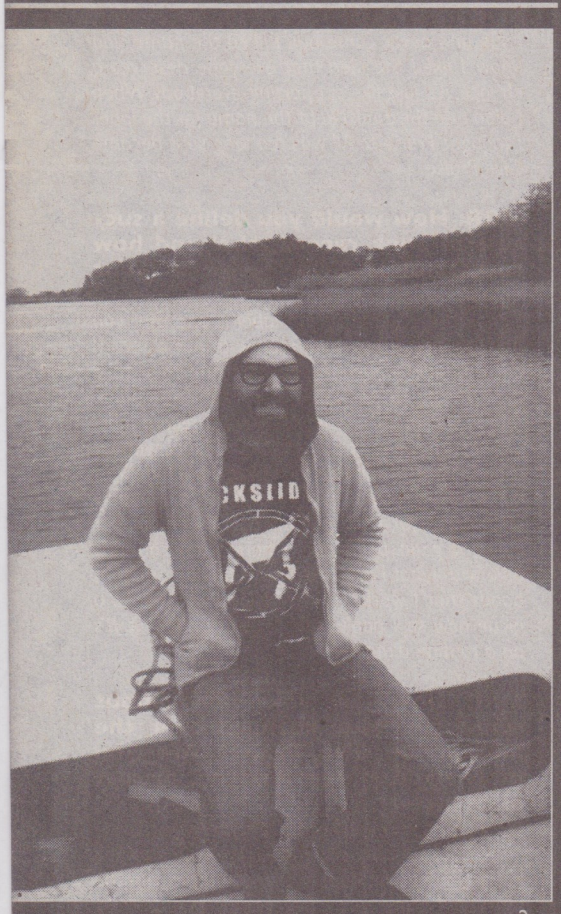
I think a successful record label is one that can pay for itself. If you take money to put a record out and sell a bunch of records and then take that money to put another record out, I think that is successful. If you can keep a record label afloat with money from the record label, without using an outside source that pretty much defines a successful record label. Give Praise is probably half successful, I still put my own money in, but it's at a good point now where I am comfortable with what I'm doing. I have a good group of bands that I work with so it flows well. It has a niche now so I don't have to worry about it. It's on a routine almost.

MRR: How have your views about running a label changed over the lifespan of Give Praise? Are you more excited, less excited, or just plain bitter?

Sometimes it can take a lot out of you. Sometimes I get stressed out. Especially doing it myself but I'm a little bit anal in the way that I run the label so I don't really have many people help. When there is a lot to do it gets stressful but it always ends up getting done in the end so it's good. I can look at what I packed and say "I did all this. It's done." I can feel good about getting everything done. Plus when you go see bands that you've worked with it is rewarding, like I've helped make this possible.

MRR: You've been very fortunate to work with many of the people who inspired you to start the label like Max Ward from 625 and Bob Suren of Sound Idea. What is it like to have the support of your idols?

It's weird. It's different. I always thought punk rock was one place where everyone kind of gets along and is on the same wavelength but it's not at all. There are definitely different tiers of



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people, labels, bands, whatever… You work so hard and then you get to be like the larger group of people. You can then connect with these people on the same level because you're doing the same thing. You're at a point where you are cool with them, you can talk to these guys and they become just regular normal people that you work with.

MRR: How are you staying afloat in a time when lots of well-known labels like Sound Pollution are folding?

I've been around for about seven years and in that time I've honestly fought on a daily basis just to keep ahead of the money going out. I'm at the point where I have a regular group of people that order from me and I think it's easier now because I can budget more carefully during the week and say I have about this much coming in. I've also put out a lot of records one after the other but now I'm on more of a planned schedule so I don't put four releases out at once. I put maybe one or two out and then wait a few months and put other two out just so I have ample time to sell and promote those and wait for orders so I can float the next ones.

MRR: How do you feel about labels putting out demo tapes as opposed to bands doing it themselves?

Cassettes are making a comeback, which is cool, but I don't really see the point of labels doing demo tapes, Especially because bands now will put a demo right up on the internet. I think it's cool bands are still putting out tapes, but a demo should be a "hey listen to this, it's new stuff." It's better for bands to do it themselves and it's part of what you do as a band. When you put out a tape, you are jumping into that part of the music scene and you learn an aspect of it.

MRR: Is the physical demo tape necessary when bands can just put their songs on the internet?

To be honest, I get a lot of emails from new bands and the amount of demo tapes I get is far less but I am more likely to listen to the demo tape because it's different. I like that physical tape. But it might be easier to get on the internet nowadays to check out bands, I don't know.

MRR: Has the 7" replaced the demo tape?

A lot of bands now are funding their own 7"s, which is cool. I think it gives them a sense of how this works. Bands can appreciate a label more because they know what it's like to do it themselves and that it takes a lot of work. I think it's cool that bands are doing that. I don't think it should replace the demo tape but be more of a follow up. It's cool that start-up bands are doing their own stuff because that helps labels. When you have a band that has already something out, you have something to show people, "this is what this sounds like," so you have a base to work on.

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MRR: Your day job is at your Dad's print shop. Does it benefit you with label stuff?

Yes it does. I get to do a lot of the design and pre-press for like the LP jackets and 7" foldovers on the equipment there. Plus, I really know how printing is set up so if a band sends in stuff that isn't print ready I know how to fix it. Printing is funny, it's a thing that a lot of people don't know about. It's really important when it comes to design of the jacket or whatever. That knowledge helps out a lot.

MRR: Do you print covers and things for other labels?

Yes I do. I just started doing that every once in a while, especially split releases. I help with the pre-press and the layout so it's easier for them to just have to me do it. It's easy for them to say "we know this is going to be taken care of so just go for it."

MRR: You sang for a couple local thrash bands (the Fiends, Rollerblade Termination Squad) back in high school. Would you ever consider using the connections you have now to do a "real" band?

Uhh… I don't know. The connections that I have all live real far so it would maybe be a get together once a year and record something, so… I don't know.

MRR: What is your local scene like? What role do you play and how has this changed over time?

The local scene is pretty nonexistent. It used to be big. Dropkick Murphys played here like ten years ago. I think even the Casualties played the Juice Bar when that was still around but now there are only house shows every once in a while. They are more just parties and less about the

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music. Being part of the local scene used to be really important to me. I would have to go to every show with my records. Now it's not because the kids around here all end up leaving. It's cool to watch them grow up here and get into the local music but then they are out of here so the local scene isn't what it used to be for me.

MRR: What about the Boston scene an hour and a half to your north?

The Boston scene is uh… I definitely don't get up there as much as I would like to. I'll go if there is a touring band. I went to a few record fairs up there. The Boston scene, it's okay. The shows I've been to have been fun. The record fair was pretty successful at the Democracy Center.

MRR: You do a lot of split releases. Do you prefer them to taking on the whole project by yourself? What are the benefits and drawbacks?

Split releases are funny. They are coming out a lot more now. I would say one out of every ten records I get in the distro is a multi-label split. There are good things and bad things about doing that. I like doing it because it's less stressful than getting all the copies out and doing all the mailorder — you have partners to work with. Yet if there are five labels working on the same record it's difficult to get your copies out as opposed to the other labels. But then there is also communication with the other labels where you can work off each other, feed off each other. It really depends on a record to record basis. If you're going to get rid of so many copies then it's worth it but it's kind of like you don't want to be fighting with everyone to get your records out there.

MRR: I understand you're quite the horror movie buff? You also write a column giving in depth reviews of metal records and horror movies in *Obscene Gods*, Doug from Brody's Militia new zine.

Yes! I have probably about 700 movies or so and I would say 90% of them are horror movies from the '50s to the '80s. That time span right there was a good point for horror movies. But I like doing the magazine because a lot of the gore grind horror metal stuff directly relates to those movies. It's cool, the music is a different take on movies.

MRR: How much freedom do you allow bands on the records you put out? How much control do you have over the release?

I really have no control. I really like to stay out of that area because a band has certain ideas about what they want to do. They have plans for which way they want to go with their sound, the artwork, the packaging… So, I really don't have that much involvement in that aspect of it unless they ask me to. A lot of times a band will say they need help with the cover and I will help design it or do the layout— things like that. Usually I give them total freedom to do pretty much whatever they want. If there is something horribly offensive I'll talk to them about it. I won't say "hey, lets not use this," I'll say "lets think about another way" or, "hey maybe we can look at this differently," but pretty much they have total freedom to do whatever.

MRR: Would you ever put out a DVD of a Give Praise band or a video compilation of bands on your label?

I would totally love to do that, but I don't know if that would ever happen. The problem would be getting everyone to actually have good video footage they would send me that I would format it, but I don't really know how to do that stuff. That would be a great plan but it would probably be far off in the future.

MRR: You put out a comic by Paul of Godstomper and you're a huge horror movie guy have you ever thought of expanding Give Praise into independent film?

No. That would be cool but it's really expensive and a whole other area of knowledge I know nothing about. I am putting out a photo book by Ross from No Man's Slave so I'm kind of getting into the publishing stuff. Plus I like the book stuff because I work in a print shop and it has always been an interest to me.

MRR: You've greatly expanded your label and moved more into distribution recently. Which foreign labels do you distribute in the US and how did those deals come about?

I distribute Laja from Brazil, Karasu Killer from Japan and Brazil, and Power It Up from Germany, and I've worked with RSR from Germany. My mailorder has been around long enough that people know I'm sticking it out for a while so it's just an easy way for them to get their products into the US. Considering the international shipping rates, it's easier for them to ship 200-300 hundred records at once as opposed to ten to a few different people. I also do ad work for them. I design ads for magazines and stuff. I work on their web sites for them. It's another way for them to get their music out.

MRR: You've somewhat moved from only punk-based bands to more metal-oriented grind although you are still a punk/hardcore label at heart. What's the difference working with bands from the two different backgrounds?

It's funny, it seems like metal bands…they are closely related so there is not much of a difference. I try to advertise in everything and to be available for people looking in different genres of music. Basically I treat every band similar. I like to say this is a punk and hardcore metal label, whatever. In the past couple year I've been branded more a metal grind and powerviolence label, which is okay with me, but I still like to work with everyone and kind of lump them into that one this-a-Give-Praise-band.

MRR: You get coverage and advertise in magazines like *MRR* and *Short, Fast, and Loud* as well as glossy metal mags like *Hails and Horns* or *Terrorizor*. How do you perceive your identity as a label?

Actually, I've been thinking about this a lot lately. It's funny. Coverage and ads have always been a black and white, but now in the bigger zines it's in color. That might seem like a small difference

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but it's really big when you realize you've been doing it one way for five years or so and you've totally changed. I think the bigger magazines are expanding more toward smaller bands and the smaller labels to cover everything. It's not one limited area of coverage so they are making it easier for labels like mine to take part.

MRR: Do you see yourself as a punk label or a metal label or just Give Praise?

I kind of see it as just Give Praise. The genres to me are similar to the next so I like to say it's just Give Praise. It's not one way or the other it's just kind of in the middle. If you know the label and the bands they definitely follow a similar style of music, so it's just lumped into Give Praise.

MRR: Do you do still do all your own promotion or do you work with public relation "companies?" How do you feel about a punk label using PR assistance?

This is kind of a touchy subject and I don't know if everyone is going to hate me after reading this but I work with Earsplit, who is a PR place. I'm very close. I talk to Liz over there all the time on a regular basis. All the PR stuff that she does comes right from me. I write everything. I think it's helpful. People aren't seeing it from me they are seeing it from somebody else who supports the label. Also before I started working with Earsplit I talked to them about the label and they already owned Give Praise releases so I was kind of like, "ok you are familiar with the label already so you know the mission. I'll work with you and see how it goes." But everything she puts out is from me and she filters it out to blogs and zines and all over the place.

MRR: You have just started a pod cast, what is your mission there?

Basically a lot of other labels that I look up to have started pod casts and a lot of people get their news and music on the internet. It's another way to get out there. I'm just trying to cover every angle of media.

MRR: Advice for kids thinking about starting a label today?

Definitely be heavily involved in your local music scene. I think that is a great way to start. That is how I started. Paul Butler from Burnt Hairy Butt records and the Dumpster Junkies gave me a stack of records to go sell at the Juice Bar. That's pretty much how I got started doing this. It's easier to start a record label on a local level and as your bands tour or get to the cities or further places then you kind of grow with them. I think it is also important to have a strong relationship with the bands you work with so you can grow together as opposed to, you know, being head to head or not getting along or whatever.

MRR: What are some of your favorite projects that you've worked on?

Probably one of the Killed in Action records because I had worked with them on a cassette label I did, probably twelve years ago now. When I got to work with them on Give Praise and put out a 7" with them, that was real cool. The Nervous Breakdown stuff was awesome — especially because they actually came over from Germany to tour here, and I got to tour with them and their new releases. I saw Frank Castle Gonna Break Your Neck in Boston, they are from Russia and I never thought I'd get to see them. Doing records like that and when you actually get to meet the people. It's cool to have that personal level like, "hey, I put out your record lets go get some lunch together or something!"

MRR: Top five whatever.

1. Funerary Box – Advance demo CD-R
2. My Chevy Chase and Ernest DVD collections (tied at 2nd)
3. Cold weather, even though my hands are constantly cracking and dry.
4. In Control – everything from these folks
5. Seeing In Defence in Providence playing all their olde(r) tunes.

MRR: Closing statements.

That's all I've got. Thanks for the interview man.

1. New 2012 Logo
2. Paul hanging out on a friend's boat
3. Backslider
4. Frank Castle Gonna Break You Kneck
5. In Defence
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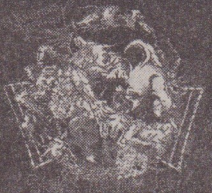

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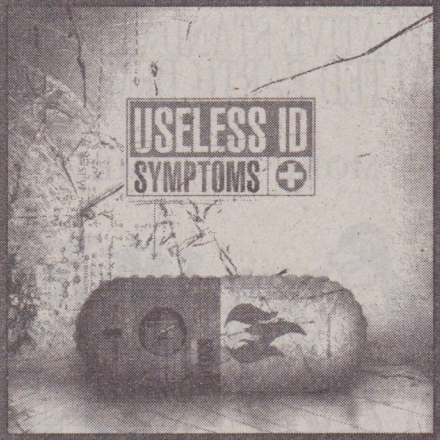

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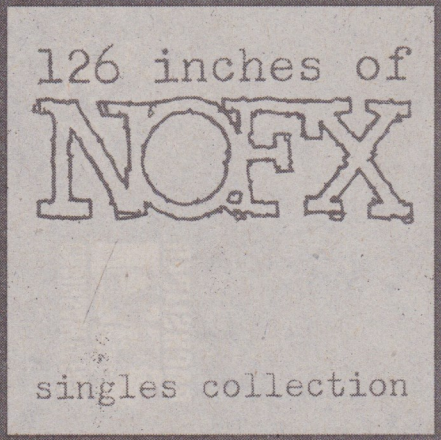

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Robert Refuse interviewed by Filip Fuchs, this originally ran in Hluboka Orba zine.

MRR: You are one of the few people who have been dedicated to the same style of positive political HC/punk throughout all these years! How did you get involved in the punk scene? What was the first band that really inspired you? Why did you decide to run a label instead of starting a band?

Thanks for the kind words. I'm pleased to hear that, but I know there are more than just a few dedicated individuals who have been involved as long or much longer as us!

I started my punk rock adventure somewhere around 1987, but I knew of a few bands before that. I was obsessed with all kinds of music from a very early age, and I discovered The Clash when I was nine or ten. They were just another band for me, and it took a while before I started listening punk rock. A few years later I was exposed to all of the '70s punk bands and I found them to be great. Then Polish bands from the '80s like Dezerter, Moskwa, TZN Xenna, Abaddon, and more or less at the same time I was lucky to discover the whole worldwide HC punk scene. It was a mind-blowing experience to get to know that there's so much thought, action and culture around it. I started exploring this new world more and more.

So Polish HC / Punk was a huge influence that opened my mind but in early days I was also influenced by UK anarchopunk movement with bands like Crass, Conflict, Subhumans, Dirt, Alternative, etc. as much as US HC from Dead Kennedys, Black Flag, Minor Threat and the whole DC scene, 7 Seconds, MDC, Crucifix, etc. I was equally blown away by the energy and intensity of such European HC bands like Larm, BGK, Pandemonium, Scraps, Wretched, Negazione, Indigesti, some Scandinavian stuff from Riistetyt to Mob 47, UK thrash bands like Heresy, Ripcord, Electro Hippies, Active Minds, and also bands from South America and Japan. Of course many US straight edge bands from this period, too from Insted to Youth of Today. I can mention hundreds of other bands, but it's not only their sound, but also what they stood for, their message and the whole DIY idealism which make me so passionate about it.

It's really difficult to mention just one band that inspired me. It was my whole experience that affected my musical taste, my ideas, awareness and commitment. If I'd have to pick one Polish band, it would be Dezerter for sure. This band is one of the very first that made me question a lot of the things around me. Their lyrics and their way of expression were brilliant.

I chose to be involved with a label instead of a band because I tried a few times to get involved with a band but with no success, and I think I wasn't that really serious and motivated about it. I didn't feel comfortable about being on stage in front of so many people. I felt better as one of the movers and shakers behind the curtain. I also felt that if you're into HC punk activism it doesn't necessarily mean that you have to be in a band in order to be a serious part of it. I still think it's important to work on the basis of the scene, to build up networks and solid structures for all of the things ahead.

MRR: What about the earliest days of the straight edge HC movement in Poland? Not much is known about it outside your country. I just remember the previous band of the singer of Inkwizycja, called Ustawa O Mlodziezy, with their immortal hit "Pijesz wodke bo jestes slaby" (transl. "You drink vodka because you're weak"). How did people react to these bands? Are there any old recordings?

Good knowledge of the Polish HC history! Ustawa O Mlodziezy is considered to be the first sXe band in Poland, and actually one of the very first in Europe. They've had many different line ups and most of the time it wasn't a full sXe lineup, but that was the case of many sXe oriented bands around the world in the '80s. As far as I know from older friends, there was a band called Ukraina around 1983 which started talking about straight edge in Poland, but everyone doubts that any of the members were actually sXe. Anyway, the first band somehow related to sXe was ID which started in 1985. It was a band where Petar, the guitar player of Ustawa O Mlodziezy played before. Some of the members of ID were sXe but Ustawa O Mlodziezy, with a more serious sXe message, was set up the same year.

Later on, some of the members of Ustawa O Mlodziezy started Inkwizycja, one of the very best Polish HC bands ever, which released the first DIY LP in Poland on Nikt Nic Nie Wie. "Pijesz wodke bo jestes slaby" by U.O.M. was a great song; a bit confrontational but also thought-provoking. Ustawa O Mlodziezy lyrics were very well written, far from any sXe clichés, and pretty much rooted in the Polish reality of that time. Alcoholism and alcohol-related social problems were as common in the Polish society as in the punk movement where the majority of punx care mostly about being fucked on booze or glue, "You drink vodka because you're weak / You drink vodka because you can't deal with all of it / You drink because in the drunken nation, those who don't drink cease to exist." It was like questioning the traditional Polish society norms where alcohol was an integral part of social behaviors and relations. This band, as well as the *Usta* fanzine made by Petar from Ustawa O Mlodziezy was a great source of inspiration to me to become straight edge.

Of course the reactions from most of the punx were mostly negative in that time; straight edge was suspicious and strange for most of them. When the more progressive DIY scene started with new bands, zines, shows and a whole network, the general feelings towards straight edge became more positive and it became more widely accepted. Some other bands started like HCP, where most of the members were sXe, and their message was positive and anti drugs, with a fast HC/thrash assault. Later on, some members of this band started Apatia, very well known and respected band, sadly split-up last year. Hacesja were from the same town and their drummer Adam started Cymeon X. Hacesja's sound was influenced by Infest and Satanic Malfunctions. Ahimsa was from my hometown, musically more into the direction of bands like Nomeansno or Victims Family. Anyway, the sXe scene was still sort of small, but it changed a lot when Cymeon X started around 1991or 1992 and became related with the best sXe fanzine of its time called *Mysha*. It was like an explosion back in those days. After that, straight edge crews were common all around Poland.

There aren't many early period Polish sXe releases. Ustawa O Mlodziezy had only two live bootleg tapes released, splits with Mykka 100, and Apatia. Their other live recordings were released on a limited edition compilation tape called *Winterdays 1*. They had no studio recordings. ID did several releases as they were active until the early '90s. Their sXe oriented period with Petar from Ustawa O Mlodziezy is documented on a live tape called *Nawojka '85*. I can also recommend their other demos from the '80s and a 7" on Flabby Records from the early '90s. HCP released three split tapes with Chaos and two with Apatia, and also a great classic 7" *Anti Drugs* on Resistance Productions from Switzerland in 1989. Their discography LP/CD is in the works on Refuse Records. Hacesja released a tape on a US label. Ahimsa did several releases, including some major label outputs of their late. It was a sXe band only in their early period. I can recommend their first tape *Slonce Swieci Dla Wszystkich* and both 7"s. They also appeared on a sXe compilation tape in Finland in the early '90s. Their guitar player, Bolek, is still active and he's now a member of the band The Black Tapes. Cymeon X released a demo *Wygrac Swoje Zycie* in 1992 and they were the first sXe band in eastern Europe that released a record. *Free Your Mind Free Your Body* CD was released on Enigmatic Records in 1993. There is also a live tape released on Refuse Records. In 2011 Cymeon X reformed and LP/CD reissue of their debut album as well as new LP/CD called "Pokonac samego siebie" was put out on Pasazer Records. Not all the members are sXe now but all still vegan or vegetarian and their shows from the last year were great. There was a band called Kto Ukradl Ciastka from the suburbs of Warsaw and some of the members were sXe and outspoken about it. Their tape *Rozdzial XI* was the first release on my label. Their singer is still sXe and he's an owner of a very successful comic book company called Kultura Gniewu. Their bass player, Siasiek lives in UK now and he's booking shows there occasionally.

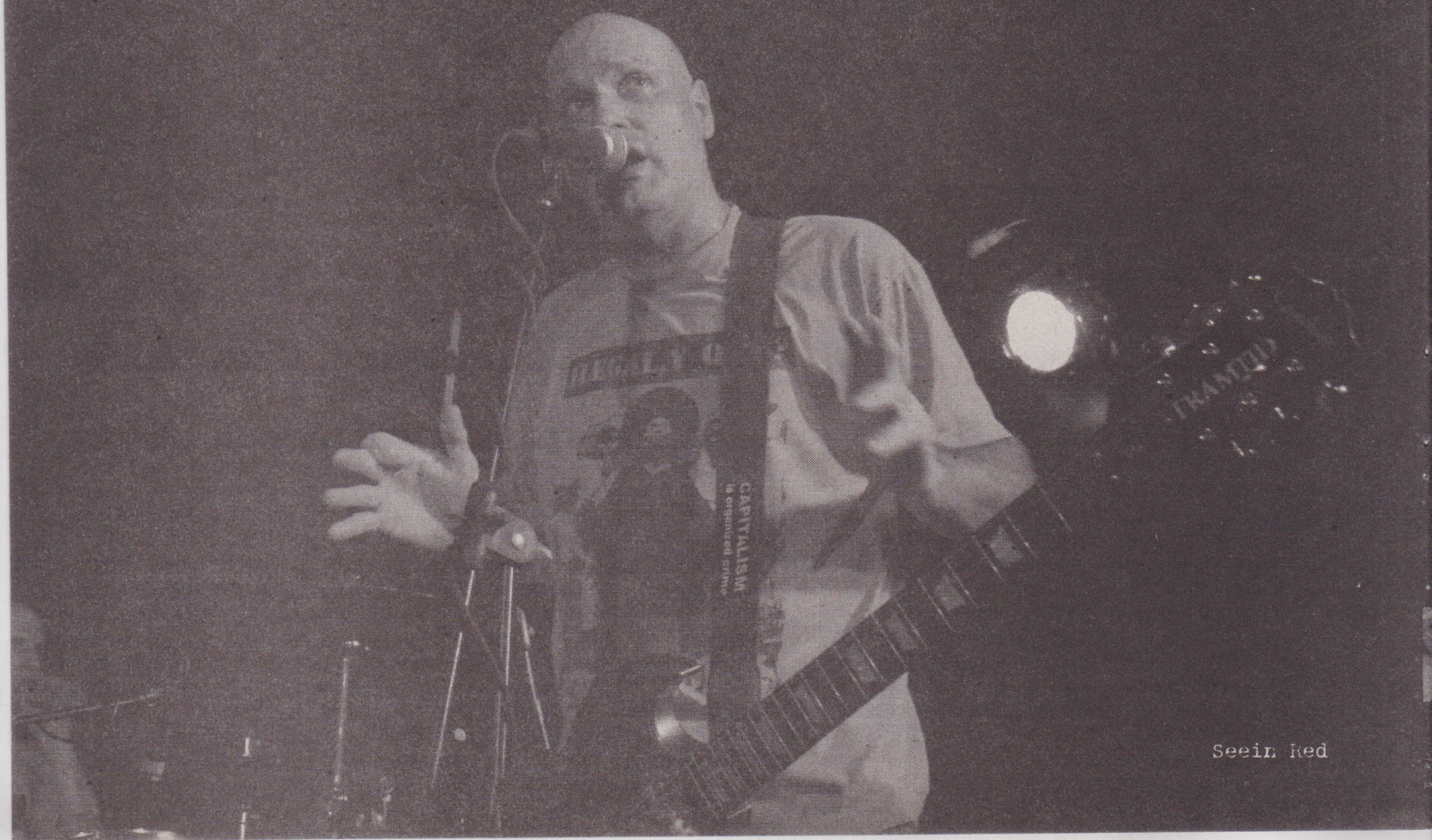
You can read more about the history of sXe in Poland in *The Past The Present: a History of 25 years of European Straight Edge*, a book that came out with the Birds Of A Feather LP.

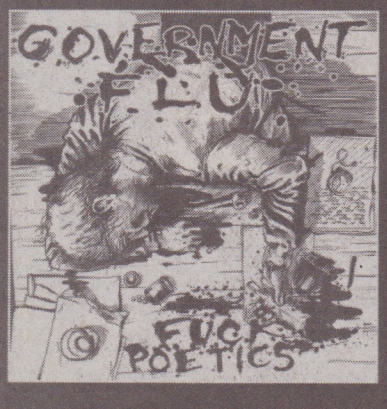
MRR: Let's talk about your label now! A while ago there was an interesting series of interviews with American labels in *MRR*, so I would like to ask you some of the same questions. What makes a punk business different from any other business? Can we agree on what the ethics of punk business are? What is DIY?

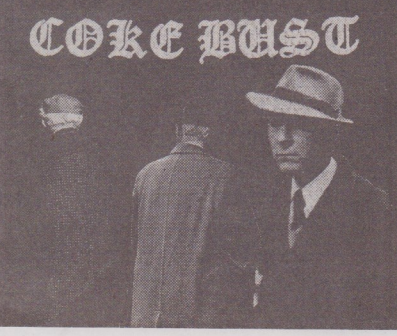
Throughout the years of running a label and distribution I've heard many views on DIY and many definitions of it. So many that it makes it difficult to have one definition of what it is all about. Some extreme definitions are even impossible to take seriously because almost no one presses vinyl or prints covers with their own hands. I also heard that DIY bands are only those who play in DIY places/squats, 100% non-profit, etc. Some of the definitions are very limiting and they're not taking into account different aspects of the scene, especially in developing countries. I think the real definition is the one in our mind, and DIY is a spirit that is sometimes hard to define: it's driving us and inspiring us to do things that we love to do. I'd say that DIY means that we're trying to build our own network to create a space for individuals, artists, musicians, communities, where we can express ourselves in a way we want, without corporate control. It means, from the point of view of the HC/punk scene, to keep it underground, and as far away as possible from mainstream, commercial and money-oriented factors of the music business. It's all about having control of what we do.

DIY means that everything you want to do is possible and lying in your hands. You can start a band, a label, a zine, but also a community space or squat, anything you can dream of.

It's also important to be seriously alternative towards mainstream culture and all the money-hungry capitalist companies, who are often based on the exploitation of people, animals or the Earth. You are aware that you're building up an alternative structure where music, art, literature, etc. is under control of all those who are involved in it. It's important in the times when the media are controlled by companies, often linked to right-wing policies or governments, and where any trace of resistance is being put in the shadow or being







trivialized. Whether it's a political comment or just a personal expression, it's a way to be heard or seen without too much compromise.

Anyway, as money is involved with everything we do and we can't escape economy, we depend on many rules that exist in the capitalist world. This is where the question about making a difference occurs. Seeing it in the context of the HC/punk scene, we can agree that if a certain band signs up for a major label, it is not DIY anymore, neither is a label which signs with a major company for a distribution deal or is bought by a bigger major label corporation. Also, new times bringing new issues, from car companies putting out free records for HC bands to Internet, my space, facebook and all that corporate-owned stuff. There are many different opinions of what makes us DIY or not, and there is no strict rule about it. I don't feel like someone who should put one definition on DIY. I can just explain how Refuse Records works it out.

There are no contracts between the label and the bands I'm working with. Everything is based on trust, loyalty and friendship. I've never had any problems with any of the bands related by my label. I've never been ripped off by any of the bands, nor did I do anything harmful to the bands I released. I'm trying to support the bands as much as I can with the release, distribution, booking shows or tours, etc. The bands are supportive of me as well. I try to avoid bands or persons who could lead to trouble. So far I've been successful.

Refuse Records will never sign a band which has had a major label release. My releases are only distributed by HC punk oriented stores, info-shops, distributions/mail orders. I don't deal with any bigger stores or chain-stores, which don't care about the music, the message and the whole HC/punk culture. I don't need them to spread my releases all around. It's all thanks to the worldwide DIY-based structure with smaller and bigger, but independent labels, and distribution services. I'm not signing bands because I know I'll sell a lot of copies. The music, the message, passion, energy, commitment and friendship are the only reasons to release a record. I did releases for bands from eastern and western Europe, North and South America, and a couple of worldwide compilations.

Refuse Records is still mainly a one-man operation and I think it will stay this way because I don't feel comfortable being a boss for someone else, and it's also difficult to make a collective out of it after many years. Actually, at the beginning Refuse was more a collective effort. Anyway, I can understand all those labels which have more people working in their headquarters, because this is an incredible amount of work and I know it's also difficult to do sort of collective-like label and distribution that would be solid and exist for a long period of time. There are no barcodes on Refuse Records' releases and never will be. I don't treat other labels like a competition. I do some co-releases with other labels occasionally.

As for the business, it also depends on how we want to define it. You can even call the smallest label a business, if there's any operation with money involved in it. Likewise, you can call all the DIY squats a business as they sell drinks at the bar and usually they make a good profit out of it. Any band in this world can be called a business because bands also count up the money after each show on the tour and calculate, if they break even or not. We know many small, friendly and not-related-to-the-punk-scene businesses which are worth supporting. Also, with punk or HC individuals, there are certain people who are able to live off from their work in the scene. If so, I have no problem with that as long as it's honest. They have an incredible amount of work to do. I think the problem is rather with businesses with a mentality where profit or fame is a serious motivation.

MRR: Fifteen years of Refuse Records is a pretty long time. Was there a celebration? In the history of the label what were the biggest successes/ deepest failures?

There was a special party in 2008 as I celebrated Refuse's 15th anniversary with bands related to Refuse Records and I was honored to have four foreign guests playing: SEEIN' RED and BIRDS OF A FEATHER from Holland , BLANK STARE from the USA, The TANGLED LINES from Germany and local outfits like REGRES, INSURRECTION and IDENTITY. Anyway, I'm closer now to celebrate 20th year anniversary in 2013! I'm planning some special events in Warsaw and in Berlin, where I live now. Also some special releases and so on. I have a good archive of audio and video recordings, posters, flyers and pictures from the shows I was involved since the beginning and I have some plans how to use it.

As I look back, there have always been up and downs, things that I would have done differently or things that I can be really proud of. I'd have definitely started with a better budget than no budget at all like I did. The financial aspect of the label / distribution was always the weakest point and caused a lot of stress. As for failures, I can only think about some financial aspects like losing money at the shows, or not having enough money to do better promotion for the bands. Anyway, I still feel fine with what was achieved, having such a limited budget and yet, being originally a label from Poland and not from Western Europe and still able to get some recognition all around. We know that it's always more difficult for bands or labels from places outside North America, Western Europe or Japan to get recognition or solid reputation. I don't want to generalize as I have lots of interest and support from western countries and sometimes even more than from other Eastern Euro countries or Poland.

One of the main failures ever is actually connected to the Czech Republic, and more specific with the Polish / Czech border before both countries joined the EU. On the way to Fluff Fest I was stopped at the border by Czech customs, spent over eight hours there, got a big part of my distribution confiscated, I lost around 3000 Euros and I was close to making a decision about giving up. If it wasn't for my friends and all my supporters, I would have given up. Also, being ripped off several times especially by the people you know personally or involved in any kind of bullshit scene shit-talking drama are weak points of it too, but sometimes it's hard to escape it.

My biggest successes are definitely all the achievements, being able to do things after almost twenty years, having over 70 releases, working with many great bands, friendly people, all the network, connections, travels, tours. It's a fantastic and breathtaking experience to have such great friends all over the world. Most of the friendships have continued throughout the years and it's also great to see when people connect to each other

also because of the things I do. I know that this has happened several times because building a space and booking shows, as well as the label and distribution can serve this role pretty well. On the local level there are many kids who started to get in touch because of the things they did. Somehow it also works on the international level. It's not only about new bands, new forms of activism or cooperation, but also about things that occur on serious, personal levels. I feel kind of responsible for at least some marriages or love stories that happened because of connecting people from all around. It's funny to think about it. As you see, Refuse Records is an operation active in many different areas, haha.

One of the best moments is when people come up and say or write that this or that release or event had made a great impact on them, had made them more aware about the issues, encouraged them to go vegetarian or vegan, started being active in the bands, labels/distros, zines or collectives, get involved and make things in their life better. Any thought or action that is a direct result of the event, record, zine or book. In such moments I feel that it was worth spending every single minute working hard on all of these things if such results come out of it.

MRR: You did a lot for New Winds from Portugal to become well known all over Europe. Have you ever had any negative responses for putting out their records concerning their radical stance on Palestinian issues?

There was a lot of interest for the New Winds LP / CD and the book that came out with it, and there were also some controversies around it, mostly because of their outspoken views on the Israeli/Palestinian conflict. There were many more issues talked about by this band, ranging from veganism to radical politics and political prisoners. People can agree with them or not. Many HC bands nowadays don't want to provoke discussions or debates to please the audience and to sell more records and t-shirts. Especially in the straight edge/HC part of the scene in Europe, there haven't been any strongly politically-oriented bands for a long time. A band who put so much effort in their music and message, not to mention writing a book! There were many people who were writing to us or coming to us saying that they had never heard about issues like that in HC before. I know people who became vegans and vegetarians after listening to this band, reading the lyrics or the book. For many of them it was a starting point. How many bands nowadays have the guts and power to change reality, rather than just having fun and making entertainment for HC or punk audiences?

New Winds members are good old friends of mine and we've been talking about this release for years. We discussed issues, contexts and all, and even if many people were deeply touched by this record and the book, and we both, as the label and the band, are happy about what was achieved but we still know that the book could be even better. There was such an incredible amount of work involved and because of the deadline it was impossible to have everything included which we had earlier planned. It's too bad that the Israeli/Palestinian conflict wasn't exposed enough because we planned to have two more articles on it from two different perspectives, both Israeli and Palestinian, which would make the complex situation more clear and visible. I need to mention that I don't have to necessarily agree with all the statements or views or the way they're expressed. Still, it's their perspective, and I can understand and I agree with most of the stuff written there. I have a lot in common with this band, and I still think it's one of the most powerful releases of the European sXe/HC scene in years.

There was no intention of making people agree with everything, and it's good if people can talk and share opinions and feelings. It's great if people can do that so Hardcore and Punk are no longer reduced to consumerism or messageboard gossip. Anyway, sometimes it's just going too far and it was like that in this case. It's too far if people want to fight each other because they can't agree on certain issues.

When issues like the Israeli / Palestinian conflict are raised there's always a lot of emotions around it and afterwards it's difficult to talk even about basic stuff. I understand very well that it's much more difficult to talk about this issue in countries like Germany or Poland because the historical context is always right behind us. Yet, antisemitism has still a real and visible presence in these countries. That's why I'd be more careful about statements from my own perspective—at least here in Poland people are still not perfectly aware about antisemitism and Poland's part in the persecution of Jewish people. In Germany it's even more intense. It's clear that fighting with antisemitism is a very important part of the antiracist and antifascist struggle. I've always felt a part of this struggle and I have a deep respect towards all those involved in it. Anyway, I'd prefer to stay out of the extremes of any kind. I think antisemitism is still here and we have to fight with it but at the same time I'm really sick and tired of seeing people who think that every criticism of the Israeli governmental policy means or leads to antisemitism. That's where New Winds guys felt offended. Discussions led us to nowhere and in the end the two sides were arguing and almost fighting with each other. It was so sad to see it. Many apolitical HC kids took it as another example that HC should be free from any politics because politically minded HC kids are fighting each other and dividing the scene.

The conflict was intense and the members of New Winds received some serious threats from some pro-Israel fanatics; there was a call for a boycott of their shows in Germany. At the end New Winds guys took it very personally so they refused to play any shows in Germany. They felt emotional about it.

I'm ok with the people having a different opinion on this issue. None of us live in a war zone and none of us knows all the answers on reality out there. Anyway, I can't stand extremisms. At the same time there are people in antifascist movements, mainly "Anti-Deutsche" movement supporting the right-wing policy of the Israeli government, making benefits for Israeli troops in Gaza, wearing

Robert Refuse and Jenny Emancypunx

Israeli defense forces t-shirts, coming with American and Israeli flags on demonstrations etc. If you're anti-imperialist, it means that you're against the US policy and it can be viewed as anti-Semitism—because US troops did a lot to liberate Germany from fascism and now they're one of the biggest supporters of the Israel state. If you're against nuclear energy and arms race you can be viewed as antisemitic because you want to demilitarize the Israeli state as they're one of the countries with nuclear arms. It's just gone too far, really...

New Winds is not the only band which was facing problems like that, many other HC punk bands too, from Oi Polloi and Propagandhi to Children Of Fall and Point Of No Return as well, not to mention an anarchist band from Israel (Nikmat Olalim) which was beaten up in Germany because of their views on politics of the Israeli state, fundamentalist Zionism, religious bigotry etc, which are usual views for politically or anarchist-oriented bands and individuals from this country. Sounds familiar? Jewish people threatened with violence or beaten up on the German land? This time "antifascists" did it in the name of fighting antisemitism. It sounds scary, not funny. It's often sounds like a bad joke or a perfect plan of secret police to divide the radical movements. In times when extreme right-wing movements are raising again and also trying to overuse the Hardcore or leftist tactics and aesthetics, it's important more than ever not to let ourselves become divided.

MRR: I remember buying the first issue of your *Refuse* zine back in mid '90s. Was this the only one published? Do you regret the demise of the zine, especially now, seeing the general decline of paper zines?

I'm surprised to hear that my fanzine went outside of Poland. I'm not sure if I'm proud of it or not, as I was not really happy with the first issue. Still, it sold 1000 copies, but it was the ancient pre-internet era with excited people all around spending their time reading zines or books. The second issue was finished and somehow it was lost or destroyed by the printing company. I was bummed out and I gave up the zine, especially because I did so much work on the second issue. I've been writing for many zines throughout the years and I did regular columns for *At Both Ends* fanzine from Canada and *Pasazer* in Poland.

The demise of zines is more than sad, although there are still great zines around. I know that many distributors don't care about the zines anymore because of the sales. I'm keeping zines in stock and I have no problems with selling a good amount of them. There are also some zine-only distros around. There are still a lot of people who are stoked on zines. I'm one of them.

MRR: You book a lot of tours. Is it easy to get dates for such bands like Lets Grow or FPO around Europe? Sometimes it seems that not many people are really interested in what's going on in the HC scene in Eastern European countries.

You're absolutely right, many promoters are not interested in bands from Eastern Europe or particularly in bands from outside the countries with the richest HC Punk histories. It's definitely more difficult to book tours for bands from Serbia, Macedonia, Poland or the Czech Republic, but it's not impossible. From my perspective, most difficulties occur within the bands themselves. Many of them are not interested in going on tour or are afraid of losing money. Also, quite often it's difficult to get free time off work or they can leave only for a very short period.

MRR: You come from Poland, a country strongly influenced by Catholicism. For example, a couple times I've heard about heavy attacks on pro-gay marches in the streets. Is the general atmosphere in the Polish society really so homophobic? Are there any HC/punk bands trying to spread these backward ideas around? Generally, what is your personal opinion about HC being open-minded to religious influences?

The strong Catholic influence is still here but it also depends on certain parts of Poland. Warszawa is more liberal and open-minded, whereas the southern parts are more traditional and conservative. Pro-gay marches in Warszawa get much more support and only small groups of Nazis try to attack them. In other places, like Krakow, it is much more difficult. I think more and people are getting aware about this issue, actually thanks to the blind hatred of the right-wing government and the Nazi-attacks, which try to build their political gain on hatred towards homosexual people. I'd say that they weren't completely successful and it seems that right-wing parties don't talk about this so much as they used to. It was an intense time because the secret service tried to infiltrate LGBT organizations and communities.

I'd say that things are slowly changing for the better now but there's still a lot to do in the society about raising awareness on issues like homophobia. Definitely the Catholic Church is one of the main opponents towards a more open-minded and progressive society.

Speaking about HC punk bands having homophobic lyrics and all...well, times of the hardline are definitely over, when homosexuality was portrayed by teenage militant abstinents as a perversity and contradiction to their own backward definition of "natural order." Nowadays, I don't really hear bands with openly homophobic lyrics, maybe some oi!, street punk or tough guy HC bands can make some stupid remarks in interviews, but actually I don't see it often, or maybe it's not under my radar.

I don't think that there're any Christian HC or punk bands, but there're maybe one or two Krishna HC bands nowadays.

Everyone can believe in what he or she wants, whether it's some mythic figures, gods, a flat earth, whatever. Organized religion stands in contradiction to free thinking anti-authoritarianism that has belonged to HC and punk since the early days. For me religion doesn't stand for spirituality; it's more about war, money, control and power. It's always connected to hatred towards other people, the submission of women, anthropocentrism, bigotry and so on. Most of the time there is nothing progressive about the religious influence on HC. Anyway, I can't generalize about all the people who believe in particular gods and who are still a part of the HC scene. There are a few individuals who are religious and still into HC, and I respect them for who they are, and not for the gods or spiritual leaders

they follow. It doesn't necessarily mean that they're sexist or homophobic. We don't live in a black and white world and sometimes such persons can be more friendly and open-minded than anarchists or vegan activists who can share all my ideas but nothing more. I can understand that some people need spirituality or the comfort of believing in a god. There are many who believe in god and do good things for humanity, caring about social issues, helping out, etc. As HC or punk are not my private concept, I can't say if religion should or should not belong to HC. I think it can sometimes work on an individual level with people who are well educated about HC punk culture but most of the time it's backward, regressive and intolerant. If you ask me, I'd prefer not to see another Krishna, Muslim or especially Christian HC revival. As it's often linked with oppressive concepts and ideologies. I'd rather consider it as a threat to the HC punk and antiauthoritarian thinking.

MRR: Which good and current HC / Punk bands from Poland would you recommend? Any current straight edge bands?
Actually recently some of the very active and important bands of the last or two decades split up, like Apatia, Zlodzieje Rowerow and El Banda. They'll be truly missed. Anyway, there is lots of good or solid bands at the moment, from still strong old timers from the 80s are like Dezerter or Moskwa. Last year two old bands from the —80s reformed with great results: the Corpse and Tzn Xenna (their recent show in Warsaw with over 600 people was insane!). Also, two bands from the early 90's reformed as well and did great shows and proved that reunions not always suck - Inkwizycja and Cymeon X. Other important band from the 90's just played yesterday - Guernica Y Luno. It was a one-time reunion to support incurable sick daughter of the bass player of the band. I was told it was great show.

Infekcja is doing their 20th year anniversary of their manic ultra fast crusty hardcore punk in February. Regres has been active for almost ten years now and at the moment they're one of the best and well known bands around Poland, equally respected by punx and HC kids. Government Flu is definitely one of my favourite with their 80's sounding HC. Their split 7" w/ Poison Planet is planned this year on Refuse. Female fronted hc/punk bands like Eye For An Eye or Antidotum are still active and kicking, nice friendly people. More bands I can recommend are Filth of Mankind, Knife In the Leg, Suffering Mind, Castet, S.A.T.A.N., Violent Action, Exmisja, Cold and more... Speaking of straight edge bands there's more bands now than 3-4 years ago when there was sort of demise of such bands. At the moment there is bands like ThugXLife (debut 7" out soon on Refuse), Iron To Gold (7" out now on Elephant Skin Records), Outbound, Sick Shit, Vicious Reality or Cervantes. Also, bands like Burst In (12" out) and Double Vision (7" out) have some members who are sXe and both are great bands.

MRR: Since you live in Berlin now, what bands you can recommend from there? Any places to go?
Robert Refuse: Right, Refuse Records relocated to Berlin in 2009 but I'm still in touch with what's going on in Warsaw and Poland. I'm there quite often. So now I'm a kind of both Berlin-and-Warsaw based label. International conspiracy! I'm operating in both places, booking shows here and there, I feel good about it! As for the scene and bands in Berlin - it's so much stuff going on as it's ovewhelming sometimes. There's still tons of the bands I didn't heard yet. What I can recommend at the moment are bands like Nothing (former members of Highscore and Monster, check their debut 12"!), solid '80s HC sounding bands like A Bit Of Braindead, Ape Attack, Krystal Meth and Family Man, then Henry Fonda with their manic fastcore, Kami Ada - a new band plays raging political female fronted hardcore punk in the vein of Tragatelo or Los Crudos with members from Columbia, Indonesia, Poland and Germany, Mulltute (raw fast 80's sounding Deutsch HCPunk), all-girl KBD punk style from Levitations (with Hans-A-Plast cover), more all-girl punk bands like Ex-Best Friends or Respect My Fist, good KBD/garage punk from The About Blanks, Option Weg with veterans of Berlin scene, Tanzkommando Untergang with their female fronted cold wave/dark punk (their singer relocated from Warsaw), also solid modern hc bands like At Daggers Dawn or Nervous.

There are plenty places to visit, lots of vegan food options (Vux Cafe, best vegan cakes in town!), lots of DIY venues (Kopi, Kastanienkeller, Scharni, Scherer 8 etc) or punk/hc friendly regular venues or bars like Cassiopeia, Wild At Heart, Bei Roy, and more)... Lots of records stores with good selection of HC Punk - Static Shock, Core Tex, Real Deal, Ghosttown. Lots of records stores with good selection of HC Punk - Static Shock, Core Tex, Bis Auf's Messer, Real Deal, Ghosttown.

MRR: Some years ago Poland joined the European Union. Has anything really changed for you since then? Do you think these changes had a more positive or negative impact on the general population, on the middle class, who goes to work and is ripped off every day?
I'd say that my personal experience has more positive than negative aspects. It's easier to cross borders, although border controls are more hidden now, and they can occur in different parts of the country. It's also easier to receive packages/trades from all around Europe as there's no tax on it. And being an owner of an EU passport can give you the feeling of being part of an exclusive, first-world-country club.

I'd say there have been a lot of positive aspects for the general population ever since Poland became an EU member. However, my perspective can be different from those living in smaller towns where there are no jobs or prospects. Hundreds and thousands of them had to leave Poland to work shitty jobs in other countries.

I'd say it would have got only worse if Poland hadn't joined the EU, because it would mean that we're following the policy of a closed and isolated country ruled by ultra conservative Christian bigots. I can see that people have become a bit more open-minded for international cultures than before or maybe it's just my impression being from capitol of Poland. Also, lots of money was injected into the Polish economy and infrastructure so some people don't want to complain anymore. Of course, there is also different side of it - new policies against migrants from non-EU countries, detention camps, new institutions like Frontex who is based in Warsaw now, doing lots of terrible secret things to keep the Fortress Europe strong and "safe."

MRR: How does the immigration wave of Polish people to Western countries influence the local HC/punk scene in Poland? I can imagine it can be devastating to bands, but also to other projects as well, when the active people leave the country to work/live in UK, Netherlands or somewhere else.
It has left a big impact on the local HC punk scene. Many bands split up or took a long break. Many people who were actively involved in booking shows, doing zines, etc. are gone, and they stopped being active in other countries. There were some who started their own bands in the UK and Ireland, Germany, and Netherlands, or keep doing labels, who are booking shows over there or being active in some political stuff. I'd say the biggest wave of immigration is over now, so it was a good time for Refuse Records to move to another country as well, haha.

MRR: Both Poland and the Czech Republic were chosen by the current US administration for new US army bases. The Polish one should have missiles, while the Czech one should have anti-missile radars. Is there any opposition against this plan in your country?
There are mostly negative reactions towards anti-missile systems. Most of the people are totally against it, but the government doesn't really care about it. There will be no voting on it and those who are running campaigns are dealing with several interruptions from the police, violence, arrests, raids, and confiscations. The general public knows that it makes no sense to fight with it as the government will do what they want. Plans are being discussed behind their backs, just like Poland's involvement in the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, and just like it will probably happen with the new plans of improving the nuclear energy programs. There are no strong grassroots social movements here, and politicians and corporate interests are totally aware of it. This process of starting anti-missile systems around Poland by the US government was slowed down by negative reactions from Russia who took it as a potential threat towards

their safety and also threatened Poland with possible militarisation of the areas close to Polish border. Who said that the Cold War era is over?

MRR: Warszawa has a reputation of, how to say it, "not a very nice city," as it was seriously devastated during the WWII and the post-war Communist development of the city had a really damaging impact on its architecture. Would you recommend visiting the city? Where would you take the visitors? Are there any DIY/political spaces in your city?

Oh really, it's not such a nice city? But seriously, around 90% of Warsaw was destroyed during WWII and rebuilding the town with the new communist architecture of the '40s/50's in the same style as in other countries from our happy Eastern Bloc couldn't make it more beautiful. But nowadays it's a mixture of modern architecture offices and big advertisements with grey buildings from the old times.

I'd take a nice and friendly visitor to check the old part of the town, some nice parks from 17th and 18th centuries, the Unknown Soldier monument, the Warsaw Uprising museum stuff like that (right, we're still war-obsessed). There are also some cool obscure parts on the other side of the river (Praga districts). They used to be sort of dangerous but now things are calming down or undergoing gentrification.

There are some DIY spaces worth visiting: the Elba squat (shows, parties, vegan food, bar, workshops, bike stuff and tons more). and there is two very new squats, there's punk-friendly venues like CDQ, Radio Luxembourg or Eufemia with lots of shows and cool stuff. Also some nice vegan/vegetarian restaurants. It's ok! Sadly Cykloza, a great vegan punk cafe was shut down. Their weekly Tofu Attack branch on Sunday was a highlight.

MRR: What is Warsaw Pact Records?

One record label is not enough! I talked with my old friend Pepus (who remembers well Siekiera, Dezerter or Moskwa shows from 1984) about starting a new label dedicated to Polish HC/Punk of the Cold War era a few years ago. Moskwa agreed to do their 7" with the killer recordings from 1984, but we didn't start with anything until last year. Our other good friend Jarek (he was a singer of Kto Ukradl Ciastka in the early '90s) joined us and we got things running much faster. So, we officially started Warsaw Pact Records, a collective run-label. We sold the first press of the Moskwa 7" in a week, so we did a second press and now it's almost gone. We're working now on Abaddon *Wet za wet* LP reissue and some other great releases. The punk movement of the '80s was massive in Poland, and there was so many great bands, often totally overlooked. Only a very few bands had a chance to put out their records on state-owned labels or sometimes labels outside of Poland (France, USA or UK). It was illegal to put out DIY records back then, censorship, and all its difficulties. There's a great feeling about finding band members, original tapes, all the stories we can share and stuff. All these bands from Poland of the '80s were very special to us so we're very excited about this label. We get great feedback in Poland, but also US, Japan and Europe so we can assure that we'll have some more great releases coming from interesting history of Hardcore Punk in Poland.

MRR: How do you see the next fifteen years? What about your plans for this year, concerning records and tour organizing?

What a difficult question! I hope I'll stay active in this or that way. I can't promise that the label will survive the next fifteen or twenty years. I hope my interests in HC punk will be as strong as before. The last years have been extremely busy with festivals, shows, tours and new releases. Nine new releases were done on Refuse Records last year - Burst In 12", Poison Planet 7", Double Vision 7", Zlodzieje Rowerow DLP/CD, Anchor LP, Between Earth & Sky 12"/CD, Pressure 7", Nothing 12" and April LP. Brand new Tzn Xenna 7" is coming out in two weeks, I'm super excited about it. It's one of the bands of my early punk rock kid days.

I'll do fewer releases this year but next ones are 7"s for ThugXLife (Poland), Noose (US), Conquest For Death (US) and Poison Planet/Government Flu (US/PL) and hopefully a discography LP and CD for the late '80s raging HC/Thrash from Poland called HCP. I was involved in several great shows last year mostly in Berlin but also three in Warsaw for touring bands like Poison Planet (US), Career Suicide (Can), Direct Control (US), Trial (US), Anchor (Sweden), Run With The Hunted (US), Citizens Patrol (Hol), Xaxaxa (Macedonia), Crucial Section (Japan) or Geriatric Unit (UK) as well as Berlin's bands like Nothing, Ape Attack, A Bit Of Braindead and bands from Poland - Cymeon X, Regres, Double Vision, Iron To Gold, Violent Action, Burst In, ThugXLife... Also I helped with some shows for the bands like Epidemics (Sweden), Postive Youth (Brasil) and Fangzui Xiangfa (China). In a week I'm doing the show for Vitamin X (Holland), Snob Value and Ape Attack in Berlin. The next edition of the girl-positive fest Noc Walpurgii will take place on 29/30th April, co-organized as usually with Jenni / Emancypunx Records. This time we're doing it in Berlin, at the legandary Kopi, so all the girl punks, queer punks, anti-sexist punks take notice! Beyond Pink from Sweden, Eye For An Eye from Poland and bunch of other bands and more attractions. In May/June I'm booking European tour for Noose from Chicago and I'll be touring with them. In July I'm doing some shows for Washington DC straight edge powerhouses Coke Bust and Sick Fix. So see you around!

Thanks Filip, thanks *MRR* and worldwide hardcore punk!

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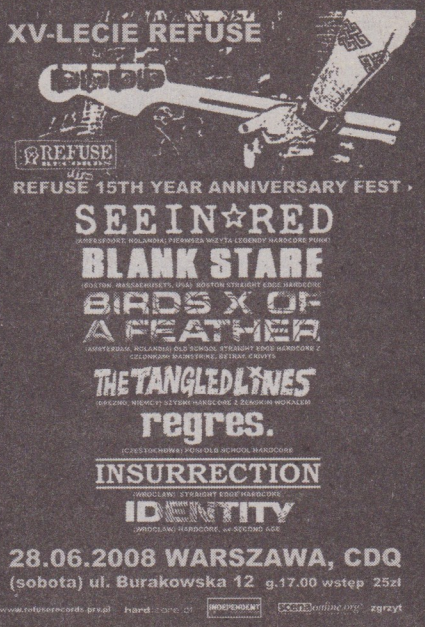
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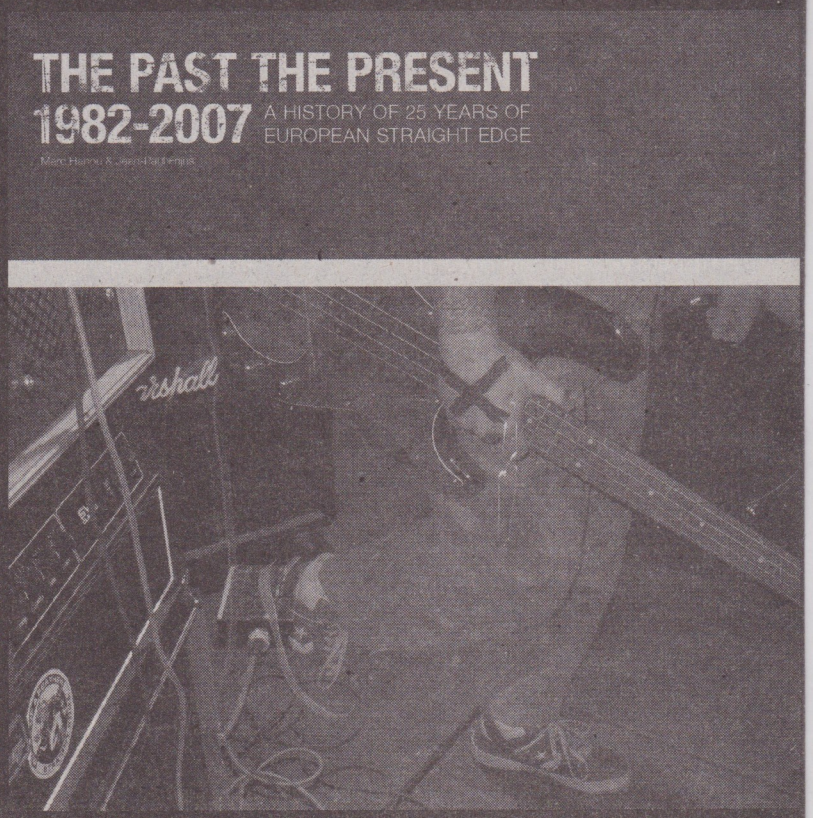
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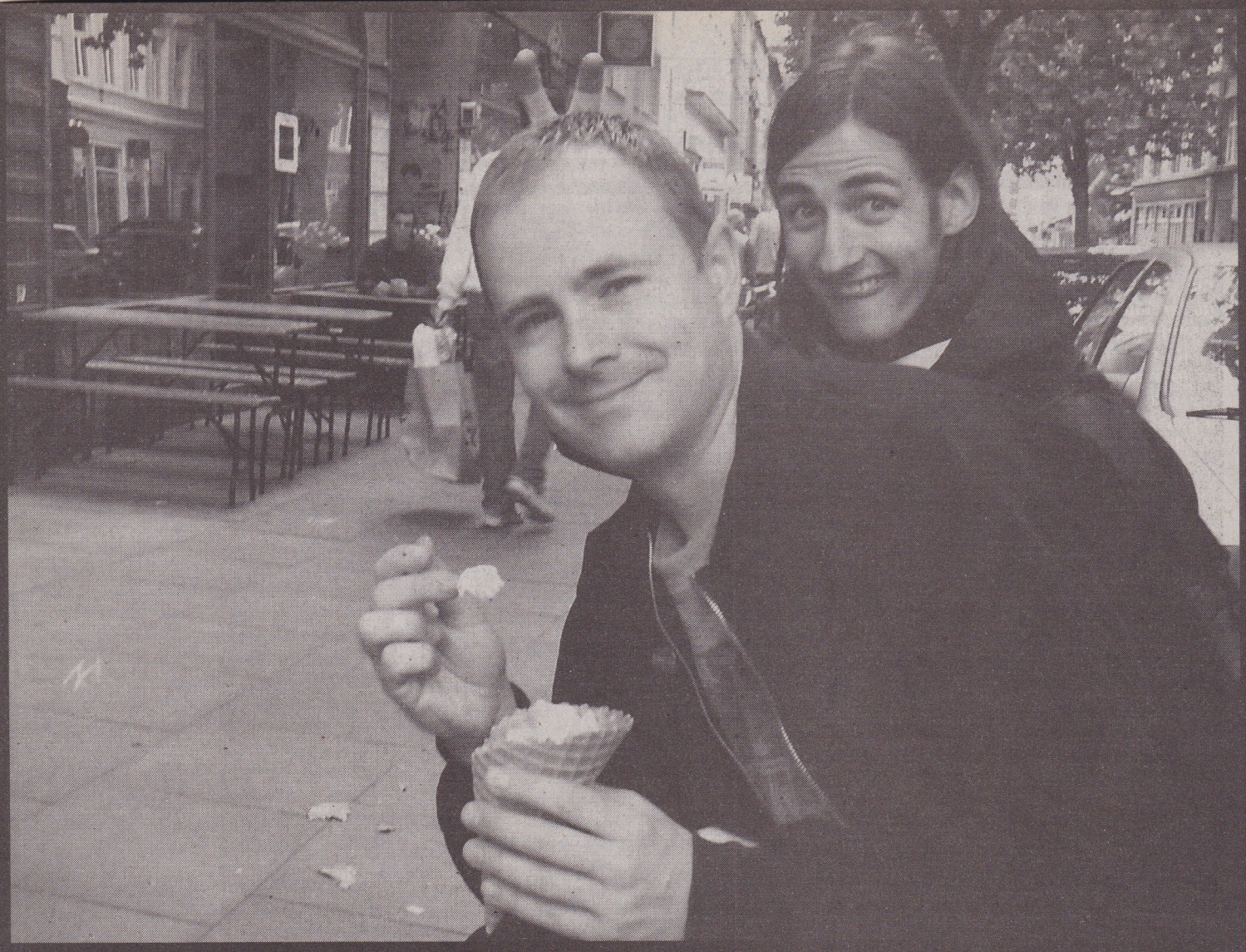

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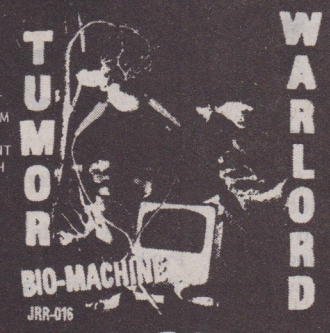

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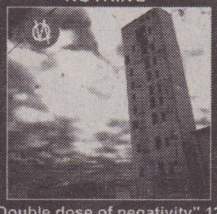

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BÄRCHEN UND DIE MILCHBUBIS

I recently became obsessed on a band with the sort of vigor not felt since I was a teenager; the kind of excitement that makes you wiggle their existence into every conversation, exercising media worship through incessant dubbing, posting, and burning. The Hannover, Germany punk group Bärchen Und Die Milchbubis [BUM] have been my said fixation, and although celebrated and documented in their own country, remain a bit obscured all the way in San Francisco. Although they only existed from 1979-83, BUM released some of the best female-fronted, driving new wave post-punk of their generation. Like other matches in the punk explosion during those years, BUM's ability to harness punk affliction with pure songwriting talent and teenage cool was just effortless and natural sounding, even listening some thirty years later. I chatted with the singer, Annette and the bassist, Kai about the Hannover scene, No Fun Records, Cold War symptoms, their appearance on a television show called Bananas, their records being pressed by milkmaids, the first 7" becoming a ring-tone, and their guitarist becoming a world-renowned physicist. I would highly-recommend watching their videos and live performances online, and hopefully this interview will give you no other option but to pursue your own obsession!

Interview and Intro by Jess Scott
Photos courtesy of the band's archive
Conducted December 2011

Please note: The abbreviation DDR stands for Deutsche Demokratische Republik, or the Eastern part of Germany belonging to the Soviets during the Cold War.
Also, AK denotes an answer from both Annette and Kai, while A and K refer to them speaking individually.

MRR: Let's start by talking about how you all met: Who started the band in its inception? Discuss the context of your starting the group also—what was your impression of punk then? Were there other bands?

AK: Hannover '79: Punk rock flooded the land and swept away the frustration about the political situation (i.e. Der Deutsche Herbst, RAF, and anti-Nuclear-Power-Movements). Everybody who wanted to articulate his anger played in a band (or at least carried the beer, or tried do have sex with the guitar player). Hollow Skai was the only person who had no sex at all, that's why he founded his label, No Fun Records. He also wrote and edited a then-famous fanzine with the same name. The label was a platform for the leftist punk rock band, Hans-A-Plast (with an anarchy "A" in the middle). No Fun focused the energy of young musicians of our town.

A: I also shared an apartment with Hans-A-Plast at the time, and they knew these sweet young boys who were looking for a singer. So, it was

like an arranged marriage. I was 19; Rudolf, 17; Andreas, 18; and when Kai joined us, he was 16.

MRR: I tried to interview Hans-A-Plast a couple of years back but for reasons of shyness or language, it wasn't very meaty. So, where did punk arrive from, as you came to know it in Hannover? Berlin? England? New York? And did it arrive all over West Germany at the same time?

AK: Düsseldorf believes that German punk started there at the Ratinger Hof [*a local music club*]. Hamburg was very political, Berlin was dark and intellectual, Hannover was rock-y, and the South of Germany mainly refused the spirit. Everybody was listening to the same bands: the Ramones, Sex Pistols, Stooges, and Johnny Moped. There were punk festivals all around. The guitarist of the Hannover band Rotzkotz, Dieter, went to New York and sent us music from there. He founded the infamous band New York Niggers, with their hit, *My Heart is Burning like Dresden* 45 (give me release, please, please).

MRR: That's interesting how there were such distinct lines around the different cities in Germany—I'm not sure if we hear much about that over here. Was there much information coming from punks in East Germany? Were you all "political" before starting the band? How did you get your energy/ideas out before BUM? Also, besides people bringing stuff back from New York, was most of your information on punk just from buying records? Were German record shops carrying a lot of punk by '79?

K: Information from the East was sparse. We had a fan from East Germany who wrote us. We asked him what style DDR Punx featured, and were shocked: they didn't even have Dosenbier beer out of cans! We played several times in West Berlin, but never got beyond the wall. Although the Frontier-Army would have let us in, as sweet and well dressed as we were. Politically: that was Zeitgeist.

A: Before BUM, we were pupils and our energy had no aim. I was the only one who demonstrated a lot, and had since I was sixteen. The boys were anti; against anything—even themselves. There was no private radio, but federal radio had a lot of formats for exciting music. We listened to Alan Bangs and John Peel. And we had record shops full of indie vinyl. BUM records were pressed 300 kilometers from Hannover on a farm. They had two presses, which were worked by hand. The women, who usually milked the cows, moved away the hay and pressed our blood into vinyl.

MRR: Wait will you elaborate on that farm? Is that really true? And so, in a way, you found out more about the situation in the DDR through this fan than you did through the media?

AK: Farm: true. (I remember it as true, so it is true!) DDR: We were concerned with our situation; probably no one ever believed the wall would fall. And if it did fall we all imagined 50,000 Soviet tanks rolling over the Norddeutsche Tiefebene [*North German lowlands region*], which would be flooded by the way, so the tanks would sink. That was the official scenario.

MRR: It's hard to imagine that kind of anxiety about the USSR in today's context. We forget that in the Cold War, we were all scared of each other, which is easy to ignore in light of the West "winning." So you felt an almost omnipresent doomsday scenario? Annette, which political causes especially drew you in to protesting? What was your relationship with feminism?

A: My reasons: desperation, loneliness, the hope of dying while dancing the pogo. And, my love for Martin (we've been married since 1988), then the bassist and singer of Der Moderne Man. And I'm still a feminist. I hope you are too.

MRR: Of course! Tell me briefly about Der Moderne Man, I've never heard of them. Who they were? What sort of music?

AK: They had good lyrics. We sometimes covered "Gib mir den Tod." They were also in Hannover and on No Fun Records. The anxiety of the early '80s seemed real though, unlike today where we fear more abstract things like climate collapse, capitalism, globalization, terrorism, and fanatics. But as BUM, we were looking for *fun*, and a smart attitude against serious and/or self-important people. Perhaps that was part of our success, as both the critics and street punks respected us. (While you're typing, we are listening to your *Maximumrocknroll* radio channel... and enjoying.)

MRR: Well, a lot can be said of the many different dimensions of a band, especially a punk band (the politics, et cetera) but also your music was just *so good*, so I'm not surprised you won over both. It amazes me that, although it was early in the "produced" sound of punk records, you were able to make your songs so "big" and heavy, but still polished. Was there a primary songwriter? Annette, did you always write the lyrics? Also how did recording your singles and LP come about? Were there demos first, then a record? How did you get it to sound so epic? I'm thinking especially about "Tefseefisch," "Muskeln," and "Ich Will Nix älter Werden" are just *gigantic* sounding. Also, what are those songs about? Who made the "Tefseefisch" music video? It's so cool.

A: "Tiefseefisch" was inspired by the same named play by Marieluise Fleißer written in 1930. She described exactly my feelings how men put bitterness in our (women's) love. The video was made by Michael Bentele, before the tracks from the LP were ready, so we had to take the live version. Michael Bentele then was a film student and it was his first project at the Bavarian Film University. He made a film about German bands, called *Deutsche Welle*. Along with BUM, Palais Schaumburg and Einstürzende Neubauten. He saw us at the Jubel '81 Tour and asked us to take part. Later he became the director of the only German video broadcast, *Formel 1*. "Ich Will Nix älter Werden" is about the wish to stay young. "Muskeln"—we all admired Blondie. We tried to sound a little bit in this direction. The lyrics are about being strong and striking back, being full of power, physically but also evil and bitchy—because if you don't like me, why should I be kind to you?

AK: [Recording] worked this way: We stood at our mini-rehearsal room and when anyone had an idea we all tried to associate and bring it to life. We never made a demo tape for the records. When we had our first four songs (including the still well-known "Jung Kaputt Apart Altersheime") Hans-A-Plast took us to their gigs, we played in their pauses. One day we were surprised by their question: "Do you have time on Tuesday?" They had booked a studio in the alternative Ton-Cooperative. Rudolf [BUM guitarist] was very unhappy because he was a purist and they put an old-fashioned Phaser effect on his guitar. For our LP, we had a more clear vision: we wanted a direct, simple, and gripping sound. We had become quite good while playing many live gigs.

A: Every little thing could inspire me. I'd come up with lyrics, but the boys were very rigid. But they also saved me from embarrassment. And they had handmade a vocal PA for me, that shined the louder you would sing. If I listen to rappers today and their way of saying things, I feel a little bit ashamed. But simplicity was part of our charm.

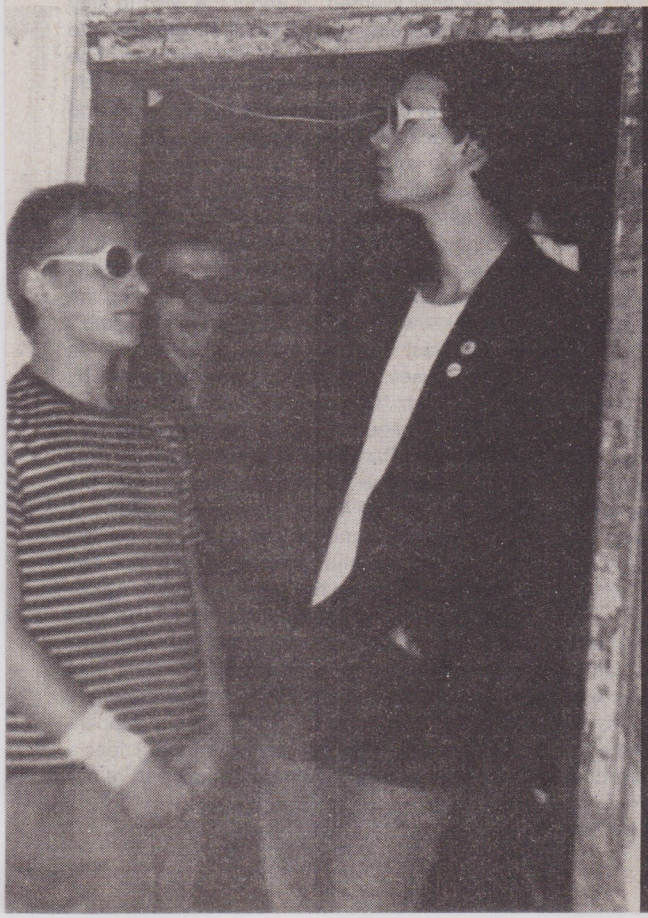
MRR: What do you mean, about rap?
A: I like their way of expressing themselves with words, far beyond our possibilities at the time.

MRR: Were you aware of some of the other women punk bands coming out of Europe at that time? Kleenex were Swiss but they were around a lot, I gather…
A: We knew Kleenex and liked them very much. I think Hans-A-Plast played some gigs with them. I admired Klaudia Schifferle. She is a well-known painter now and exhibited at the *Documenta 82*—a very important show (BUM had a gig at the *Documenta*). I don't know an international band of today that sounds like BUM.

MRR: Let's talk about your first single, *Jung Kaputt Apart Altersheime.* There is a great video online of you guys playing on a stage to a pretty huge crowd in some sort of studio—where is this footage from? Were you able to tour after this? Where and when did you tour if so? Did you go with Hans-A-Plast?
AK: This was filmed live at the Münchener Rocktage (Munich Rockdays), located in a former US-Army caserne, a kind of a festival supported by Bavarian television and radio. It was a mixture of ambitious and popular music. When we played there we were taken as the bad quality of the festival on an important cultural TV-Magazine (Aspekte). There were only few shows on German television at this time, not even every local TV station had its own shows. The song survived our band and had a second as a handy-melody [*a ringtone*]. The slogan, "Jung kaputt spart Altersheime" could be found on the walls of many illegal occupied houses, it [translated to] something like: "Young broken-up conserve/save old homes." It's a song about drinking and having fun drinking too much. From 1980 to 1983 we had several little tours and gigs all around Germany, and one in Austria. Jubel '81 was a tour we did with all the No Fun Records bands. The peak of our success was a playback-show at the TV-Format *Bananas*, the only show on German TV to show music. (That was way before *MTV Germany*.) And the teen magazine *Bravo* also featured us, which was astonishing. Also the German top-intellectual-music-pope Diedrich Diedrichsen saw something subversive in us and wrote an essay about us in *Sounds*, then the only serious music magazine.

MRR: I found your contact info through getting in touch with Diedrich, did I tell you that? What were the other No Fun bands? And what ever happened to Hollow Skai?
AK: No Fun bands (besides the aforementioned): Die Cretins, with their hit "Samen im Darm" (later covered by German heroes Die Ärzte), A5, and The 39 Clocks. We were all obsessed with The 39 Clocks, these two guys and their "Psychotic Beat" as they called their music. It was a blend of Velvet Underground and Suicide. We covered their song "DNS" and watched them in summer, when they jumped from shadow to shadow, as they wanted to preserve their pale skin. They always wore black, and BUM always wore baby or navy-blue. The 39 Clocks had breakfast with strawberry sparkling wine. We had one gig, where they played our songs, and vice versa. It was love (non-sexually). Hollow Skai is still writing and editing, he has a blog called "Skai Channel."

MRR: Good info on the 39 Clocks--they had a great reissue not too long ago. They did come across as quite serious in all of their art, photos, and music. So, I dread asking this question because it is so expected: Why did you break up? And tell me about your last show? Do you have copies of all your own records and have you ever reissued anything?
AK: Sure, we got all our three and a half records. We don't want commercial reissues, that's why we made the songs available for free download at our website www.baerchen-und-die-milchbubis.de. Hope it still works. We allowed a fan to bring out some songs on a CD sampler. To tell the end of Bärchen und die Milchbubis takes some time…
A: Traditionally, we made a concert at my birthday—our last one was on my 23rd birthday, in Hannover at The Bad with Palais Schaumburg from Hamburg. The end: We developed. Annette grew more and more anxieties, Kai started to listen to soul, Andreas had a girlfriend, who was obsessed by the ghost of Yoko Ono, and Rudolf didn't want to play more than one tone. He believed everything is included in a single tone, if it's the right one. After we discussed it, he was willing in to change his tone... Thank you, Rudolf! Now he has become one of world's most important physicists, exploring quantum physics. The time was over, but we are still grateful for being part of the band and the exciting spirit. Without the band I would've been the lonely women, being the last one at the bar, going home with the wrong man.
K: I continued with music, had a German p-funk outfit and experienced mass sex parties. I'm a film journalist now (and it sucks). So enjoy your time to the maximum.



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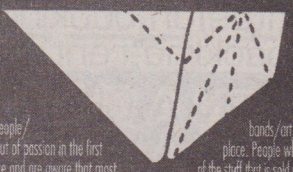

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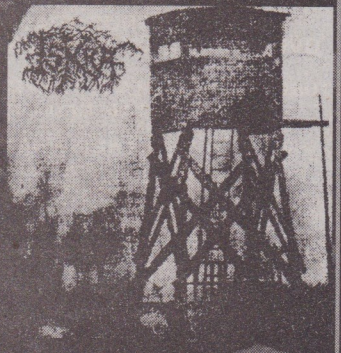

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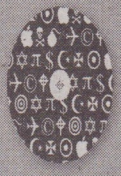

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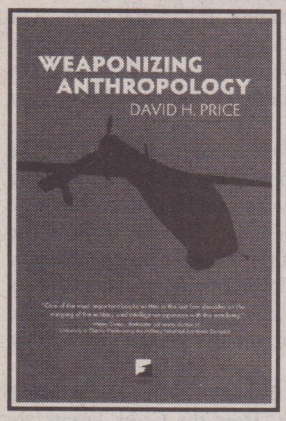


Weaponizing Anthropology: Social Science in the Service of the State
David H. Price
200 pages Ÿ $15.95
AK Press
www.akpress.org

I've been applying for scholarships to study Arabic abroad recently, and I've waded through the paperwork for enough to understand the warnings of my more ethically-minded academic comrades who have consistently cautioned me to keep a diligent eye out for programs with dubious relationships to anything including the words "defense," "intelligence," "security," or "counter-"anything. And my friends have had good reason to give me this heads up: from the Boren Program, which offers loans for students learning rarely available languages in return for mandatory government (including military) service, to all sorts of programs involving our local Monterrey Language Institute, which feeds straight into spy agencies, someone interested in learning a language deemed "strategic" is navigating a minefield when trying to steer clear of people hoping to sponsor one's linguistic skills with the hope of one day using them to murder people.

David Price's *Weaponizing Anthropology* documents the contours of the militarization of social science, focusing on anthropology, as the title suggests. This is an especially useful field to focus on; as any student who has taken anthropology classes can remember, the field is obsessed with owning up to its own murky past complicity with colonialism and racism in ways which imply that such nasty days are luckily behind us now. If anyone needed to be convinced otherwise, this volume is the place to start. From cataloging CIA sponsorship of students who spy on everyone from their classmates to professors to host-families while on study abroad trips, to exposing blatant plagiarism of real academic research in military goon training manuals, Price's muckraking does more to document the relationship between knowledge and coercive power than most self-styled "Foucauldian" scholarship likes to flatteringly imagine itself to be doing.

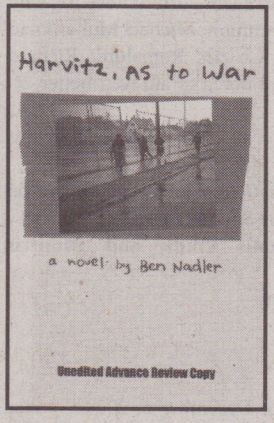
Part One of the book documents the reemergence of an energetic CIA operating inside the university in the post-9/11 period. The shadowy networks of military funded research programs, covert student funding in exchange for ratting out suspicious dorm mates, and intimidation of critics portrays an academy unable (or unwilling) to resist the encroachment of military funds into their strangled budgets.

From there, Part Two describes the development of the "Human Terrain Team;" a squad of social science trained lackeys deployed to zones of conflict, where they take orders from military types eager to find out about the "culture" of the populations they occupy, in order to better "understand" them. This means collecting as much kinship, linguistic, and general cultural information on locals as possible. Of course this is all done under the NPR-friendly guise of raising the "cultural sensitivity" of the Marine Corps, so as to avoid violence on the ground. In actuality, Price conclusively demonstrates how this information is often used by the military to influence decisions regarding arrests and assassinations. Yet the sugarcoated media coverage of these intellectual hit-squads drones nauseatingly on, even as many former participants defect and tell the truth about what they've been up to to people like Price.

Finally, Part Three delves into the shoddy and hilariously oversimplified anthropological theory that comes out of these military-funded teams. We are informed, for example, in the *Special Forces Advisor Guide*, that Sub-Saharan African culture (apparently all of them) believe human nature to be an "unchangeable mixture of good and evil, but with more evil than good," while all the cultures of Central and South America are "present-oriented," unlike "future-oriented" northern neighbors. Price amply shows how this most unethically gathered anthropological information is the molded by prevailing assumptions in military and policy circles into essentially racist mumbo-jumbo.

One doesn't have to be an anthropologist or an academic of any type to flip through this volume and shudder at the utter contempt for critical thought harbored by the flunkies who organize these programs. What makes one even more concerned is how easily they lure in participants willing to put their cursory knowledge of other cultures to work for Uncle Sam and his goons with guns. Perhaps one shouldn't be surprised, living in a society that so skillfully appropriates all of our labor, be it material, intellectual, or "creative," and objectifies it into something which can be used to oppress others and ourselves. Indeed, many others besides those documented in these pages are oblivious to the fact that they are often the most willing accomplices in their own cooptation and alienation. But we all have the responsibility to reveal the terrain of struggle as such, a task admirably taken up by David Price in these pages and thus well worth your time and mine.

—Matthew Collado



Harvitz, As to War
Ben Nadler
314 pages • $14.95
Iron Diesel Press
www.irondieselpress.com

First off, there will be no spoilers in this review, even though it would make writing this a hundred times easier. So please read on without fear.

It's obvious that author Ben Nadler grew up in punk rock. His novel of a young man's first few decades includes a very accurate portrayal of the young man as a current-day gutter punk. This means *Harvitz, As to War* (named after his main character, Sam Harvitz) lands firmly in the small but growing selection of well-written fiction about punks by punks: *Taqwacores* by Michael Muhammad Knight, *Salad Days* by Charles Romalotti, *Welfare Wednesdays* by Chris Walter, and *Punker Than You* by Dave McIntyre, among a handful of others. Like these other authors, Nadler is unflinching in documenting the adventures, the joys, the struggles, and the self-imposed poverty of punk. There are few problems that can sink a book quicker than inauthentic portrayals of a subculture, and obviously books reviewed in *Maximumrocknroll* should have their portrayal of punk accurate down to the last tarnished stud on the proverbial worn-out leather jacket!

But inauthenticity is the first thing that came to mind as I read this well-written novel—until I realized that instead of inauthenticity, *Harvitz, As to War* reminded me of existentialist novels like Albert Camus' *The Stranger*. What I first thought was a character that evolved with no well-defined motivation is really a character that is buffeted by circumstance. Harvitz is searching for the unfindable and yearning to replace the irreplaceable. As the novel continues, Harvitz's complicated path through life exemplifies Jean-Paul Satre's existentialist motto, "existence precedes essence." In other words, what a person does informs his or her identity/essence. (Paraphrasing the online Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy at plato.stanford.edu/, "existence" defines *that* one is, while "essence" defines *what* one is).

In the course of *Harvitz, As to War,* Sam Harvitz, caught up in his undiagnosed

existentialist journey, makes a series of life-changing decisions that are initially perplexing and counterintuitive. It's as if a long-time punk suddenly decides to join the military—which reminded me of Colby Buzzell's memoir *My War*. I picked up *My War* to see if Colby's real-life experiences could shed some light on Sam Harvitz' fictional ones.

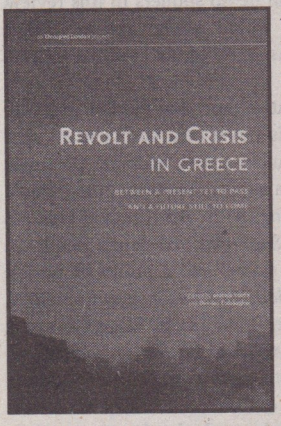
As a quick introduction, Colby Buzzell grew up in the East Bay punk scene, going to Gilman Street and seeing bands—I've known him for more than a decade. In the early 2000s, he joined the Army and fought in Iraq, writing an excellent, initially anonymous blog from the war-zone called "My War" (yes, named after the Black Flag song). After leaving the military, Buzzell got a book deal (he just released a new one, *Lost In America*, that's in my "to-read" pile) and has popped up on NPR and magazines like Esquire ever since.

Re-reading "My War," I was struck that Buzzell's motivation for joining the Army mirrors Sam Harvitz' motivations in its existentialist approach: "I was sick of living my life in oblivion where every fucking day was the same fucking thing as the day before, and the same fucking routine day in and day out" (p. 21, "My War"). Buzzell radically changed his existence, and therefore part of his essence and his identity; Harvitz does the same, except in very different circumstances and in a less deliberate way. To be clear, Harvitz' motivations are never so clearly, profanely, forcefully spelled out. It's a good thing because such clarity of mind would be out of character and *Harvitz, As to War* would lose some of its thrall.

This novel is skillfully and lovingly written. It's clear that Nadler spent a lot of time nailing down the various characters and the interrelationships between them. The structure of the plot is complicated as it winds its way through the book's 300-plus pages, yet it never gets bogged down in too many details or too long of a tangent. Instead, the novel reads as a young man's real-life memoir, wandering from episode to episode, eventually travelling from North Jersey to San Francisco and back to New York City's Tompkins Square Park.

It is his first novel, which is astonishing considering that most first novels are best left on the shelf unread. This book is a keeper and marks Ben Nadler as the next writer that deserves a place along other excellent current novelists who came out of the punk scene, including Kristyn Dunnion, Michael Muhammad Knight, Dave McIntyre, Johnny Ostentatious, Charles Romalotti, Richard Turgeon, and Chris Walter. Welcome aboard and here's to an even better 2nd novel!

—Jesse Luscious



Revolt and Crisis in Greece: Between a Present Yet to Pass and a Future Still to Come
Edited by Antonis Vradis and Dimitris Dalakoglou
350 pages • $18.00
AK Press
www.akpress.org

On the evening of December 6, 2008 a police bullet pierced the chest of a fifteen-year-old student named Alexandros Grigoropoulos as he walked through the Exarcheia neighborhood of Athens. Within an hour the boy was dead, and within two the city streets flooded with mobs of enraged Athenians. The following days and weeks would show a kind of demonstration not seen in Greece for decades. Students, workers and immigrants all took to the streets, occupied buildings, clashed with police and left a trail of destroyed shops and burnt-out cars in their wake. When the first of these images reached the United States it provoked a committed Marxist friend of mine to remark, "Something's finally happening. This will be our May '68."

Revolt and Crisis in Greece collects documents from the last three years in an attempt to establish the political and historical significance of the events that followed that bloody night in December. Was this the beginning of something new, a global movement against the abuses of capital and power? Or would it become another failed revolt, a rebellion quelled before could ever get going? After the events of the last two years—the student riots in France, the unfolding drama of the Arab Spring, and the "Occupy movements" in the US—these questions seem relevant as ever. Greece has a history of insurrectionist activity dating back at least forty years, and in some sense the events of 2008 take place within a wide and deep tradition of radical movements in the country. But in a broader sense, the legacy of the December riots undoubtedly extends well beyond the borders of Greece; indeed the implications and repercussions of this one country's crisis loom largely both in the foreground and form the backdrop of a world teetering on the edge of economic disaster.

Revolt and Crisis presents a thorough, if sometimes dense, collection of accounts and analyses of the riots, the subsequent crisis still facing Greece, and it's connection to the larger one still spreading throughout the world. The book contains essays and dispatches from a dozen or so contributors and is divided into three parts: the first dealing with the actual site of the events, the streets of Athens, and offers a detailed history of the spatial and class composition of the city that houses nearly half of Greece's population. The second attempts to delineate the events that took place that December and wrest them from their depictions in the mainstream media. The final part presents the Greek crisis in a larger sense and context, estimating its relevance for the future and its relation to the past.

While the first section is definitely necessary to frame the rest of the book, the real substance only appears in the second and third parts. The section focusing on the December upheaval attempts to present the riots through the lens of those who participated, those whose lives and livelihoods are ultimately at stake. The essays here deal primarily with the triumphs of the struggle: the spontaneous forms of organization, the rise of alternative media and communication as tools for revolt, and the creation of new political subjectivities. For the most part the essays are clear and the insights often trenchant, though some begin to falter under a convoluted use of academic jargon.

The final section of the book moves into the theoretical realm and probably contains most of the more memorable essays. Here the Greek events are examined in relation to the increasingly global crisis, and their significance culled for future movements from the streets of Athens. The essays probe the meaning of debt-crisis for the world economy and try to establish a political and economic context for a new kind of struggle. David Graeber contributes a fascinating essay here about the long history of debt as it has historically manifested itself in Greece, and the Children of the Gallery collective offer an astute and critical account of the current debt crisis and the response (or lack of) from the working class. The final essay by Alex Trocchi synthesizes the heart of the book as he calls for a new kind of revolt for the Austerity Era—one which transcends both the limitations of identity politics and worn-out tactics of the anti-globalization movements of the '90s and early '00s.

As the world moves further into an era of deep structural crisis, the likes of which is unprecedented in our lifetime, the lessons from the streets of Athens will come to bear heavily on a new era of resistance. The future for Greece still wavers in uncertainty: despite the resignation of PM George Papandreou, the EU bailout austerity measures are still on the table, threatening to thrust Greece into more all out social war once again. At the same time, the "Occupy" movements in the US have seen increased militancy, with a clear anarchist presence really being catalyzing from the start. But is the Greek model completely applicable outside its own geographical and economic specificity?

Greece occupies a very different position in the world-system than other Western European nations and the United States. Tactics executed with some success within a peripheral economy can prove disastrous in a core nation and this fact gets largely glossed over within *Revolt and Crisis*. The ongoing struggles of the "Arab Spring" share much more in common with the forms of organization seen in the streets of Athens than the recent revolts in France and the UK, but the results toppled governments in one instance and led to widespread police repression in another. No theory of revolt or mode of organization applies universally, and for any resistance movement to flourish it must maintain a critical gaze and refuse the temptation to inflate the efficacy of tactics and transform them into rules.

The global abuses of capital penetrate every border and every economy, but not every nation is in a position to revolt in the same manner. What made Greece a success—its indomitable refusal to reformism, its spontaneity, its impetus to community—does warrant admiration and respect. But its failures too must be examined and charted lest we fall into a trap of blind romanticism and emulation. *Revolt and Crisis* documents a particular time and place in the global resistance to capital and as such it can offer a site, not of idealizing and remembering, but of strategizing. The future for Greece as for the rest of us is still unwritten, and whether the events of Athens will become the moment that started it all, or just another squelched revolt, will be left to the coming years to decide.

— Matthew McKenzie

MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

DON'T FORGET THE MOTOR CITY

" Don't get angry" is the warning my friend sends me off with as I leave to go see **It Came From Detroit**. I just laugh it off, but as I walk to the Roxie cinema I have to wonder. I like to think I always watch films with an open mind and I know I always prefer seeing a film I like. I hate wasting my time. But if this film makes me mad, so be it.

It Came From Detroit documents the rise of the garage rock scene in Detroit from the late '80s to The White Stripes' explosion in the early '00s. Starting with the Gories, **It Came From Detroit** shows the development of a scene where like-minded musicians play shows mostly for each other. The bands set up shows wherever they can including a coffee shop and a bowling alley bar. If you know anything about music history, all the great bands usually start off this humbly. There were some amazing bands in Detroit in the '90s such as The Gories, Demolition Doll Rods, The Dirtbombs, The Hentchmen, Bantam Rooster, The Dirtys, etc.

I have never been to Detroit, but I have always been a fan of the bands I have heard from there. It is interesting to see where these bands come from and what made them into what they are. **It Came From Detroit** does a great job of establishing the sense of time and place. There is some good footage of the bands performing. I particularly like seeing Rocket 455 whom I own a bunch of their records, but I have never seen them live.

Then The White Stripes hit, and the world's attention suddenly becomes focused on Detroit. Although the band was steadily gaining popularity in the United States, they hit it big in the UK. The story of their rise is covered in detail in **It Came From Detroit**. Looking back it seems surprising that the band people thought was going to be the big band from Detroit was The Go. They were signed to Subpop and Jack White played guitar with them before leaving to focus on his own band. Yet they never seemed to catch on outside of their hometown. The White Stripes go to grab all the attention.

Admirably **It Came From Detroit** doesn't end on The White Stripes' high note. The film goes on to cover the aftermath of being the next musical hotbed to being a disappointment to the press and the music industry. The bands that are presented at this point are less interesting than the ones who came before. They seem to be more self-consciously aware of what they have to gain or lose. That is never a good thing in regards to making music. The only band who seems to prosper post-White Stripes is The Dirtbombs. Drummer Ben Blackwell jokes early in the film how the band is unmarketable, but that hasn't stopped them from showing up on television commercials and as the poster band for Scion. At this point **It Came From Detroit** rambles on too long. Every time the film is finally being wrapped up, another band is introduced. I get the impression the filmmaker kept realizing he forgot another friend's band and just tacked them on the end to make sure they were included.

It Came From Detroit doesn't make me mad. The film glosses over any rumored controversy associated with the Detroit scene. When the White Stripes become the next big thing and everyone expects Detroit to follow in Seattle's footsteps as the place where all the great bands are, the bands in the film just sulk and whine that it didn't work out that way. They don't seem to hold any grudges against Jack White. How could they? Who becomes popular and who doesn't is always a mystery. Seattle ended up with four or five really popular bands, but you need to remember how many other bands were signed in the wake of Nirvana. The odds aren't good. (www.itcamefromdetroit.com)

I always joke about the never-ending barrage of unauthorized music documentaries that have been coming out. It will never make sense that some of the biggest and/ or most influential bands or musicians of the past decades can't have a proper documentary. Although I am aware of the myriad of reasons why it doesn't happen, it is still frustrating as a music fan to have to settle for these less than complete films.

Brian Eno The Man Who Fell To Earth 1971-1977 is latest unauthorized documentary to make its way to me. I am wowed by the two and a half hour running time on this documentary which covers a mere seven years of Eno's career. Although the film inevitably drags at times, particularly when the music critics are rambling on about something or another, it does a great job of showing just how much activity Eno packed into these few years.

Brian Eno The Man Who Fell To Earth 1971-1977 begins with Eno joining Roxy Music at the band's formation. He started off as the band's technical advisor since he did not play any musical instruments, but was interested in recording. Bandmate Andy Mackay owned a synthesizer, which was a rarity at the time. Eno became interested in it, mastered it and began to use it in the band. From there Eno's musical career as a self-proclaimed non-musician began.

Eno records two records with Roxy Music then moves on to a solo career releasing four albums. He also expands on his interest in experimental and avant-garde music while recording with King Crimson guitarist Robert Fripp and German band Cluster, starting a record label Obscure Records to release music by modern experimental composers, releasing his own ambient records and eventually writing songs and producing records with David Bowie. How he managed to fit all of this into seven short years is one of the most intriguing aspects of **Brian Eno The Man Who Fell To Earth 1971-1977**.

As with other unauthorized documentaries those interviewed are mostly music critics who have endless smug opinions on the work of Eno. **Brian Eno The Man Who Fell To Earth 1971-1977** does manage to get a few interesting interviews with some musicians who performed with Eno. The most fascinating is Brian Turrington of the English pub rock band The Winkies. After Eno released his debut solo album *Here Come The Warm Jets* he needed to go on tour to promote it. Since he used all of Roxy Music minus Bryan Ferry plus many other well-known musicians to record the album, he needed to find a band to back him on tour. He saw The Winkies at the Kensington Club and asked them to be the band. Turrington's recollections of the experience provide the best and most fascinating insight into Eno's persona. Although Eno with The Winkies would last only five shows before Eno's hospitalization cancelled the rest of the tour, Turrington would continue to work with Eno on his solo albums.

I would assume the goal of an unauthorized biography is to expose more people to the music of the subject. **Brian Eno The Man Who Fell To Earth 1971-1977** manages to present the music and the personality of Brian Eno in a compelling way. It is impossible not to want to put on one of his records after watching it.
(www.chromedreams.co.uk)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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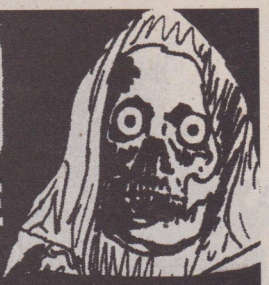

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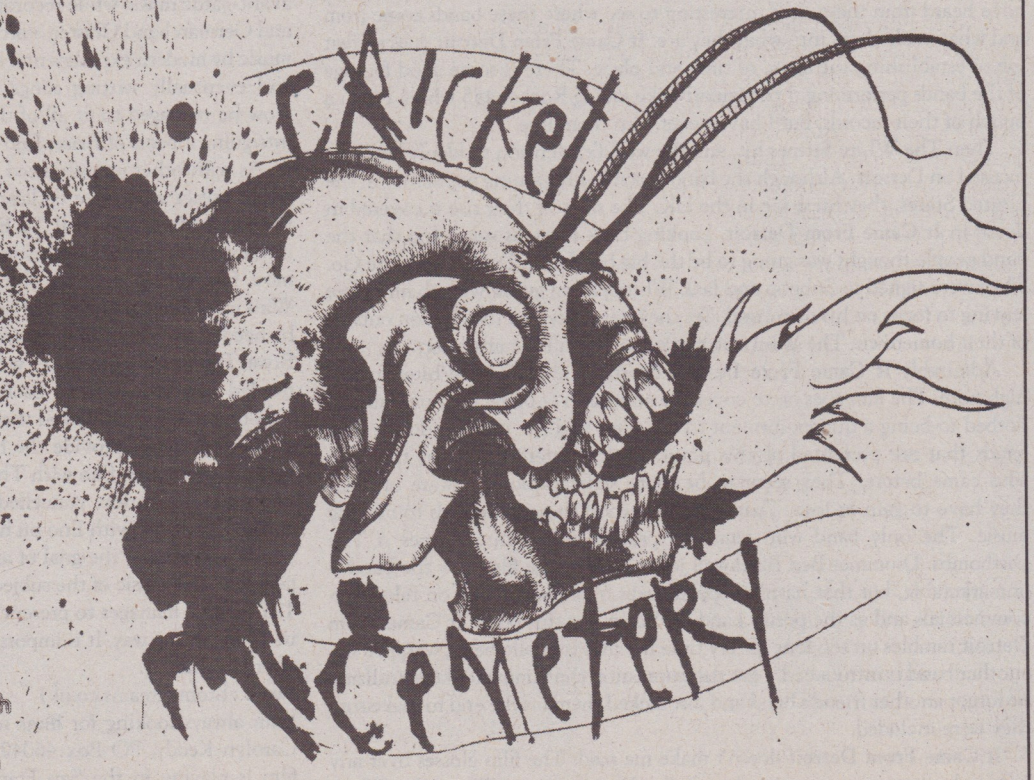

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RECORDS

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3 TOED SLOTH – "I Didn't Know I Loved Ya Until I Saw You Rock'n'Roll/Non-Alignment Pact"

Australia's 3 TOED SLOTH, who I certainly hope you are familiar with by now, pummel GARY GLITTER and PERE UBU in a way few other bands are capable of. "I Didn't Know…", a famed glam banger, is transformed into a savage, hard-as-all-hell chunk of thud that would fit nicely on FEEDTIME's *Cooper-S* album. Their interpretation of "Non-Alignment Pact" (one of my all-time favorite songs!) is delivered in a similarly propulsive way, putting their unique stamp on the tune but keeping its eeriness firmly in tact. Two tricky covers pulled off with ease…Color me impressed. (MC)
(Negative Guest List)

THE AFTERNOON GENTLEMEN – "Pissedography" CD

A collection of all the early TAG studio recordings. Well, not exactly since even their recent tracks from their 2010 split with CYBORG are on this CD. All in all you get tracks from their splits with CYBORG and OSK, the comp *European Fastness*, their *The Afterdoom* EP and their *Pissed Again* 7". Thirty eight tracks of excellent grindcore with powerviolence and fastcore leanings. I've always liked the AFTERNOON GENTLEMEN's take on grindcore. They've taken the sense of humor from powerviolence (lots of songs about drinking) and play mostly grindcore. There are a few tracks that are pure powerviolence. If you ever wondered what SPAZZ or LACK OF INTEREST would sound like if they were grindcore bands then listen to this. Excellent stuff. (MH)
(Give Praise)

ALICJA POP – "I Play the Fool/Water Death"

This is Alicja Trout of RIVER CITY TANLINES fame. This is, presumably, her outlet for being a little lighter, more poppy and less thrashy/heavy. On its own it is an awesome slice of poppy goodness. Taken in the context of some of the other things she's done, like RIVER CITY TANLINES, it becomes even a little more impressive. The first ALICJA POP record, or at least the first (and only) one that I am aware of, I remember being much lighter and poppier. You can really hear the RIVER CITY TANLINES, particularly in the guitar riff in the title track. Still, it's got that ethereal pop thing going on. Brilliant. (KK)
(Certified PR)

ANTI-TODO – "Buenos Y Malos Rock de Protesta" CD

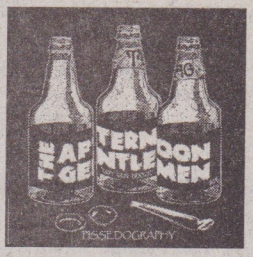
This comes from a bundle of mostly CD-Rs I got for review this month from Colombia! Upon further investigation, ANTI-TODO has been punking around Medellin since 1987. This recording is from 2006-2007 and covers all the bases between brutal hardcore punk, sing a long street punk, a touch of ska, and thrash. The drums bash right up front in the mix, mostly a simple unrelenting 1-2-1-2 beat, so even and consistent that I'm convinced it's probably a drum machine. Burly syncopated vocals keep things moving. The varied styles throughout the CD keep it interesting and prove that this band has probably made their mark in Colombia. Cool CD! (MA)
(Geminis Music Distro)

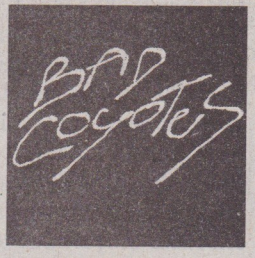
THE ASTRONAUTS – "Survivors" LP

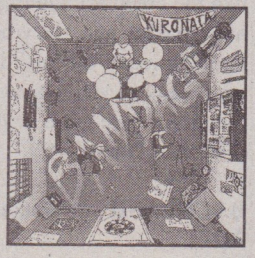
Another loving collection of ASTRONAUTS material from our mate Paco at LVEUM. This album combines two 1979 EPs and the tracks from a split EP. For me, the ASTRONAUTS populate the center of a Venn diagram (Free Punk?) where the '70s Free Festival scene, anarcho punk, folk punk, HAWKWIND, JOHN OTWAY, and PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY intersect. Full of ideas, wit, and a knowing, smart approach to punk rock that sadly often goes unappreciated. I'm pure loving this. (AM)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

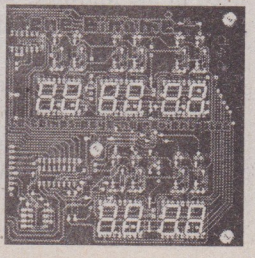
AUTARKEIA – LP

Heavy emo like it's 1995 all over again. This is pretty much done to a tee. The guitar (clean) noodles early and often, while the bass (distorted) thuds along. The drums are busy, but rather low in the mix. The singer is one "screaming away from the mic during a quiet part" away from being way too cheesy. For most of the record, the singer uses a raspy scream, but there are parts where she sings and kind of gives the songs a SUBMISSION HOLD vibe. In fact, the reference point of old Ebullition records is pretty good. If you want new stuff in that style, give this a spin. Heads up though, there are some glaring clipping issues on a couple songs. (LP)
(IFB)









AUTARKEIA / CLOUD RAT – split EP

Right out of the gate, CLOUD RAT grab you by the throat. The low end throbs while the vocals sear right through your skin…and then they go fast. Taking as many cues from HINKLEY and '90s Gravity records as from modern statemates like TORCHE, these two tracks will absolutely level you. Densely delivered impassioned hardcore—dark, deliberate and incredibly serious. I feel for any band on the back side of a record that is as devastating as the CLOUD RAT jams that started my evening, but thankfully AUTARKEIA are attempting something completely different, so I can skip any potentially unflattering comparisons. Slow paced anguished screamo with female vocals that sound like spitting glass… their track goes from quiet swaying introspection to soaring heart wrenching pleas over pained minor chords. This sounds like a teenage opus, and innocence is AUTARKEIA's principal appeal. (WN)
(IFB)

AXEMEN – "Nutsack/Nutshack Redemption Song"

The maniac sound of true NZ freaks, the A-side sounds like SWELL MAPS covering fucking CREEDENCE, weird classic rock vibes but totally shambolic and proudly dissolute. I mean this shit would make classic rock fans vomit up their boxed wine. The closest thing I can think of is *Meat Puppets II* but less shamanic, this is for when you are vomiting in the sand after you failed to find yourself in the desert. The B-Side is a cod reggae jam that sounds like the creepiest white rastas on the creepiest nugs making sure the vibe stays creepily dank. Are you ready for this? If you think you are I would advise you to seek out this band's entire output for pure mind meldage. (LG)
(Negative Guestlist)

BACKLASH – "Through Different Eyes" 2xLP

Jesus. This is pretty insane. Like *really* insane. I have some vague recollection of BACKLASH from back in my '90s SXE glory days, and from seeing their records alongside various other 2nd and 3rd tier SXE bonzers littering the dollar bins of the world (yeah, my bands too). Like many bands of the era, BACKLASH were one of the bigger regional bands, their home turf was NJ and neighboring NYC and PA. I lived in the Midwest, so I never heard much about them, but for their local heads coming up they were the shit, a regular fixture on the East Coast HC scene. Burly, no frills '90s East Coast Hawdcoah, Jersey accent and all. I was surprised to see they'd appeared on some fifteen releases during their eight year lifespan, including a Euro LP on Break Even Point: I suspect their name may carry more weight over there. It's clear from the care that went into the design and packaging they still mean a lot to some people. A definitive vinyl-only double LP retrospective with full color glossy images in the gatefold; I don't think Revelation or Bridge Nine have even gone to these lengths yet. (GB)
(1124)

BAD COYOTES – "When The Pack Comes Rollin" EP

Wow. This is pretty cool. Fast, '90s style garage punk with a great guitar sound. It is messy and distorted, but does have the basic elements of rock'n'roll with a bit of a bluesy feel. The recording is a bit on the lo-fi side, but that never bothers me. However I would like the vocals to be less buried in the mix. It seems the singer may have a cool voice, but the music overpowers it. It does always seem that if the record cover looks rather lame, (black front with band name in white, band photo of four regular looking guys standing next to a car in front of a church on back), that the music within has a better than average chance of being worth hearing. This record is. It should also be noted that this is the first release on Oakland's Eli's Mile High Records since 1984. Prior to this they only released blues records. (CK)
(Eli's Mile High)

BANDAGE – CD

Fat Wreck style pop-punk from Greece with lyrics in English. All the stereotypical aspects are present: super clean production, palm muting, soaring choruses, etc. It's really not a bad offering; the vocal delivery is subtle and effective, and there are some catchy parts, but I had no desire to revisit any of the songs. Unexceptional. (KM)
(Self-released)

BELLVUE – LP

Another sick Swiss punk rerelease… This compiles both the 7"s and has some really great sounding live stuff too. Apparently BELLVUE would meet in disused bomb-shelters and parking lots with other punks, which resulted in the creation of a dark foreboding sound that fits in somewhere between EBBA GRÖN and JOY DIVISION!? Seriously, some of it is really poppy and exuberant, sort of bringing to mind BUZZCOCKS or IVY GREEN even, but it has that driving bleak underlying quality always. Even the brighter songs have this doomed feel, you can picture the desolation and boredom of late the '70s. Creation out of dissolution… This is packaged beautifully, providing an exciting look back into one of the most cool/interesting European punk scenes, Zurich! There's a brief history of the band and photos, making it a reissue worth investing in if you are interested in Swiss punk and want to investigate further than KLEENEX and JACK AND THE RIPPERS… (LG)
(Static Age)

BIG HANDS – "Zombie Jesus" EP

The eight tracks by this Swedish band repetitively resonates on a melody-laced mid-tempo pummel, plunging a murky dip towards post-AMREP noise drench. They're also not too far off the dartboard from Copenhagen punk of a few years ago, where a melodic core worked to picture frame something similar to or inspired by '80s punk. The actual artistic interior or sounds spread in its own color and direction, so that the influences blurred to generalities as opposed to direct lineage. Similar to the Copenhagen bands, you're left with an overall impression of the sound as opposed to earworm-inducing memory, but it's a solid attack. The lyrics here are in English and dark, horror inspired expressing basic frustration, intertwining religious and undead imagery, anger and fear. (KS)
(Gaphals)

BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA – LP

Blackened full force grinding melodic crust from Northern California. There are a few breaks into BRAINOIL-esque sludge, and honestly the respites are welcome after getting your face melted by breakneck hardcore. They mix styles enough to keep things interesting ("Genetic Control" could be an IRON LUNG song, while "Nightmares" sounds like early '00s melodic crust on speed), but the attack is merciless regardless of its nature. Two dudes make this racket, and while a few of their previous releases have left me wondering whether to file or sell, they have come into their own on this slab, and it will be getting many repeated listens. Excellent stuff. (WN)
(I Feel Good / Give Praise)

BLANK WHEN ZERO – "Konsumrauschen" CD

BLANK WHEN ZERO are a fast melodic band whom appear to be from Germany, or so I would guess since most the songs appear to be written in German. They sound a lot like NOFX, but with burlier, more guttural vocals than Fat Mike's. Too much so for me to want to listen to, but if that's your thing, you might dig this one. (BD)
(Self-released)

BURIED AT BIRTH – "Force/Quit" CD

I knew this was gonna suck before I even listened to a second of it. It's got the generic metalcore artwork and the first track is called "I Chased A Homeless Man Down The Street With An Exhaust Manifold." Yup. Mathy, moshy, grindy, metal-tinged hardcore with one of the most annoying female vocalists I've ever heard. Unlistenable garbage. (KM)
(Give Praise)

BURNT CROSS – "Mankind's Obituary" CD

More brilliant anarcho drum machine punk from the UK. If you are interested, then you surely know the drill by now, but these are some of the better BURNT CROSS tracks to make the rounds. Constant vocals, spewing mantras with only occasional spaces for guitar leads (or breathing), shamelessly political, harkening back to the day when SUBHUMANS and FLUX ruled the land. Brilliant, again. (WN)
(Active Rebellion)

C.A.D. – "Tazky Kov" LP

An unbelievable solid, unbelievably impressive, unbelievably great release from Slovakia's C.A.D., a three-piece who have remarkably simmered off and on since 1994 through a variety of styles. From years of proficient yet somewhat predictable throttle thrash to charged, basic energetic Eastern European hardcore to applying their musical proficiency lately to an increasingly metallic bent. *Tazky Kov*, which I think literally translates to "Heavy Metal" is their first release in a two years, and is *fan-fucking-tastic* Euro-Crust. Okay, you stopped listening. No. It's *fan-fucking-tastic* Euro-crust. Get out of the chair, stand up, grab the chair, now throw the chair against the wall and smash it. Fantastic euro-crust. Perfectly balancing atmospheric, down tuned metallic gloom with the energetic galloping charge of Eastern European hardcore with raspy, desperate vocals. The eleven tracks are metallic, but not overbearingly metal. It's complex, but not oppressively so. It's punk, but uses the pure strength of charging hardcore to energize the moody parts. Indeed the time this band spent playing stop and start near-grindcore seemingly allow for those odd, quick and often surprising changes between structures. Add that to the offbeat synergy Eastern European hardcore has from the outset, and there's very little generic (the curse of Euro-crust everywhere) about this record... Given a full, deep pro-recording and killer leads, *this rocks*. The time it takes to twist/turn and get progressive just sets up the total steamrolling hardcore then blasts you into shouted chorus parts—one of Eastern European hardcore's major, major strengths—or to descend into mean, double bass drum-driven breakdowns. The first two tracks of side two boils at a pace recalling the band's earliest blasting thrash, but the delivery of the vocals over the first track are consistent with the rest of the album that it sets up the haphazardly odd second track's frenetic pace and rawer screaming. Lyrics are in Slovak, so besides taking an easy guess of what "Zombie Masaker" is about, (which sounds cheesy but the way the song titles gurgles out the singer's throat during the song make it work), I have no idea what this band is singing about. And the cover is just as enigmatic—a screaming, shock topped clay maquette clenching fists as it pulls and rings an iron bell inside itself, which is done well enough to not be as ridiculous as it sounds. Great, great, great LP. (KS)
(My Sleeping Cat)

CANNONS / MARALOKA – split LP

On their side, CANNONS offers up a mathy approach that brings to mind comparisons like early FUGAZI, less screamy stuff from the Gravity Records roster and even some hints of REACTIONARY 3. Not bad but also not too exciting. MARALOKA, on the flip side, does not spare the testosterone or the ham-fisted metal riffs. There's something about their guitar tone that reminds me of FUDGETUNNEL, but the pinch harmonics make me picture windmill dancing in the pit and dudes with bloody noses. There's lots of long, slow FACEDOWNINSHIT-like jam out parts that would probably be awesome if I was high as fuck... but I'm not. (GH)
(self-released)

CCCPN – CD

This is like the off-kilter goof of LES GEORGES LENINGRAD but more tough and menacing in a lot of ways. Or the screechy punk of RED AUNTS playing a haphazard almost cover of "Wild Thing" (no, the cover really happens), with a couple cameos by kazoos (I shit you not) and a guy that preeettty much sounds like the Swedish chef (I shit you not again). Really, girls having a total goofy inside joke time. I dig it. (MM)
(Ken Rock)

CENSORED SOUND – "Shadows" CD

Holy balls man, if the vocals don't sell you with their pushed to the limit, relentless and on the brink of destruction assault, then the music will reel you in and gut you. They get melodic for short blasts, but the focus here is on hardcore energy. Fifteen songs in just over half an hour, these Greeks have won me over completely. Fans of THE NOW DENIAL (Germany), FROM ASHES RISE, STRIKE ANYWHERE and other vagualy associated acts might want to pay attention here. (WN)
(self-released)

CHOKE UP / LUAU – split EP

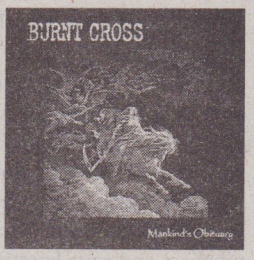
LUAU start their side out with a short, driving rocker that has cool JEHU-esqe guitar part. In fact it feels like a more straightforward and slightly more pop sounding JEHU song. They follow it with an emotional, indie rock/poppy punk tune that has some pretty catchy guitar parts but is a bit of a downer after the opening song. CHOKE UP play an interesting mix of emo and melodic hardcore. The two songs are fast, catchy and poppy but still aggressive with little metal guitar parts and vocals that walk the line between singing and screaming. Maybe like emotional hardcore PROPAGANDHI. (PA)
(Intense Human Victories / What We Talk About When We Talk About, no info)

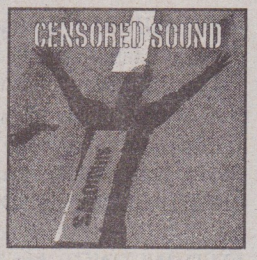
COITUS INT – "Dead Excitement" EP

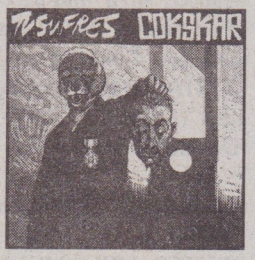
I have recollections of picking this disc up years ago and thinking this record had its moments. This style seems to be in vogue and gets quite a bit of attention, and many reissues have surfaced recently. The Dutch band reminds me of others like the CHOPS, or EX to name just two. As I grow older I have come to appreciate this style much more than when I was younger and had no patience. Nice reissue, liner notes are pretty funny and telling of the band's outlook on things at the time. (MS)
(Bunkerpop)

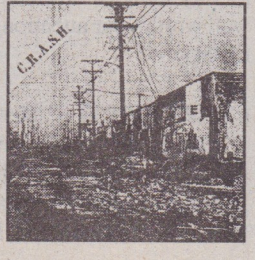
COKSKAR / TU SUFRES – split EP

TU SUFRES were just what I needed when I dropped the needle. This Winnipeg, Canada band play straight-









forward, fast, chaotic hardcore. No frills, no crust and no metal. Their side of the split ends with a locked groove of the singer, screaming "you suck." COKSKAR do a a similar type hardcore as TU SUFRES 'cept they have male and female vocals where TU SUFRES just have female vocals. COKSKAR's sound is more bass driven and slightly lo-fi. Good shit from both bands. (MH)
(self-released)

LOS COMETAS EE.UU. – "¡Amor En El Panteón!"EP

Four tracks of loose, sloppy, primitive garage sung in Spanish. Great. Like a rough and tumble BLACK LIPS with a nice hint of that Medway sound. Stripped down to a primal thud, whilst keeping a groove and a nifty hook or three. A perfect sound track to a night of cannibalism and cave booty. (SD)
(Discos Anclas)

CONTAGIUM – "Impact to Fathers" EP

Wasn't familiar with this crust band from Halifax, Canada. I hesitate to use the word crust because it's overloaded these days. After I figured out what speed to play the 7" (it sounds good at both speeds) I was reminded of the first time I heard DEVIATED INSTINCT. Not that the CONTAGIUM sound exactly like DEVIATED INSTINCT, but back then the sound hit me as this big, heavy, dirty, nasty stench wrapped in a mid-paced darkness I hadn't heard before. Update that sound and keep all the traits of dirty, crusty stench and you have CONTAGIUM. The riffs, lyrics and sound are great. (MH)
(Doomed To Extinction)

C.R.A.S.H. – "A War on All Fronts" EP

Oh hell yes. Members of WRANGLER BRUTES, MIKA MIKO, and NO AGE playing catchy, lo-fi early '80s style hardcore that sounds unusually fresh. The rumbling bass tone ala DEEP WOUND's "I Saw It," that kicks off the first song should hook you immediately, followed soon by the killer dirty guitar tone and the band's uncanny ability to write simple but effective, fun and cynical songs in a *Flex Your Head* meets Kill Rock Stars sort of way. The A-side is more straightforward mid-paced hardcore, and while I don't like the B-side's two songs as much, they get a bit more post-punk and melodic, with some tempo changes to vary things a bit. Regardless, this record is well worth your attention. (DG)
(PPM)

CRAZY SPIRIT – "Demo" LP

This is ugly music. It is also the greatest demo tape I have ever heard, (which sounds like some hyperbolic hypeup *MRR* bullshit but take into consideration I've only listened to about three demo tapes in my life) and, I believe, one of the best modern hardcore records I've ever heard. CRAZY SPIRIT is one of the few hardcore bands I've heard that are truly unique. Weird rhythms, bad feelings—and none of it is forced. These aren't some Floridian edgemen who discovered WHITEHOUSE. This is punk at it's finest—glue sniffing lunks who created pure art out of acne and leather. I hate to be sincere in my praise because I really enjoy disliking things but CRAZY SPIRIT is one of the only bands I've ever heard or seen that live up to and surpass any supposed hype they get. Punk music for punk people. (BB)
(Toxic State / Quality Control)

CRIATURA – "Trampas" LP

CRIATURA, not to be confused with CRIATURAS (who were reviewed in these pages last month and also play melodic but aggressive Spanish hardcore) feature male and female vocals and put an emotive spin on catchy hardcore. It's well recorded and the band's got plenty of skills to showcase on this LP. This is the type of thing that I could see *HeartattCk* swooning over if it were still around. The songs are well played and fun to listen to. (P$)
(Go Mongo)

CRITICAL MASS – "Silver Screen/No One Left to Blame"

I can still vaguely remember that fateful few weeks in the late '90s when this record was first broken to the punk collector mafia — an unheard of late '70s Florida punk grail, one of the least discrete SEX PISTOLS rip-offs ever, and of course super limited to just 200 copies. Traders scrambled, money was dangled, and the B-side title soon became the namesake of one of the last solid KBD compilations, *No One Left To Blame*. Not much has changed in the intervening fifteen years. It's still shit rare, it still rips on both sides, and we all know a bonafide two-sider is a pretty rare thing. Unapologetically bucolic SEX PISTOLS biters are a particular fetish of mine, so it's a no brainer for me. You? (GB)
(Last Laugh)

CÜLO – "Life is Vile…And So Are We" LP

This LP collects the three 7"s and other odds and ends of Chicago's CÜLO who, both live and on record, offer the finest in basement destruction music. This band has all the speed, ferocity, and (self) destructive tendencies of YDI, 86 MENTALITY, and mid-'80s POISON IDEA all trying to slam you into a wall, and injure themselves as badly as they're trying to injure you. CÜLO sets the bar pretty high with their first 7" and demo songs, but only gets better and faster with each record (in reverse chronological order here). Now go see them, and yell at the vocalist to get naked. (DG)
(Deranged)

D-CLONE/SYSTEM FUCKER – split EP

D-CLONE wins for noisier side. SYSTEM FUCKER is heaviest. Two bands created one solid split where both are equally as good as the other, which is rare for splits. With D-CLONE, you can hear sick guitar and blasting drums through the incessant wall of noise. I don't wanna become a weekend punk, either D-CLONE-punk all the time! SYSTEM FUCKER created a crazy reigning noise onslaught beast D-beat punk of a side. Both bands outdid themselves creating one piece of devastatingly good vinyl. Nagoya City Hardcore Forever! (AE)
(Black Seeds)

DEATH EVOCATION – "Relentless" EP

The logo looks kinda like SACRILEGE, the label says they play '80s style metal crust with female vocals – like SACRILEGE, and the internet says that they sound like SACRILEGE. Naturally I am intrigued, skeptical but intrigued. There's something to be said for attempting to pay homage to a specific style, and DEATH EVOCATION deliver. Inject later SACRILEGE guitar leads into early UK metal crust (ONSLAUGHT, CONCRETE SOX) and *viola* - perfection. (WN)
(Quality Control HQ)

DEFCON ZERO – "Music For Gluesniffers, Terrorists and the Mentally Ill" CD

I fit two of those stipulations, so I would say we are of to a flying start. London punks pushing the punk button to the absolute max. Relentless from start to finish, played at a super frantic speed whilst never missing a damn beat. This is studs and bristles UK82 in a head on collision with POISION IDEA and INEPSY. Ol' school done by a bunch of fresh faced glue bags with a love for DISCHARGE and a healthy dose of pure DISORDER chaos. Sixteen tunes that never ease off the petrol. A thank you to the Belfast Punks earns this month's Top Ten recipient extra punk points. (SD)
(Pumpkin)

DESPITE EVERYTHING – "In Desperate Times" EP

Fucking epic ass Greek melodic hardcore. You know how when a band has really exaggeratedly triumphant lyrics, they always either turn out to be cheesy mosh-dudes or European. Well, I have no idea if they are cheesy mosh dudes, but they definitely write some cheesy mosh breakdowns, and they are definitely European. Also they don't sound like NOFX but the guitarist has the exact guitar tone from *Punk In Drublic*. I feel like they could break into "Linoleum" at any point in time. Which is something I secretly wish for every time I hear them do a monster pick slide. Because that

album actually rules. As for DESPITE EVERYTHING, maybe they don't totally rule, but these three songs are pretty solid for gruff-vocal-dude melodic hardcore. (FS)
(Self-released)

DESPITE EVERYTHING – "With My Bear Hands" EP

This Greek band plays a mixture of bar rock, hard rock and just enough pop punk to get reviewed. The music in general (and the singing in specific) strikes me as trying to be really anthemic, but it comes off as really forced and not inspiring (which is kind of what I think they were going for) at all. It just seems kind of cheesy all around, with the tough raspy voices, the vague politics in the lyrics, and the rather predictable music. If you like hard rock, then perhaps you might want to check this out, but I can't recommend it. (LP)
(Self-released)

DIRT BOX DISCO – "Are You Ready?" CD

A five song release from this UK band. A musical mix of pop punk and street punk. I'm hearing a little COCKSPARRER but also a little BAD RELIGION. This is decent but nothing special. They seem like they would be fun live based on their online photos. I hope the Juggalo make up is a joke? Probably best for UK locals. (RL)
(Self-released)

DIRTY CUPCAKES – "I Want It" EP

I've been addicted to the title track of this EP ever since seeing the video. I've been addicted to this band ever since seeing them live at Crusherfest. This is pure, wholesome, female-fronted powerpop punk. Actually, they aren't just female-fronted, they are an all girl band, if it's still cool to use that phrase. (If it's not, insert the proper PC term). And, truth be told, it's also more than just pure, wholesome pop punk. It's fast, it's raw, and it's got guitars and drum and bass. Awesome. (KK)
(Fuzz City)

DISCHARGE – "Decontrol" EP

Just listen to the song "Decontrol" and tell me this isn't perfect punk. (JU)
(Havoc)

DISCHARGE – "Realities of War" EP

Man, this is my column header, of course I love this record. Clay Records #1, and an absolutely seminal milestone in the history and evolution of hardcore punk. This early incarnation of DISCHARGE is not quite the hardcore juggernaut they would become with the *Why* 12" and subsequent records, but all the pieces are being put together here, as this 1980 release strips punk down to it's bare-boned essence and rebuilds it on a bedrock of heavy distortion, light years ahead of their time solos and uncompromisingly political and anti-war lyrics. While other contemporary bands were mucking about trying to figure out what to do in the wake of '77, DISCHARGE were blazing a path that was followed by a thousand bands in their wake. It's silly to even think that I have to make a case for DISCHARGE in 2012. They were one of the most important punk bands ever, bar none, and this record is an essential opening salvo in their campaign for musical destruction. (AU)
(Havoc)

DISCHARGE – "State Violence State Control" EP

Realistically, how the hell does one review a DISCHARGE record from their heyday? How many times will the words "seminal" and "influential" appear in this month's issue? Regardless, Havoc has done a fantastic job reissuing pretty much all of DISCHARGE's good records, and this single is no exception. Punks all over the world have taken cues from this band for over three decades, and will continue to do so until the sun burns this planet alive; which might be later this year if you subscribe to such notions. "State Violence State Control" is basically a perfect punk song, and "Dooms' Day" features my favorite Dis-solo. If you don't own this, now's the time to get it. (KM)
(Havoc)

DISCHARGE – "Never Again" EP

DISCHARGE are arguably the most important hardcore punk band. There I said it. Somehow Havoc records are reissuing all of their back catalogue, and this month we got all the early seven inches, which are mandatory for everyone. I have listened to every one so many fuckin' times it's almost impossible for me to be objective. All the early records still crusssssshhhhhh all these years later. *Never Again* has the iconic dove artwork, though for me isn't quite up there with the band's earlier 7"s *State Violence* or *Decontrol*, but it's still better than any other records in your collection. This is punk 101. I can't describe it and do it justice. The blueprint for raw punk. (TB)
(Havoc)

DISCHARGE – "Fight Back" EP

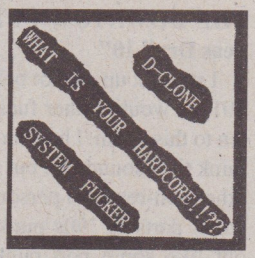
Q: Get this? A: Get this. (AE)
(Havoc)

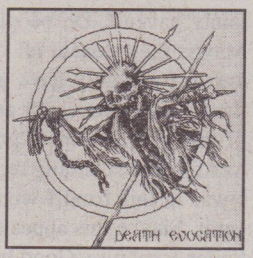
THE DISKONECTED – "Bloody World" EP

This is very Montreal charged leather speed r'n'r punk that never sleeps. GBH worship done in a catchy well done way. DISKONECTED are spot on with their '80s Brit punk and sick guitar. (AE)
(Loud Punk)

DOWNLOW NYHC – "Wall of Anger" CD

At 33, my girlfriend is still a proud fan of MADBALL, SKARHEAD, CROWN OF THORNZ and all the other laughable yet lovable NYHC bands that were the soundtrack to her teens and early twenties, so it goes without saying that she was thrilled to see this in my review pile (if not a little surprised that they're still around). While I don't have a history with them, she says they've shared members with the likes of DISASSOCIATE and KILL YOUR IDOLS. And from the looks of this record, I can see that they're still mean NYC skins and thugs who thank the Bonano crime family in their liner notes and will proudly beat you up, then smoke your weed. This CD is all over the place with blast beats, heavy breakdowns and sing alongs, riffs reminiscent of bands like INHUMAN, and even a few upbeat jams that kinda remind me of the BOUNCING SOULS. Oh and then there's the grinding death metal eruption that comes out of left field In "Breakdownlow." In other words, keepin' it real in 2012. This one's for you, Sara. (JH)
(United Riot)





THE DOWNTOWN STRUTS – "Sail The Seas Dry" 10"

I straight up cannot believe this shit exists in 2012. I would rather fuck my parents than listen to this again. I have no idea what these guys think they sound like but to me, (and likely any other non-retarded person), they sound like the worst parts of '90s punk chewed up and shit out like some pop punk diarrhea on LARS FREDERIKSEN's chest. I honestly don't even think *Floyd* has heard bands this bad. I certainly haven't. Do people purchase this shit? Maybe they donate all these records. I don't know. I certainly have a hard time believing there was a clamor for an "Extended Version" of this poorly named, produced, put-together, looking and sounding record. If I woke up and I was in this band I would shit in a sock and eat it. Maybe this appeals to people who drink Sailor Jerry rum. Good luck, guys. (BB)
(Pirates Press)

EFFLUXUS – "Demo 2011" flexi

This is a good first dose of San Francisco rå punks EFFLUXUS. This is fast, noisy, slightly blown out with dual guitar, plodding bass and some sick drumming. This is the sound of menacing, ugly, early Scandi and Finnish shit mixed with faster D-beat reimaginations à la DISCLOSE. The vocals are throaty, deep and mixed in as an instrument. I like that. The lyrics are scant and simple about war and destruction. I don't know why this puts the image of Publius Vedius Pollio feeding people to lampreys. Can't wait to hear their first official release. (MB)
(Radical Punks Never Die)

THE EMBARASSMENT – "Patio Set/Sex Drive"

Reissue of the first single from this Wichita, Kansas band. Originally released in 1980, it has only got better over the years. The music is poppy post-punk. The melodies are warbly and off-kilter, but so undeniably catchy. The lyrics are weirdly funny. A love song about how an ex was his favorite lawn chair with her skinny legs. Going on a sex drive in a Trans Am, "He yells 'Hey, get out of my way. I haven't had any sex today.'" This type of sound would eventually be polished up and go on to define what would later in the '80s be called college rock. This is when it was at its best: arty, humorous and fun. (CK)
(Last Laugh)

ENFORCERS – "End Of Time" LP

Two of my all time favorite records are CRO MAGS *Age Of Quarrel* and METALLICA *Kill Em All*, and this band sits pretty much squarely between the two. Straight up metallic NYHC like the MAGS or fuckin' STIGMATA. No groundbreaking… but who gives a fuck?.. These Canadians bring the hammer. I'm a simple man, with simple needs and this record fulfills them. This kills. (TB)
(A389)

EXTERNAL MENACE – "Early Demos EP (1979-84)"

Second wave of Brit punk from Glasgow formed in '79 and morphed nicely into '82 style. EXTERNAL MENANCE demos are charged and melodic. "Ban the Bomb" is a classic punk tune that could only have come from this specific era of UK punk when the threat of nuclear war was an every day reality. This release contains five unreleased demo tracks—two tracks from their 1979 demo, an unreleased 1981 session, and one song from 1984 with lyrics on the insert. Good job, Loud Punk. (AE)
(Loud Punk)

EXTERNAL MENACE – "Early Demos EP 1979-84" EP

Sick blown out rudimentary proto-UK82 for all you teenage glue huffers… The demos from 1979, when the band were aged between twelve and sixteen, are so insane and rad. This is the sound of a million teenagers seizing the day and making their own fucking culture, their noise reflecting their dissatisfaction with the disgusting Thatcher government war machine, as well as their own boredom and alienation. The sound of young Scotland! The packaging of this is as rudimentary as the sound… punk as fukk! I am sure this is from a fiftieth gen cassette, but the old tape crackle that's louder than the music almost makes this unlistenable, at least on headphones. A better mastering job would have upped the ante, but if you tape it and blast it as you're skating to the closed down industrial park on your boombox it will not be a problem. (LG)
(Loud Punk)

THE FALL – "Erzatz GB" CD

John Peel once said that the FALL were "always different: always the same," and on this their 29th album it's more of… well, the same. Over their 35 year career the band have always straddled punk, indie and experimental music… forging their own way ahead with Mark E Smith at the helm. I have more FALL albums than any other band which would put me in the camp of folk who *love* the band; trust me, there's more than enough who hate. It's hard to succinctly sum up the band, abrasive, unpleasant, smart, unapologetic. This album doesn't have the immediate burn of their last LP *Your Future Our Clutter*, and certainly doesn't hold a candle to their earlier catalogue. As always though it's another record by Mark E Smith, and in some ways he's never been more scathing and vitriolic, at times sounding like he's phoning it in… but that's often the case. The wonderful and frightening world of the FALL. (TB)
(Cherry Red)

FAMILY CURSE – "Julia Armant/Last Days"

Wow. Thick, meaty post-punk with snaking basslines, almost funk-punk guitars, and barked vocals. Shards of YUMMY FUR or the BIRTHDAY PARTY make their way through the high-volume attack. Instead of the usual post-punk lo-fi route, the production here is over the top: imagine the FALL covered by HELMET, and you might get close to the idea. The sleeve notes that the record was mixed by Alex Newport (FUDGE TUNNEL, and producer of countless "loud" records), which might explain it. It takes a second to get used to, but I dig it, especially on the track "Julia Armant." (AM)
(Drawing Room)

FEMSICKLIVER – "Skirts" EP

The spirit of THE MENTORS is alive and well and living in Cleveland, Ohio. Fuck, the singer has even (obviously) studied EL DUCE's vocal timbre, making this the most musically faithful homage to that band that I could ever imagine. Thematically, they aren't nearly as poetic or seedy as their obvious influences, though it's clear that they've tried. All the songs here ("Skirts," "Weed Whore," "Blowjob Only," "Jerkoff Vacation" and "Fat Horny Pharmacist") are painfully offensive and moronic to the point of absurdity, which I suppose makes this a success. While I get the impression that this is closer to a tribute record than it is a legitimate offering of hate, it's still not any good. Stupid. (MC)
(Ehah!)

FLAMINGO NOSEBLEED – "Headbanger" CD

Fairly solid LILLINGTONS Ramonescore tinged with a skate punk GOOD RIDDANCE feel. This takes me back to Stardumb records scene of ten years ago before it got garaged out. (GG)
(Chain Smoking)

FLIES AROUND IT – "Lavender Lady" EP

I haven't heard AFI in a while, but this reminds me a lot of how they sounded at one point. This is definitely more like their later output than their earlier Gilman scene sound. That may be good or bad, depending on how you feel about said band. I was never a fan, but there are throngs of kids out there who are way into them, so perhaps that piques *your* interest? (BD)
(Humdinger)

FOLDED SHIRT – "Tiny Boat/Mouth Clock"

Severely warped and completely moronic punk that just so happens to double as a work of bonafide genius. Both tunes here share the same basic, vaguely post-punk rhythm that serves as the base for some of the most effective madman yelp and guitar scree I've heard in a good long while. Fucked in oh so many ways. Just great. (MC)
(Fashionable Idiots?)

FRONT LINE – "Basic Training" EP

This is an EP of previously unreleased tracks by Norfolk Virginia's FRONT LINE, previously known as WITH INTENT and later going on to form BONESAW and eventually GOD'S WILL. This is fast as fuck, ragin' USHC with some killer breakdowns. Think early COC and their brethren WHITE CROSS, whom they played with back then. This sound is where early POISON IDEA comes from and the reason that every person I date doesn't stand a chance against my love for hardcore. Lasting only from March to November 1982, they managed to record these tracks, some of which appeared on both early '80s releases the *Master Tape Vol.2* and the *Tarantula on my Cock* tape featuring all Virginian bands. This is a fucking great slice of history and a damn good record. It's got all the urgency, shock and creativity of what made early hardcore plant its fucking roots. Recorded in 1982, the mastering on this is fucking great. The lyrics are rad and a great example why old punks want to hang on to this era (unfortunately, this kind of cleverness and "fuck you" can't be imitated or recreated). This band meant a lot of things to a lot of people and the band member history is interesting; they were the real deal. With a fuck ton of demos being released on vinyl, (most of which were demos for a reason), this is worth your money and time… you will learn something. If the internet dorks haven't snatched all these up, get it. (MB)
(Beach Impediment)

FRONTLINE SOLDIERS – "Oath Of Loyalty" EP

Basic repetitive rudimentary Oi!, with patriotic overtones. Now that's original. Think OXBLOOD, SPECIAL FORCES, STARS AND STRIPES and a host of other stereotypical knuckle draggers. I prefer my skins smart, left wing, well dressed and knee deep in reggae. (SD)
(United Riot)

FUNERAL ORATION – "The Godsend" LP

Too pop for the hardcores, too hardcore for the poppsters, perhaps? If you ask me, early FUNERAL ORATION is some of the most perfect music *ever* made. It's agro enough for those bad moods of hateful destruction and catchy enough for good days. There was a definite sonic common ground with this Dutch band and HÜSKER DÜ going on around this time, with FUNERAL ORATION coming in with a much more rudimentary, pogo-punking, European edge, where the HÜSKERs had more of a technical thing happening. This is a vinyl version of the bands second demo, The Godsend, from 1984, which I am stoked to have in this format, even though at times the digital wash that hints at being sourced from MP3s–especially in the quieter parts–rears its head here and there. This stuff is an absolute "must hear," for sure. (JU)
(Gummopunx/Pain of Mind)

THE FURLOUGHS – "Courtesy Lie" EP

This record has some awesome packaging — recycled vinyl encased in recycled paper envelopes with hand stenciled artwork, all numbered out of 500. With band members strewn out across the globe, it's a wonder bands like this ever come to exist. It's hard enough to get four people together when they live in the same town, I'll never understand how this stuff happens, but it does. These guys have managed to record this EP of upbeat pop-punk that would be at home with just about any band from the Midwest who play this style. Not to pin them as a Midwest band, I actually have no idea where the US guys are from, but the others are from London and Venezuela, so… yeah. (BD)
(Vehement)

THE GHOSTS – "Demo One Revisited: You Don't Need Fans to Rock" CD

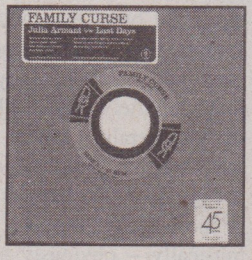
Existing somewhere between catchy indie rock and trashy garage punk, the GHOSTS go beyond the predictable lo-fi basement schlock that dominates that scene today, and add a much welcomed element of song writing that puts them above the pack. I want to say this sounds like a blend of ALTERNATIVE TV, with the more experimental BUZZCOCKS albums, and maybe the SMITHEREENS or something. But then again this sounds nothing like any of that; it's sort of art punk, or art garage, without being too art damaged. This CDEP contains four tracks (plus one throwaway bonus acoustic number), which is just enough to give you an idea of what's to hopefully come in the future. (BG)
(Moon)

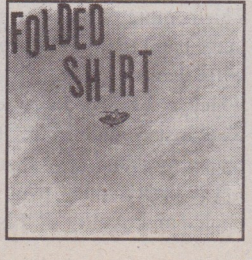
THE GHOSTS – "Hey, Mable (H.)/Great Big Kiss"

These folks seem to be from Orange County, but their music reminds me more of San Francisco Bay Area natives TULSA. Or, like TULSA if they '60s vocal pop / rock'n'roll acts more than they liked HICKEY and the FLAMING LIPS. The A-side is where this similarity really shines through, with its twangy guitar and simple but catchy bass mixed with melodic singing. The B-side is kind of a bummer, in that it seems sort of seems jokey. It's as if they bogged down on the fact that the song is from a woman's perspective (they are all dudes, far as I can tell). Also, they sound bored. Although I might just have high standards because "Great Big Kiss" is my favorite SHANGRI-LAS song. Not great, but worth keeping these guys in mind because I think they have the potential to release better records. (LP)
(Moon)

GUT BUCKET – "Shattering Your Faith" CD

Mid-paced old-school death metal from a band with no guitars! This is the third full-length from this Rhode Island band and not a lot has changed. A handful of songs about serial killers and a handful of songs about murder horror style. Having no guitars and two bass players doing death metal makes for a unique sound. The thing that's missing from this disc is songs that I want to hear again. In a couple of cases I think the songs are bad in a repetitive vocal delivery and sorta stupid lyrics type way. The perfect example is "Solomon Grundy;" ugh; a track I don't need to hear again. (MH)
(Reject)





HAMMERING THE CRAMPS – LP

It's as if DANIEL JOHNSTON started playing soaring psychedelia. It's awkward, like it has all these long strung out pretty rambling type songs, and then the singer comes in stuttering and off time, blurts out a couple things and then quickly retreats back into the safety mist guitar riffage. They're Australian, so of course that leads me to drop them into the same pocket as SEA SCOUTS, and really that's not much of a far reach (both bands even hail from Hobart!). Need another reference? A kind of bumbling version of UNWOUND. (MM)
(Wormwood Grasshopper)

THE HEADLINERS – "Too Young To Fall In Love" CD

Well… I have to admit that this one has been growing on me. It's a slow month here for reviews at *MRR*, so I've had more time than usual to digest what I've been assigned. I've listened to this at least five or six times now, mostly because I was having a hard time figuring it out. I initially didn't care for this at all. Admittedly in part because it's a CD, and a CD in a cardboard sleeve with pretty much *no* info on it at that!! This is a super pet-peeve that I have—it really annoys me. To me this is nothing more than a demo, and not really a proper release. I'd like to think that there could be a little more effort put in; at least include an insert with some info on it, or a website for the band. As it is, I have no clue where this band is from or what they are about other than what I can hear. My assumptions tell me that since they're on a French streetpunk label, that they are European, which they definitely sound like. I know that I've made generalizations in the past about bands that have that "Euro" sound which I can't really put my finger on, but this band is definitely one of those bands. It's like… they're really good musically – obviously skilled musicians, but there is a lack of creativity or any real energy to me. They definitely play with sincerity I'm sure, but it just seems kind of by the numbers. It seems like a lot of these European bands kind of mimic what they think is "rock'n'roll" or "punk." Where a lot of us here in the good ol' USA look to the UK for influences, it seems like the converse happens in Europe where bands look to American punk for influences and end up sounding like an amalgam of Epitaph or Fat Wreckords bands. The HEADLINERS are pretty much like that, with a lot of infectiously catchy songs that are really melodic and upbeat. This is more of a power-pop band than a streetpunk band that UVPR generally tends to work with, demonstrated by the highlight of this CD, which is a really decent cover version of "The Kids Just Wanna Dance" by FAST CARS. Until that song came up, second to last on this CD, I was pretty much over this band… but their choice and quality of this cover song made me rethink things and enjoy this much more. (ML)
(UVPR)

HORDES – "Abarognosis" EP

This is the best thing I've heard out of Southern California's Inland Empire in a long time. This sludgy powerviolence with brutal fast parts and occasional psychedelic noise and guitar riffage is pretty much blowing my mind. I like the monotone yelling vocals and the songs are tough and stompy. This record makes me want to mosh. I want to see this band play live so I can scream along to "Fuck the Future." I've never wished I spent more time in Riverside before, but this band kind of makes me want to. And that is saying something because fuck that place. (BL)
(King of the Monsters)

HOUNDS OF HATE – "No Redemption" EP

This EP fucking destroys it old school style! HOUNDS OF HATE play raw and angry hardcore that brings to mind classic late '80s NYHC bands like KRAKDOWN and (first EP era) SICK OF IT ALL. When listening to this fantastic six track EP you can feel anger (but not mindlessness) and passion in every word, in every chord played, and in every drum beat. You will not be able to listen to this record without conjuring up intense images of crushing everything around you and without wanting to mosh violently in your living room and make a total ass out of yourself. You cannot play this in a car without winding up with a speeding ticket; if you listen to this on headphones while walking down the street you will likely shoulder some douchebag you might otherwise have avoided. At least that's the feeling I get hearing this right now. Killer! (BG)
(Katorga Works)

HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH / TITANARUM – split LP

Both bands on this split tend toward the weirder side of powerviolence, as if it isn't a weird enough genre for them already. The TITANARUM side is full of jangly guitar riffs and jazzy playing mixed in with competent start/stop fastcore. I dig the circus-y guitar leads and jammy noodling. It's prog but not obnoxious, catchy even. The other side is just two brutal PV tracks buried in countless repeating guitar riffs. You think it's a chuggy breakdown part and they end up playing the same riff for a few minutes. How many times can you play the same three-chord riff? You guys are fucking with me. I like the mindfuck and the playing is on point, especially with that drummer constantly throwing in new shit. And the best line of the day: "There is only you and blast beats / You're in my universe now." I dig it. (BL)
(Give Praise)

IMPALERS – "Moloko Plus" EP

Surprised this EP is showing up so late at *MRR*. D-beat/crust/noise done with loads of punch. Reverb on the vocals that don't go overboard and songs that are memorable. This band knows when to add the right amount of velocity that makes the EP stand out from the pack. If you have yet to snap this one up, search it out. (MS)
(Todo Destruido)

JEALOUS COWARDS – CD

The intro song on this disc has kind of a weird classic rock feel to it that was bumming me out until the band shifted gears and started banging out high energy punk with garagey guitar work and roughly shouted vocals. It reminds me of THE FUCKYOUUPS or a live set from DAN PADILLA when those dudes are drunk and get all aggressive. These guys use the f-word a lot and I like it. (BL)
(Ductapes, no info)

JOHN COTA / TEN THOUSAND LEAGUES – split 10"

JOHN COTA starts this record out with what would fall right between early LOCUST (think MITB split 10" era) and ACRID. Noisy and discordant, heavy and hectic with melodic, clean breakdowns and screamy-as-fuck vocals à la GUYANA PUNCH LINE. Screamo. This totally sounds like something that would have come out circa 1998, and I mean that in the best way possible. TEN THOUSAND LEAGUES do a similar style with less of the early LOCUST and perhaps even some math-core influence in the drumming and some of the guitar parts. It's still heavy and fast, a bit more melodic and structured, but every bit as good. Fans of noisier hardcore will love this record. (BD)
(Radical Friends)

JOHNNY ILL BAND – "Ask All the Doctors" LP

How can you not like a band that starts of an LP with a song called "Good Posture," which is all about the benefits of, well, good posture. This is one of those records that is almost impossible to describe. This usually means the record is really clever and great or it's unbelievably bad. In this case, it is option number one. The music is mid-tempo and catchy, except that it's slightly disjointed, which is no accident. The lyrics are at times about nothing at all and often sort of contradictory. The vocals are similarly not quite melodic, but they are, even when they are spoken more than sung. In the end, it's all extremely catchy, but in a deliberate sort of way. This may sound like an unsure endorsement, but I assure you I'm not wavering on this one. Excellent. (KK)
(Urinal Cake)

KIELTOLAKI – "Kouleva Systeemi" EP

No stranger to fans of raging Finn core, KIELTOLAKI dish out four burners on this EP. The guitars are the highlight, shredding in presentation and delivery, and simply fierce. The jams are classic Finnish HC with a taste of US punk – think TERVEET KADET mixed with N.O.T.A. –yeah, it's perfect. (WN)
(Feral Ward)

KILLING FLAME – "Save Yourself" LP

Since I already wasn't feeling this, it took a second or two to notice the names…Gavin Oglesby, Joe Nelson, and Casey Jones… These OC d00ds have spent the last two-plus decades jamming—often together, often separately—in bands like NO FOR AN ANSWER, 411, JUSTICE LEAGUE, (maybe SPEAK 714? Can't remember and the internet isn't helping) and IGNITE, in some combination or another. Love the first IGNITE EP, love the NFAA 7" and LP, but this…this, is not for me. The end result of the KILLING FLAME's second album is a *very* poppy, very clean-ly produced, hardcore record that would still appeal to fans of IGNITE (all eras) or, say, KID DYNAMITE—the post-post-GORILLA BISCUITS pop-hardcore sound. It's refreshing and exciting to see these dudes are still lumbering on and taking the time to play music that they like that still sounds fairly youthful and energetic. (JU)
(1124)

KIM PHUC – "Copsucker" LP

There's nothing that sounds like KIM PHUC. Really. Nothing at all is even close. There are traces of all these little cubbys of underground music hidden in these riffs… Everything from SONIC YOUTH, Guy Picciotto bands, HOT SNAKES / WIPERS, post-punk, '90s alt rock, noise rock and grunge, and anything else you can think of (God, am I annoyed with myself for dropping all those meaningless buzzwords, but I have no idea what else to call it) and it works and gels perfectly for the PHUC-ers. Somehow these mugs have crafted songs that are dark and heavy without being one bit metal. Fresh but familiar. Plodding and slogging without being boring. And technical without being "riffy." A one-of-a-kind band here that really stands out like sore thumb in the best possible way. Would like to some day see them live. (JU)
(Iron Lung)

LAGWAGON – "Hoss" CD

Ah, LAGWAGON. One of the bands that defined the "classic" Fat sound. Speedy, melodic hardcore, with lots of guitar riffing, and melodies and harmonies. Of course, said Fat sound was a cunning derivation of BAD RELIGION's *Suffer*, which really changed the face (or sound rather) of punk/hardcore. LAGWAGON's *Hoss*, along with NOFX's *Punk In Drublic* and *White Trash*... (OK, they were in Epitaph, but you get me drift!), NO USE FOR A NAME's *Leche Con Carne* and PROPAGANDHI's *How To Clean Everything* really set the stage for a thousand and one pale imitators to follow. *Hoss* was the third of five records that LAGWAGON released in the '90s, but is undoubtedly their signature release. And still provides a disproportionately large percentage of their live show. If there was to be a LAGWAGON Greatest Hits, half of it would be comprised of this release. However, they've gone one (well, five I spose) better, and rereleased all five albums. All replete with scads of quality bonus tracks (*Hoss* boasts twelve of 'em!). Excellent packaging, and liner notes, really make these some of the finest reissues I've had the pleasure of engaging with. Quality stuff. To be honest, LAGWAGON were my least favorite of the aforementioned genre-leaders, probably cos I wasn't the biggest fan of the technical/muso angle they brought to the mix (simple me likes it smooth and poppy), but revisiting this has been a pleasure. Definitive indeed. (RK)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

LAGWAGON – "Duh" CD

When I was a newjack kid in the '90s just getting into punk, this was the type of shit that the punkish kids were listening to at my high school. I got saved from a bro-punk existence of NOFX knuckle tattoos when I scored an old BLACK FLAG tape. There must be a bunch of people who didn't make it out because Fat is still putting out their shit, although I guess this is a reissue. Whatever, I always thought they were mediocre back then and that was when I was actually listening to garbage like this. (BL)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

LAGWAGON – "Trashed" CD

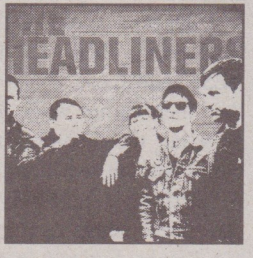
So pop punk goes "Deluxe" here. A reissue of this 1994 release with twelve bonus tracks of B-sides, demos, etc. This is considered one of their best. I've always liked this band but have never been a huge fan. They certainly have a lot of die hards out there and this probably has them stoked. Good for what it is. (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

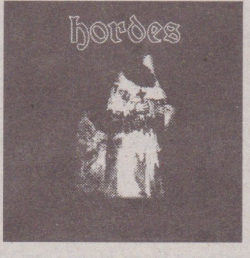
LAGWAGON – "Double Plaidinum" CD

LAGWAGON seems to be, for the most part, standing so far in NOFX's shadow that I often forget about them. As you can therefore guess, they play melodic pop punk with tinge of (melodic) hardcore. This is the re-release of their fourth record, now almost fifteen years old, but I hate to say that I have no historical context to put it in. I believe that, with this round of re-releases, the entire LAGWAGON catalogue has also been re-mastered. This explains the super slick sound that I remember from other Fat releases and re-releases. In the end, this record just sounds like some other record on commercial alterna-rock radio in the late '90s. Oh yeah, and it's got acoustic versions of almost half of the songs on the original album. (LP)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

LAGWAGON – "Let's Talk About Feelings" CD

LAGWAGON's back catalog is being given the deluxe reissue treatment. This album includes thirteen bonus tracks and extended liner notes, but from the comfortable perspective of hindsight, the album doesn't seem any more compelling. It's as indicative of '90s pop punk as ever with its predictable tempo, sterile tones and banal, self-deprecating lyrics. Normally, this would be where a concession is made that it's a treat for fans that dug it upon its initial release, but if that's the only redeeming





quality of an album, that's the weakest validation imaginable. Many albums defy their dated production; others have no substance beyond the clichés of their original environment. *Let's Talk About Feelings* falls into the latter. (SL)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

LA'ALTS – "Onanie Ship Cabaret" CD

Holeeee Shit. This is frenetic punk'n'roll very much in the vein of the way later SWANKYS records interpreted the SEX PISTOLS and featuring Passy (ex-CONFUSE). Puerile, stupid, sex-obsessed punk that you can actually *dance* to! And not some dumb punk dance like the pogo, I bet you could line dance to this shit. There are so many different instruments, vocalists and styles in the mix here it's crazy. It sounds like if the WORLD/INFERNO FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY dropped the horns and started shooting for burlesque instead of cabaret? All I know is: fuck me, this is amazing. If there's a better way to start the year than sitting at *MRR* listening to "Baby Piss" and drinking a beer at one in the afternoon I can't imagine it. I can't even remember the last band that actually made me laugh out loud (these lyrics have to be heard to be believed). This is essential, and may just be the best thing I've ever gotten for review at *MRR* (at least it's definitely the most surprisingly amazing!). (AU)
(Strawberry)

LEPROSY – "No More Warfare" EP

I was first exposed to these Aussie Finn-worshippers via their split demo with the HELPLESS, and these tracks are quite a bit better than their earlier work. The tempo has picked up a bit, the recording (courtesy of Yeap) is better without sacrificing any rawness and the songwriting is incredibly evocative. You could slide these songs right onto a repress of *Russia Bombs Finland* (especially "Air Attack" and "Politics of Power") and they'd fit right in next to APPENDIX and BASTARDS. A lot of people chase after the Swedish '80s sound, but the Finnish sound is harder to nail and these kids are doing it pretty goddamn well. And just when I thought I had them pigeon-holed, they drop a track like the ambitious dirge-y "On the Dole" and demonstrate that they have their own take on the style as well. An accomplished release for such a young band and another hot release from Hardcore Victim. (AU)
(Hardcore Victim)

LESTER FREAMON – "Natural Police" EP

This record doesn't stray too far from the sound of the late '90s/early 2000s emo hardcore that came out on labels like Level Plane and Electric Human Project. Well, maybe it doesn't stray at all. Its not as heavy or hectic as say USURP SYNAPSE or NEIL PERRY but it makes better use of the emo dynamic (quiet / noodly / whispering to hectic / screaming) like say FUNERAL DINER. Altogether its pretty well done if that's your jam. (PA)
(Moment of Collapse / Radical Friends)

LOST TRIBE – "Unsound/Listless Mind"

Dark punk that is not too far from what BELGRADO did last year with their 12". The guitar riff in the opening track "Unsound" is what really carries the song. The B-side is much stronger in sound—it has a bit more depth, although it sounds like the vocals are too far from the band, maybe a mixing issue. Cool, but the LP I heard seemed a bit stronger. (MS)
(Distort Reality)

L/P / VENEERS – split EP

The VENEERS side of this has some WIRE influenced angular sounding parts; kinda post punk with a disaffected swagger. Over which the singer croons with a bored affect. Then they switch it up and have some screamy parts on the chorus. The L/P side is a bit better than the VENEERS side. L/P plays straight ahead mid-paced garage punk rock 'n' roll songs. Kinda feels like they'd just been listening to DEAD MOON and C AVERAGE and tried to put their own spin on something in between those two bands. Straight ahead down stroked chord progressions with some quirky lead parts thrown in. The L/P side is the winner... and the VENEERS side is kind of a dud! (P$)
(Anteduvia)

THE LURES – "Falling Out/New Boy"

Whoaaaaa up my alley and around the corner! "New Boy" b/w "Falling Out (of Gerald's Car)" equally deliver grooving steady pop with plausible drum machine-whacking snare hits; these tourists at the Flying Nunnery throw in a good dose of MEAT WHIPLASH, melody compass-reading from BUDDY HOLLY, and a prospective affinity with contemporary good-time heroes the BEETS. I love it when it sounds like a band got up one morning and decided to start a band that would be broken up by lunchtime. These dudes got my number. Wish I had theirs… more in the way of mysterious boy scratch-pop? Short and sweet, a total treat. (I mail-ordered this before even finishing this review!) (JS)
(Salvaged Productions)

THE MACHINES – CD

This is a full length of a UK band from 1977 that was around for a couple years, put out a single, played about thirty shows and broke up. Around 2005 they started a "rebirth" aka reunion. This disc includes newly recorded stuff, that first single, and a demo from 1977. The new stuff sounds decent, of course the old stuff sounds better. Sound wise it's a mix of VIBRATORS, NEW YORK DOLLS, and early SLF. Raw production and delivery. A good release especially for the old stuff. (RL)
(Angels in Exile)

MALLWALKERS / WHITE WHALE – split EP

WHITE WHALE (from Buffalo, NY, not Lawrence, KS) play straightforward, garage rock'n'roll punk. Snotty vocals, three chord riffs, some catchy bass fills, simple guitar leads and upbeat drumming all add up to something that's been done a million times and while these songs aren't bad they aren't remarkable either. MALLWALKERS also have a garage rock feel but much more raw and with a twist. The main parts of their songs sound like a garage band went and stole the horn section from a ska band (and then they put the horns way too high in the mix on the record). Where the band stands out is when they drop the trumpets and the more typical rock parts in favor of things like a very non-rock sax solo or the droning intro to the second track. (PA)
(Feral Kid)

MARVELOUS DARLINGS – "Single Life" LP

A singles collection from a quintessential singles band. In recent years, few bands have managed to release as many consistently great power-pop singles as this band (except for perhaps singer Ben Cook as his alter-ego YOUNG GOVERNOR) so you know that this LP is going to be hit after hit. Listening to these songs one after the other in this format, instead of as isolated singles, you start to feel like you're being bludgeoned with a telecaster that's been dipped in maple syrup. Maybe a little too much sugary sweetness for one sitting? Still, if you've somehow missed any of these perfect pop nuggets in the seven-inch format, now's your chance to fill in the gaps in your collection and have all of them in one handy dandy place. Maybe even a digital download for tunes on the go? (AM)
(Deranged)

CHARLES MEGIRA AND THE MODERN DANCE CLUB – "Love Police" 2xLP

Man, I wish the person who had actually been assigned this had reviewed it because they put it in their top ten this month… At any rate I listened to it and found it to be cool in places, with dark furtive garage overtones bringing to mind seedy B-movie soundtracks from the early 1960s then… totally ruined by terrible attempts at psyche rock which are overwrought and totally off to this girl's ears. This is a double concept LP, by a male/female garage psyche band from Israel, and it might be right up your street… It meandered up mine for a bit, but I was unable to take two LPs worth of some OK tunes, and some totally turgid ones… (LG)
(Guitars and Bongos)

MEMBRANE / SOFY MAJOR – split LP

Amazing. Five labels have joined forces to release one split LP by these two French bands. French bureaucracy is no joke. The cover art screams avant garde electronics, but no. SOFY MAJOR is heavy rock with a capital R. It actually made me think of HELMET when it started with later hints of TOOL or QOTSA, but a gruff hardcore singer. Has that super clean compressed '90s stoner metal sound. Things get a bit more hardcore as they round out their side, kind of like they would savor the thought of beating the shit out of me. MEMBRANE sounds the same production wise, but with more repetitive riff based songs and a less cookie monster vocalist. Somehow I like this better, still super heavy rock, but kinda groovy like UNWOUND or SHELLAC, must be the drummer. The first song is good, but I don't like the other two as much. Probably fun live. (GB)
(Impure Muzik/Basement Apes Industries/Bugout/Prototype/Ocinatas Industries)

MERDA / MORTO PELA ESCOLA – split EP

The MERDA side of this record is all over the place: the first and third songs are surprisingly good QUEERS-type pop punk, the second song makes me think of JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS, and the other songs also dabble in some '90s shoegaze, doing each of these styles at least decently. MORTO PELA ESCOLA play somewhat melancholy hardcore that makes me think of OUTRAGED, with a good number of high-octave bass hooks as well. It's good, but it sounds a bit lethargic for what should be a more high-energy style, and I think I'd like it better if it were faster and more chaotic. (DG)
(Give Praise / Läjä)

MOBIUS STRIP – "Escalate" 10"

This screamy pop-punk band from DC wears their politics firmly on their sleeves, which I can respect. It's energetic and busy in all the good ways and super catchy. I find it hard to draw comparisons, but it really sounds like they are from DC. (GH)
(Left Out)

NAIFA – LP

This Brazilian three-piece hit us with some catchy, bouncy, up-tempo hardcore. They don't rely on speed, melody, or power, just a dude yellin' and some cool, energetic songs. The production is full with enough of a rough edge. Not every track is top, top notch (the DEAD KENNEDYS-influenced track is a little grating), but overall this is a solid release. Eight songs, 45 rpm, lyrics in Portuguese. (JM)
(Faca Cega)

NAZI DUST – "Wretched Hour" LP

What's funny about this review is that this fucking thing is already sold out. What a bitch for those of us who are not message board trolls. These hardcore Internet darlings have delivered another dose of fugly, I-need-to-blow-my-load-but-no-one-will-fuck-me-cuz-I-am-a-dork-in-a-hardcore-band angst. Even though this is fast, nihilistic, USHC with accurate comparisons being early '80s Boston shit like DEEP WOUND but mixed with some CITIZENS ARREST, this is more meditative, plodding and less chaotic that the aforementioned bands and a lot of new bands in this vein like VILE GASH, RAW NERVE, etc…(all of these bands are distinctive on their own). It is repetitive for the purpose of steeping in the rage that the singer exudes. Decent lyrics on the back of the jacket give you a hint of the squawks and growls you will get. The guitar is fuzzy, blown out with bits of feedback with well put together power chord sets producing some good menacing hooks, yet not over indulgent. The rhythm section here is straight ahead with some fills yet not consistent through out making this interesting. The drummer is sharp, precise, good… I like how the vocals are slightly louder over the music. "Static Art" is my jam on here. I heard these guys kill it live. I do have to say that I fucking hate one-sided records, it's a fucking waste of space… (MB)
(Vinyl Rites)

NET WEIGHT – "El Ojo Y Lo Que No Es El Ojo" LP

This five piece from the northeast of Spain utilize two guitars excellently. They have a few interesting and different intros, but mostly they play quick-riffing, tough, fast hardcore with brutal vocals. For sure you get screaming guitar leads a la TALK IS POISON, and when everything cuts out and one guitar is shredding a sick riff it's as good as LOOK BACK AND LAUGH. The gang choruses on "Pitbull" are kicking my ass. At first I found the production overly crisp and clean, but with repeated listens it kind of grew on me. All in all it's a quick listen—eight songs at 45 rpm—and the touch of diversity in their sound combined with their well-executed songs makes this a pretty good LP. Lyrics in Spanish. (JM)
(Mala Raza / Punkaway / Carnus)

NITROMINDS – "Looking for a Hero" CD

I don't get many chances to review South American bands, so I was kinda pumped to see that this made its way to me from Brazil. Not that I know anything about NITROMINDS, or that I had particularly high hopes given the superhero cover art, but just last week I heard that RATOS DE PORAO played their 30th anniversary show this year, so maybe this was a sign that I was about to hear something cool? Anyways, the CD opens with a couple raging tracks that lie somewhere between SLAYER and BGK, before confusingly wandering off into AFI territory and cheesy street punk. There are a few other fast and heavy tracks scattered throughout, but it's all pretty hit-or-miss. (JH)
(Zona Punk)

NO STATIK – "No Hospice/Clean Swift Sunshine"

A nice two-track palate cleanser from one of the Bay Area's most brutal hardcore poster punks. Female fronted sledge hammered heaviness, with hooks that would take down a skyscraper. Think TRAGEDY pumped full of steroids, armed to the teeth and full of Hulk rage. Uncompromising and relentless; like a Tyson one-two to the face, whilst being body jacked by KING KONG. (SD)
(Prank)

NOT ENOUGH HATE – "Knocked Into Tomorrow" CD

From Sweden but their political lyrics are in English. D-Beat destruction formed in 1993 and still kicking in

2012. Very "hate mosh" DRILLER KILLER hardcore metal punk. (AE)
(Outvillage)

THE NO TOMORROW BOYS – "Do The Tomorrow Twist/Neanderthal For Your Love"

Here's some real comb your greased hair, put on your leather jacket, pick up your honey, switchblade rock and roll. Teenage bop played by thirty year olds. I don't really know. Yawn. Drool. I actually love this genre of music with the CRAMPS, FLAT DUO JETS, HAZIL ATKINS and all, but this is sadly lacking the much needed degeneracy I require. Maybe it's just not coming though here. The "Neanderthal" song is the better of the two but maybe I've had too much hop. (RO)
(Teen-Age Riot)

ODYSSEY – "Wild Is True, Civilization Lies" CD

This is some pretty emo metalcore from the south of France. I can appreciate the drive and passion they bring to some of these songs—raging, fast, and bellowing. Are they frustrated, angry, or hopeful? I can't tell—there's no lyrics or writing at all, just photos of trees and song titles. The titles (standard for the genre) are in English, as are the lyrics, from what I can hear. There're only eight songs in sixteen minutes, so even the wanky/pro-style bullshit doesn't last long. These folks are pretty good at what they're doing, but the disc looks like hippies made it. (JM)
(13 Guillotines)

THE ONIONS – "Alien Astronaut/Till the End of the Night"

Debut single from Wisconsin's ONIONS, featuring a couple of the tortured teens from LAST SONS OF KRYPTON. It's a different and far more capable affair with the ONIONS though. The inept and offensive BS has given way to "hi-octane" guitar-driven punk. This record would fit right alongside any late-'90s "Punk'n'Roll" release on the Scooch Pooch or Junk imprints, so yes, there's an emphasis on rocking. Hard, even. A surprising and fun debut. (MC)
(Certified PR)

OPPOSABLE THUMBS – "Growin' Up" EP

These guys are a PAVEMENT-loving indie band from New Orleans. Sort of on the emo side of things with the vocal delivery, but not in an annoying way. The two songs on the A-side are mid tempo and okay, but this record is all about the B-side track. Sounds kinda like a DINOSAUR JR song with really wispy vocals. It's good, very '90s but good. (FS)
(By Endurance We Conquer)

PALE CREATION – "Twilight Haunt" LP

There was really something grotesquely special in the water in Cleveland in the '90s and it produced some the most interesting, original, devastating, and important metallic hardcore records ever. I will claim complete ignorance on this PALE CREATION record until now but it is the sole album from this Clevo combo that was originally released in 1999 as a CD only album on East Coast Empire. While it doesn't "sound like" classic era RINGWORM or INTEGRITY at all, there's some sonic connection that I can't exactly put my finger on, and you can just tell that this is from Cleveland. PALE CREATION is much slower, brooding and atmospheric than most metallic "hardcore" and therefore the mosh factor is non-existant on this album. Which unfortunately is probably why it isn't hitting me as hard and isn't really holding my attention. The vocals are good and pissed, the instrument tones are nice, and the solos are rad, I just wish the pace would have changed once in a while. Limited to 250 copies so all you Clevo-core junkies best act fast. (JU)
(A389)

POLICE TRUCK – "Under Custody" EP

Under Custody is a promising debut from this wild French outfit that apparently has a few members of THRASHINGTON DC (killer band, terrible name!). Unlike the faster hardcore stuff that THRASHINGTON DC played, POLICE TRUCK is a bit more on the melodic and snotty punk side of things (but tight and super catchy). The three songs on this slab are very modern sounding, but like many of their amazing Euro punk contemporaries, they also draw inspiration from late '70s and early '80s punk as well. No lyric sheet or anything was included in this copy, but with titles like "Nuclear Disaster" and "Surf & Destroy" you can sort of get an idea where these cats are coming from. (BG)
(self-released)

POLINA – "Cassette Graveyard" EP

Apparently everything '90s is new again or at least it's being rehashed and POLINA is doing their part. The two songs that grace this one-sided 7" start with a base of typical fall on the floor, emo hardcore with frantic, screaming vocals over heavy, jerky songs. What makes this different than what was going on seventeen years ago is the addition of noodley guitar parts that run throughout the majority of the songs, which sounds very early Polyvinyl records. So yes, still seventeen years ago but my point is that I can't say it sounds exactly like any of those old bands. As a side note, what the fuck happened to lyrics sheets, song explanations and information about the local Food Not Bombs? (PA)
(Anteduvia)

POOR RICHARDS – "The Micro Deal EP" CD

This Florida band sounds like an early HOT WATER MUSIC demo if HWM had a member who still wanted to play ska punk. So it's rough emocore with some ska-ish riffing. It's OK but kinda funky. Funky bad not funky good. A work in progress I hope. (RL)
(Self-released)

POWER IS POISON – "Apathetic Generation: Discography 2005-2010" CD

This CD collects this Dutch band's various 7"s, splits, and comp tracks in one place. Though I'm not sure how much of this I can take in one sitting, this band cranks out some speedy, circle pit-ready hardcore punk that's not quite crossover, but is almost constant palm-muted riffing under battle cry vocals that rarely let up to catch a breath. It all blurs together after a few songs, but I'd be into seeing this band live with the right crowd. (DG)
(Frantic Slaughter / Pumpkin)

RABID DECEPTION – "Monomania" EP

My knowledge of San Diego punk bands is limited for a dude who professes to be a fan of said scene, so I'm always stoked to check out a new band from the area. This is the debut 7" from these kids and shows promise. The band plays old school punk rock with female vocals, think somewhere in the vein of NO THANKS with a little NAKED AGGRESSION and DYNAMITE 8. I like the vocals most of the time but don't go in for that singing chorus thing that people seem to think is required of female-fronted punk bands. I'd like to go on record by saying that it is not necessary and I would be cool with never hearing it again. (BL)
(self-released)

RAD – "This is Rad" EP

On this little record, RAD crams seven goddamn skate-thrash tunes down your throat…on one side of the record. Then, on the other side two, they do it again *with the same songs that are on the first side!* Why? Isn't it cheaper to just do a one sided record? Economics aside, this is fierce, lady-fronted thrash that keeps things simple and direct with songs like "Don't Turn Your Back (On a Mosh)" and "Cover Your Tits in the Pit." Tie a bandana around your leg, flip up the brim on your *Thrasher* hat and circle pit like there's no tomorrow to this fun, ruling record. (GH)
(Sacramento)

THE RAINDOGS – "Unleash The Six" CD

This disc has really grown on me. Ten tracks of spacey soundtrack music, almost laidback garage spiced with a little ska. Think MAN... OR ASTROMAN? with a little PIETASTERS thrown in, writing the incidental background

music to a recent James Bond movie. They're Greek (no shame in that), and sing in heavily accented English, which makes them sound a lot more political and angry than the lyrics actually warrant. The kind of music you'd hear in the background of that unbearably hip vintage clothing store, which you are predisposed to hating, just cos of the context, but end up kind of secretly grooving on. (RK)
(The Lab)

RAMMA LAMMA – "Gimmie Gimmie Gimmie Gimmie/Rock 'n' Roll Lady"

How to review a garage rock Christmas 45? Should it be judged based on the amount of holiday cheer it imparts? How guilty it makes me feel about my lackluster gift giving? How depressed it makes me over spending Christmas morning alone? Ought I compare its enduring novelty to the *Merry Crassmas* 45? The songs are the sort of catchy garage stompers that any rock 'n' roll group should be able to churn out on command, with Christmas lyrics subverted on each side by a boy and a girl. Along with the album art, the whole affair evokes all the glorious clichés of punk rock Christmas debauchery. 40 ounc-ers in stockings, peeing on the Christmas tree and leaving cocaine out for Santa are probably among the events which inspired RAMMA LAMMA, and I'm glad they ran with it. (SL)
(Certified PR)

RATIONS – "How Much Land Does a Man Need?" EP

RATIONS are a four-piece from Long Island. They are playing some melodic but not quite poppy punk with personal yet political lyrics. I'm coming up at a loss for a band to compare them to, but that's probably a good thing — no one wants to be compared to a band or bands they may or may not like. Not me, anyway. Something that stands out to me for some reason is the drumming. It sounds like the drummer here is either self-taught or consciously trying to get away from the typical punk beats you hear every day. I certainly appreciate that. Hand numbered out of 100 for the collector nerds out there. (BD)
(86'd)

RAT STORM – "Fractured" EP

Like an ANTISCHISM record played on 78 RPM (or even HEALTH HAZARD played on 45 RPM), this Bloomington, Indiana band plays frantic yet quirky hardcore that blurs a bit more into complete blastbeat thrashing but has searing female vocals reminiscent of Lyz from ANTISCHISM, as well as some of the wandering bass weirdness and a similar political consciousness. Anti-sexist, anti-racist and queer positive; there're enough personal ideas and thought put into this that it's distinctive beyond points of reference. It scorches by at a manic, manic pace and vocal trade offs spit condemnation of politicians offering "Change," the prison system, attacks on reproductive rights, capitalism and more. Searing 45RPM EP that goes by too quick! Ace! (KS)
(IFB)

REALITIES OF WAR – "Constructs of Life" EP

Yep, this short lived UK band's six song 2006 recording pressed to vinyl pretty much sounds like the three decades old DISCHARGE song. It's roomier and doesn't have that edge of a new idea, but it's a solidly enough pummeling tribute and if you can mainline off that same pressed button, it hits the spot and will carry you off there. Kudos do spread out in all directions for the effort and care in the expansive 24-page booklet housed in a nice chipboard sleeve with contact information for cruelty free products, independent news outlets, human rights organizations, artwork and lyrics, because when most people go retro, they completely sidestep that the anger, music, and art of the 1980s. When punk was a reaction to something outside itself, not a self contained world to be collected, traded and put in a box. Something that had, has and can continue to have a broader significance than limited edition, collectors items, and I value the attempt by this band in their art, lyrics and information to represent that, enough to recommend this—their second EP (and booklet and the included patch!) 110%. PEACE. EQUALITY. ANARCHY... In 1980 and in 2012! (KS)
(Active/Crisis Point/Never Healed/Not Enough/Realities of War)

RENÉ BINAMÉ – "Le Temps Paye Ne Revient Plus" CD/ DVD

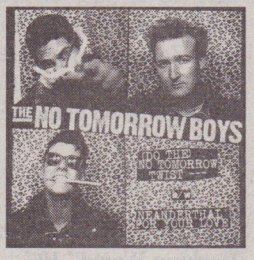
It may just be the French accents, but RENÉ BINAMÉ sounds like a punk-y French cabaret act. The music is rockin' and loud, but then the vocals come in and sound like the performance in a musical. The singer speak-sings and it seems there may be some story being told if only my French was better. In this style the cover of "Mother's Little Helper" sounds particularly creepy. I usually cringe every time anyone does a ROLLING STONES cover, but this one is very cool. The DVD contains a super 8, black and white music video for the first song on the CD "La Vie S'écoule" plus a collection of seven more instrumental songs set to the outtakes from the video. I am glad I listened to the CD before watching the DVD. I was expecting some kind of BILLY CHILDISH-esque old-timey dressed band, but René Binamé look more like THEE OH SEES. Weird. (CK)
(Aredje)

RENE BINAME – "The Leipzig Band Battle Session" LP

Belgian band decides to do eight cheesy pop covers (TAKE THAT, ELTON JOHN, SAMANTHA FOX, to name a few) in a slow plodding lackluster manner. They really should have covered the SMITHS "The Joke Isn't Funny Anymore" cause that's exactly how I feel. (SD)
(Aredje)

REPORTS – "Dinamo Cambridge" LP

REPORTS, from Massachusetts, play things safe with their indie-rock approach, but pique my interest when they kick up the tempo a notch and get a little intentionally sloppy. Unfortunately for me, the tempo mostly stays in the middle range, but fortunately for you, it is still good and treads into DINOSAUR JR and mid-period SONIC YOUTH territory without pretension. Side two kicks things off with a *12 minute* (or so) somber garage



rock number that is more reminiscent of EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING and VELVET UNDERGROUND simultaneously, Side two almost sounds like a whole different band altogether and I really like what I hear. (GH)
(Ride the Snake)

RUBRICS – "Sow Your Seed" EP

Pop-punk from South Carolina that sounds like they have listened to quite a few Fat Wreck Chords compilations and PROPAGANDHI records. It's easy for a jaded *MRR* reviewer to write this kind of thing off as played out and trite, but these people seem to be putting a lot of heart into what they're doing and I have a lot of respect for that. They throw some gruff vocals over some fast-as-shit, palm-muted, guitar riffage and knock out four songs in a matter of a few minutes. I'll bet this sounds a lot better when you're hearing it on some train tracks or in a crowded basement, rather than sitting in this big quiet house and listening to it on headphones. This is not bad at all. These people also set up DIY shows in Greenville, which is in a state that I have not been able to get a show in fifteen years. I will be in touch. (GH)
(Sidejar)

SAL MIAKKI YOUTH – "Otamme Salmiakki Takaisin Sydämiimme!" 10"

Hmmm…on the back it says "unreleased demo 83," but I'm calling bullshit. The modern recording and production and frequent use of octave chords are kind of a dead giveaway. However, the first track reminds me *a lot* of the brilliant old Swedish band PUKE, with their cool guitar melodies and raspy, spaced apart and reverbed vocals. The second track is kinda like this too, but the guitars are quieter. Then on song three the drums are *way* louder, pretty much burying everything else. And then track four is in the vein of MANIFESTO JUKEBOX in all its mid-paced, open chord glory. On the back cover (also on the face of my CD version) it says "101% Finland Punk" and "Bremen, Zaragoza, Tampere"…So I'm sitting here very confused! But all confusion aside, there are some good hardcore punk sounds on here. (MA)
(Tofu Guerrilla)

SANTA CRUZ – "Smartest Band in the Fucking World" 10"

A contradiction in terms if I ever saw one; if this band was the smartest band in the world they would have realized the 10" is the worst format, and ceased to exist. A French HC band that wishes they were playing at the Starwood in 1982 with CIRCLE JERKS and DI. Dumb skate punk made by old men, who are probably more fun to see play than to listen to on vinyl. This includes live scratching and extreme overuse of a wah wah pedal, leading me to believe that these guys left a BEASTIE BOYS show in 1993 and emerged in 2012, confused and desperate, this artifact being their only choice. Get it away. (LG)
(Can I Say / Crapoulet / Des Ciseaux Et Une Photo-Copieuse / Guerilla Asso / Negative Youth / No Routine)

SECRET LIVES – "Fiend" EP

Less-conventional modern hardcore that's somewhere between DANGERS and CEREMONY, with pseudo-Pettibon artwork of a man putting on lipstick as someone walks in on him. The band sounds like they're trying to separate themselves from the scene of which they're presumably a part with extended intros, unexpected tempo changes, and less formulaic song structures, but rearranged monotony is still monotony. (DG)
(self-released)

LES SLUGS – "BanqueRoute" CD

My schoolboy French isn't what it used to be. Well, it probably would be, if I was thirty years younger. But as it is, I've forgotten virtually all of it. So, while this Gallic quarter warbles in their native tongue, tis all incomprehensible to me, even with the lyric booklet. The soundtrack to said French ditties, is however, a rather excellent blend of what would most accurately be called '77 punk. Typically, when folks went on about the '77 sound, they really mean early '80s snotty punk. These chaps really take it back to the basics, however. Fusing the likes of EATER, DRONES, and early BUZZCOCKS. Almost garage, without the fuzz, and very little distortion. SWELL MAPS at their poppiest. Great stuff. Not enough to make me reach for the ol French dictionary, but I was almost tempted. (RK)
(Aredje)

THE SLOW DEATH – "Born Ugly Got Worse" CD

From the folks who brought you PRETTY BOY THORSON AND THE FALLING ANGELS and the LEGENDARY SAN DIEGO CHARGERS (among other bands) comes the SLOW DEATH. For those of you not in the know, the SLOW DEATH isn't really all that similar to their previous bands, other than being fast and melodic. Sharing members with just about every good Minneapolis pop punk band from the last five-ten years, this new incarnation has a distinct Midwest pop-punk sound that the lazy reviewer would undoubtedly compare to D4 or OFF WITH THEIR HEADS. I hear more of an early '90s fast/melodic SCREECHING WEASEL (*Wiggle / My Brain Hurts* era) influence with bits of JOHN COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP here and there. There are tons of boring-ass bands that fall under this same umbrella, but the SLOW DEATH are most certainly not one of them. (BD)
(Kiss of Death)

SNIFFING GLUE – LP + EP

This record is really hit or miss. The first four songs are ace raw, burly hardcore that possibly borrow CIRCLE JERKS riffs, and are by far the best on this record. Most of the rest of the record is somewhat dynamic but ultimately boring, overly melodramatic melodic punk that sometimes brings to mind NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS (who I never liked) or a not-as-good YOUNG WASTENERS, and other times has goth leanings, which become full-blown on the "bonus" (limited to mailorder) 7" single's throwaway song. Even though these songs were recorded and presumably written at the same time, it listens like a discography of a band that went on for too long after the initial burst of inspiration was spent. (DG)
(Search For Fame)

SO COW – "GMT" EP

A late Christmas present in the form of a new release from Ireland's SO COW, also known as ace songsmith Brian Kelly. Four new songs in the now familiar style—quirky, scratchy pop with smart and at times funny lyrics. Bedroom DIY meets modern garage powerpop with wistful TVPs/SCRITTI POLITTI/SWELL MAPS abandon. Love this stuff. This "band" can do no wrong in my book. (AM)
(Ride The Snake)

SOPORS – "Creation Inch by Inch" EP

Good looking record sleeve. It's got a nice drawing of John Lennon with an animal's body and very prominent udders holding a Christmas ornament. Slow to mid paced blown out garage pop punk rock n roll jams with some interesting tempo changes and cool leads. I hear this is ex-ABI YOYOS and PARASITES GO!. The guitar leads on both songs on the A-Side of this record really stand out. The riffs on the A-Side are quirky and instantly catchy and turn the underlying basic chord progressions into really interesting sounding songs. Some of the songs have a straight up noisy garage pop feel. One song has riffs that sound like they could be EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING out takes. Cool stuff. (P$)
(Margin Mouth)

SO WRONG – LP

Eeeeeewwwwww! Opening track is terrible on many levels. This band sounds like they are trying so damn hard to "make it" that it seriously hurts my ears. Going for a formulaic synth-pop sound with goth trimmings that falls really, really flat. This should have been a demo; sorry you spent the money on putting this on vinyl. (MS)
(Antifiesta)

SROS LORDS – "Evil Spawn/The End"

More punkoid weirdness from Detroit. Must be the water. A little more straight forward than TERRIBLE TWOS and other recent madmen, but it scratches the itch one has for this stuff nicely. I'd certainly be into hearing more. (MC)
(Urinal Cake)

STAB – "...Nation Rising" EP

This platter is the living definition of what I wanna hear from HC in 2012. Booming tough riffs, raw but not noisy tones, gruff angry vocals with personality and presence, and it never stagnates. The tempo is always changing and charging around from menacing heavy stomps to sudden bursts that hint at their mid-to-late '80s UK hardcore pappies, and everywhere in between. Just fucking perfect. (JU)
(Quality Control HQ)

SUBURBANITE – "Grateful Nation" EP

Well this is definitely *not* what I was expecting. Unlike a lot of the bands this label is known for, SUBURBANITE is simple, straightforward, and (dare I say it) catchy. Of course, it's still a boutique-y $10 Youth Attack release with the customary Mark McCoy design (one of the better ones, too, I might add), but the tunes on here go in a much more burly U.S. hardcore direction along the lines of the first two VIOLENT MINDS EPs. The biggest surprise, however, is a mid-paced Oi! song—complete with a rockin guitar lead, football chanting, and everything—that woulda fit in just fine on a Riot City or No Future Records comp. Definitely worth checking out, just don't go in expecting the usual YA fare. (JH)
(Youth Attack)

SUCKED DRY – "Arachnaphobia" EP

Seems like Kansas City has a thriving hardcore scene at the moment. This is apparently the second EP from these guys, and it's certainly worthy of your attention. SUCKED DRY play sometimes fast, sometimes burly, always angst-ridden hardcore influenced just as much by INFEST as YOUTH OF TODAY. If I didn't know better, I'd say this band was straight out of New Jersey circa the year 2000. It's got all the youthful hate of the thrash revival bands, but they also throw in some herky-jerky breakdowns every now and again. Good stuff. (KM)
(Eat The Life / Pass Judgement)

SWORDS – "Miasma" LP

These weird Canadian dudes have got a pretty solid band that I actually like, despite it not being my usual thing. I dig the doomy hardcore NEUROSIS influence but don't usually go in for this much of the post-hardcore/screamo thing. Sure I'm getting older and I'm pretty high right now so I'm more inclined toward the whole post/thing but I still prefer it more straightforward like how GRAY GHOST does it. Hardcore isn't over man, you know? And I guess that they are a parenthetical band and the name is actually (MONUMENTS OF) SWORDS, which I think might be over my head. But I digress, this record is rad. I think that even the pit ninja I was twelve years ago would have still dug this thing. It's probably the weird symphonic parts. This is the kind of music I listen to when...what the fuck, is there all of a sudden a piano part in this song? And angelic singing? This party just took a turn for the nü, and, honestly, I like it. Shit, I (and most of you) listened to a couple of highly questionable bands in the later '90s too, so I get it. I like when a band gets this openly weird. These people are probably hella fun to talk to about music. This is way more arty than I originally thought, which I often find insufferable, but I still back this record. I like the spacey turn it takes on the second side. There are only two songs on the disc and they display a range that I was unprepared for. Have I heard of these guys before? The Internet says that they have a bunch of other records and are on indefinite hiatus. Bummer. They are now on my list of bands to check out. Why didn't someone tell me sooner? (BL)
(Anteduvia)

SYDNEY DUCKS – "Esprit De Corps/Joaquin Murrieta"

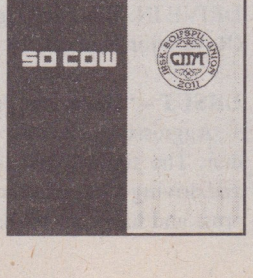
The mighty DUCKS follow up their excellent debut EP with two more tracks that demonstrate their commitment to punk songwriting. Either by label, clothing style, or types of shows they might play, this band gets associated with a certain scene, but musically they take great pains to avoid cliché or stereotypes. I'm not saying they reinvented the wheel, their songs are very much in a classic punk vein, but they are far from playing by-the-numbers skinhead rock, which they could easily do and would probably be equally (if not more) popular if they did. Chiming, insistent guitars provide the melody over some smooth Mod drumbeats, topped off with Carl's throaty growl, which you'd ordinarily expect to hear in a hardcore setting but somehow works here as a contrast against the cleaner sound of the music. Two songs, with one being an adaption of a traditional Mexican corrido (sort of a folk song). (AM)
(Pirates Press)

TACOCAT – "Woman's Day" EP

TACOCAT play super saccharine power pop inflected punk that brings to mind the GO GOS and the TURTLES... They are a nearly all girl party band, for all of those that wanna listen to the BANGS (the pre-BANGLES one) and shimmy... My favorite song on here was the bratty tribute to the amazing *Skate Witches* video, (YouTube that if you haven't already!!!). They are like an even sweeter RONDELLES maybe!? The songs are goofy and fun, and the delivery is gonna be right up your street if you like both the *Power Pearls* and *Girls in the Garage* comps... Songs about malicious ice skaters, psychic cats and girl skater punks! (LG)
(Minor Bird)

TACO LEG – "Printed Gold" EP

Minimalist punk from Perth, Australia. The tunes are monotonous, but in a catchy way. Reminds me of BEAT HAPPENING without the cuteness. The lyrics are spoken flatly, but they sound pretty good that way. There is a fun cover of FANG's "The Money Will Roll Right In" on the B-side that avoids any attempt at machismo. Very nice. (CK)
(Richie/Testostertunes)



THOU – "To the Chaos Wizard Youth" 10"

Well fuck, this band is still amazing. I am in no way an impartial judge, this is one of my favorite bands and I'm wearing a THOU hoodie as I write this, but I know my shit (some would venture to call me a connoisseur) so you can believe it when I say this is a good record. There is a 12" version of this thing from Australia floating around but I'm more stoked on the brown packaging. All four songs on this release are mind-numbing doom ragers. The guitar tones are brutal and oppressive, the better to listen to really fucking loud, and the band plays around with feedback in parts, giving the music a more noisy, atmospheric quality than I've heard in previous material. The pace never gets close to midtempo; all the songs are slow, heavy, and crushingly dense. In fact I'm going to have to end this review because I just put this record on for the second time and won't be able to type with my fists. (BL)
(Howling Mine)

THROWING UP – "Mother Knows Best/ Medicine"

This is the follow up single to one of my favorite seven inches of 2011, and it's really good but strikingly different. Their first single seemed fueled by a teenage angst and deep seeded scorn for everything. It was reckless, aggressive and raw. This second effort reeks of maturity. Aesthetically, musically, and visually THROWING UP seems to be…well… growing up. It's still some totally ruling grunge music, but the screaming is gone. Replaced with a sedated vocal harmony with plenty of reverb. Not even a growl. And everything is intentional. The artwork looks great, the songs are recorded well; and somehow I'm subtly let down by all of this. The previous record sounded like tough teenage girls who didn't give a shit. This one sounds like BRILLIANT COLORS playing NIRVANA songs. Which is actually everything I want in this world. Really, this record is amazing. Both songs totally slay, but this new direction is just going to take some getting used to. I can't get enough of this band. (FS)
(What's Your Rupture?)

TOWNSHIP – "Future Confusion", EP

Here's a nice little piece of post-hardcore, you know, glints of FUGAZI, CIRCUS LUPUS, HOT SNAKES, revolution summer influence (jesus christ the label is called Revolution Winter). Melodic, "tuff" riffs in weird times, vocals one step away from AT THE DRIVE IN. You get it right? (MM)
(Revolution Winter)

URSUT – "Dårarnas Paradis" LP

Aggressive melodic hardcore from Sweden. The tight D-beat influenced drumming and driving riffs recall numerous Scandinavian crust and hardcore bands, but FROM ASHES RISE is the most obvious reference to my ears. There is a dark epic part from time to time, but it's mostly pretty straightforward. Lots of trade-off vocals keep the overall sound from being too monotonous—I think I hear three different voices? The production is a little too slick for my taste, but it seems about right for the style. I dig the photo featured on the insert of the four band members holding seven very adorable children, presumably their kids. Fans of the style will definitely need to pick this up! Their website says they feature members of INTENSITY, KONTROVERS, and PROJECT HOPELESS. (MA)
(La Familia)

VAGINORS – "Nuclear Papsmear" LP

Haha, fuck this is obnoxious — in the best possible way, of course. Drawing from the nuclear fuzz of CONFUSE's guitars, the melodic bass of SWANKYS, the primitive drumming of CRASS and the squawking vocals of the TOY DOLLS (or dare I say, Mr. Wanky?), VAGINORS bring a take on later-period noise punk that really can't be compared to any band going. Much like the FORMBY CHANNEL EP, this is awful and brilliant, and can probably be reasonably called awfully brilliant. "Cry Baby" is up there with GAI's "Little Star" as one of the most irritatingly catchy song's I've ever heard in the style and, fuck, that guitar sound… so brutally effective. (AU)
(Hardcore Victim)

VARIX – "Problems" EP

This is a beautifully done Discos Basura release, from the packaging to the super hand drawn punk art on the cover. It is DAWN OF HUMANS catchy at times with CRIATURAS/ DETESTATION vocals. The clear, crisp non-distorted vocals have serious lyrics to be heard over solid punk drumming. Feedback at times with heavy bass a la CHAOS UK mixed with straightforward guitar. VARIX is all women and doesn't ignore their sex in some vain attempt to fit into the raw punk boys club. They own it and the lyrics reflect it. VARIX hold their own in a scene that is filled with boring, generic clone releases as of late—this is not one of them. VARIX released this at their peak and even though they are no longer a band, they left us this in their wake. (AE)
(Discos Basura)

VILE GASH – "Deluded" EP

What a mess… If you've woken up on the wrong side of the bed, hate fucking everything and want to kill every happy person you see on the street, this is the record for you (and me). A good follow up by this originally Ohio band from their first EP. This record actually came out last year in 2011, but Youth Attack has some beef with *MRR* so we don't get sent these records. Hah! Three tracks of loud blown out pummeling HC with some nasty breakdowns. The bass is muddy, guitars feedback laden and crunchy. The vocals are awesome on this. I love this kid's vocals, throaty, pissed ugly fucked up: I can feel the hate and it's a welcoming feeling. Flip this over: "Walk down city streets people make me sick," living in this miserable shithole makes me wanna burn the fucking city down. Fuck life. (MB)
(Youth Attack)

WANDERLUST – "Blame" EP

Amsterdam's WANDERLUST have just restored my faith in modern punk for the moment. These guys have that rare quality of being able to play full-on punk rock that is also catchy, structured, and played with competence. In fact, the four tracks on this EP almost play out as a mini album; there are no shitty throwaway songs. The sound here is both a nod to early '80s California punk like the CHEIFS and to more current punk like the REGULATIONS or ANOTHER SINKING SHIP. I've seriously played this record life five times already over the last couple of days. Recommended. (BG)
(Gummopunx)

WATERY LOVE – "New Kind of Kick/A Condom"

Slow and grungy rock from Philadelphia. How do you make a boring version of the CRAMPS' "New Kind of Kick"? Slow it way down and sing it like you're trying really hard to make someone understand what you're saying. Yeah, those are some crazy lyrics. Make sure you add some metal-ish guitar noodling too. Side two is a rambling spoken word piece with rock accompaniment "The Condom." "I'm not going to bring it, not going to wear it." Cue eyes rolling. (CK)
(Negative Guest List)

WAX MUSEUMS – "Zoo Full Of Ramones" LP

This album is a nice collection of singles released between 2006–2008 by Denton's lo-fidelity DEVO loving kids, the WAX MUSEUMS. In my opinion the singles documented here are their best works. No exquisite musicianship or artfully crafted lyricism to be found, just abrupt, hook ridden and perfectly under-produced late '70s, early '80s DOW JONES AND THE INDUSTRIALS vibed out punk rock. (GG)
(Tic Tac Totally)

WHITE MURDER – "Harold's Place" EP

This band establish an undeniable atmosphere with their TOYS THAT KILL-like sound illustrated through punkier JOY DIVISION musical stylings: still dangerous enough to be considered punk but executed too well

to be thought of as sloppy. This is laced with dual, near bubblegum female vocals that work well in contrast to their darker musical counterpart. All this is wrapped up in a nice little brown paper sleeve with a screen print of a gorilla wearing an explorer's hat. Animals in clothing, you can't lose. (GG)
(TRU-VOW)

WIVES – "The Roy Tapes" LP

This band has been long out of existence, but fuck did I love them when they were real. Classic sounding Southern California hardcore with a layer of weird guitar fuckery. They blazed live, and as most actual records do to bands that are mind blowing live, this exposes some weaker moments of lame riffs and a prelude to the direction they ended up in with NO AGE, a band I have little interest in… Oh by the way two of these dudes went on to form NO AGE, so, you know, duh. The further into listening to this record the more it kind of shits on my memory of them. The record looks like a bootleg and appears to be one of those "long lost tapes that we have now decided to release" deals, and by the sound of it I'm guessing this is at the end of their existence. There are moments of hair-raising amazingness, and it begins and ends in radness, but really for the most part if this is their last opus and this is the way they were headed I'm glad they broke up. (MM)
(PPM)

WORSHIT – "Worshit" EP

This is a punk band from Moscow, Russia that sound very American to me. The music is an '80s style hardcore done by a '00s style band sound. At their best they're doing a POISON IDEA or NEGATIVE APPROACH thing. Their singer's real good and reminds me of Scotty of VERBAL ABUSE at his best. "Candle Dealers" is my favorite. More Vodka. (RO)
(Miravoice/Old Skool Kids)

WYMYNS PRYSYN – "Payday" EP

Here's some ultra nasty and lo-fi Atlanta punk for all you nerds. Though it bears more than a few similarities to the dirty Southern garage punk scene, the tone is way too damaged to be lumped in with the CARBONAS or whatever new party band everyone's sweating this month. Yeah, there's a rock 'n' roll swagger and I'm sure these folks would fit in just fine at Gonerfest, but this release will also sit comfortably with hardcore types who enjoy some HOT SNAKES on the side. The B-side changes pace with an acid-drenched slow jam. Cool release. (JH)
(Scavenger of Death)

YADOKAI – "An Apparition Contrition" EP

Fuuuuccccckkkkk. Featuring heads from bands like MORPHEME and ECOLI you know it's gonna be a bulldozer and I'm still fuckin' reeling. How do you take the best of bands like GAUZE and GISM and make something fresh??? I think this could be it. Sure there's the blown out guitars and garbled vocals which pin it into the classic Japanese hardcore genre… but it also takes some of the mid '90s screamo elements that made HEROIN and JOHN HENRY WEST so great… it's totally unhinged in the best possible way. *Fuuuuuuuuccccck*. This is mental. (TB)
(Video Disease)

YALE MASSACHUSETTS – "Act Like You've Been There" EP

On this record we've got upbeat SUPERCHUNK influenced sounding pop punk with some pretty good chops and some pretty good melodies. I like that all the songs on this record seem to fit succinctly and cohesively together and there aren't any songs that really lag. Kinda weird to see a bar code on the back of a photocopied collage sleeve, but regardless, If you like pop punk and SUPERCHUNK I think you'll dig this. (P$)
(Self-released)

THE YOUNGER LOVERS – "4/4 Kick! …And Let the Beat Ride!" EP

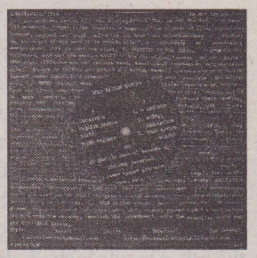
Who doesn't love a house party with YOUNGER LOVERS?? Kids 'round the globe will have their very own bedroom queer dance party to this new single from Brontez and Co. "The Boy From Sengal" and "Down Down Gently" b/w "The Boy From Leeds" are three tracks of pop punk boogie with pro-skateboard philosophies and boy-love crushing. My favorite is the flip side! (JS)
(Southpaw)

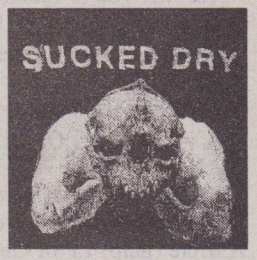
V/A – "Las 4 Bandas" LP

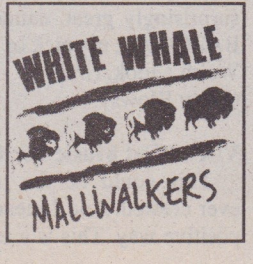
Fuck yes! Lengua Armada brings us yet another reissue of an old Peruvian punk gem! This time it's a cassette from 1985, remastered from the original tape! LEUZEMIA kicks it off with three catchy, vocal-driven classics, recorded much rawer than their brilliant LP. Next up is ZCUELA CERRADA with four tracks of fuzzy guitars and basic rhythmic hooks. The vocal delivery is really dynamic, and his voice is always on the verge of cracking, giving it such an adolescent and honest sound. On to side B and we have the pre-ATAQUE FRONTAL band, GUERRILLA URBANA, with five great rudimentary punk blasts. Last but not least is AUTOPSIA, for whom I recall a great 7" reissue was released a couple years ago. AUTOPSIA pushes their sound into hardcore territory, with four aggressive ragers with convincing throaty vocals and insanely catchy choruses! All of the material on this LP is consistently raw and primitive and full of hooks and crafty song ideas. There's also a great foldout insert with lyrics, art, photos, and a really cool testimony of the origin of underground rock in Peru in 1985 in Spanish *and* English. Overall this is an amazing glimpse into the early days of the Peruvian punk scene! Get it! (MA)
(Lengua Armada)

V/A – "4 Way For Destruction Vol. 2" CD

This compilation features two Japanese and two Brazilian bands (probably inspired by DARGE's recent-ish Brazil tour) that range from traditional D-beat to metallic grindcore. I tend to like DARGE's stuff, but this new material is a bit too metal for my taste. They've always been metallic, but the melodramatic stop-start riffing of "Dizimado" doesn't suit their style. Conversely, I've always found DISGUST pretty boring and this stuff doesn't really do anything to change that opinion. Too many long intros (complete with the dreaded spoken-word part), not enough rock. DEATH FROM ABOVE are perfectly acceptable D-beat, slightly melodic (in a good way) and with some solid basic solos that don't sound like they







were recycled from a bunch of other songs. That being said, this band is ex-members of NEUROSE UBANA and DESASTRE, and I would definitely talk about those bands first if we were having a conversation about Brazilian D-beat. UNFIT SCUM are the highlight of the comp for me, as their muddily recorded Scandi-style attack brings an immediacy that the other bands lacked, driving and sloppy with urgency. This is definitely not essential, but worth it if you're looking to check out some less-heralded bands. (AU)
(Karasu Killer/Two Beers or Not Two Beers Productions)

V/A – "30 Years Of Oi...Never Surrender" 3xLP

If ever there was a release that our friend Bruce Roehrs would have appreciated this is it. A triple (gulp) LP of Oi/street bands past and present from across the globe. I have no idea why that wanker Gary Bushell is involved, 'cos Oi music has done just fine without him since he fucked off to the *Sun* newspaper in 1981. To be honest this is mostly newer bands with some bands like COCK SPARRER, the BUSINESS and the LAST RESORT who never went away. The fact that Contra and Longshot put this out should prick up yer ears as they manage to sort the wheat from the chaff when it comes to Oi music. As I always say... the good is great and the rest is shit. This has new tracks by a bunch of my current favorites OLD FIRM CASUALS, NOI!SE, MARCHING ORDERS, ARGY BARGY, HAMMER AND NAILS, CONTROL then some stuff I'm new to, like MISOGYNES, BOMBADIERS, BLADES etc. Of course there's a scattering of total garbage like the fuckin' GONADS, BOVVER BOYS, IRON CROSS, new COCKNEY REJECTS ughhhh... but to be honest the good far outweighs the bad and there's a bunch of straight up punk rock that rules... where are the 45 ADAPTERS???. The cover art is hilarious; cartoon drawing of bootboys, skingrrrls, punks 'n' mods in the *Carry On Oi* style. Genius. As my mate used to say FUCK YES!!!!!!!!! (TB)
(Longshot / Contra)

V/A – "Bakuretsu" LP

Cool, very DIY compilation of Greek punk, circa 2012. Of all the bands featured here, I was only previously familiar with ACID BABY JESUS, who do the whole modern-day garage punk/psych-rock hybrid thing about as good as anyone else these days. There's some totally by the numbers surf rock, quite a few vaguely rawkish garage offerings and some surprisingly great, damaged punk courtesy of BAZOOKA, my pick of the litter on this comp. Worth a look. (MC)
(Body Blows)

V/A – "Cat Music For Cat People" 10"

This could be the most ridiculous comp ever created. And I mean that in an absolutely positive way. This is a ten band 10" pop-punk compilation containing exclusively songs about cats. Well, apparently not all the songs are about cats, some tracks merely make casual references to cats. Wait, wait, before you "serious punks" start rolling your eyes, you should know this comp actually rules. I mean you gotta be into some light-hearted pop punk, but if that's your bag, we gotta treat for you. (Full disclosure: I've been spending far too much time trying to choose my cat puns wisely, but they're all just too easy). But onto the music: you got around half of the bands on this comp from Japan, and the other half from California. It ends up giving you a mix of the Snuffy Smile sound and the Recess Records thing. FOUR TOMORROW, and SHINOBU have some killer tunes on this. Not to mention PARTY GARBAGE, SEVENTEEN AGAIN and AUDACITY who all bring the cat fueled adrenalin pretty hard. Okay look on your phone, do you have more pictures of your cat than your friends? Do you love CRIMPSHIRNE, HI-STANDARD or BLOTTO? If you said yes to any of these questions, I'd suggest tracking down this 10" shaped slab of nonsense. (FS)
(Cat Food Money)

V/A – "Cheap Beer" LP

The unfortunate reality of most stylistically eclectic compilations is that they are qualitatively eclectic as well. *Cheap Beer* defies this convention. With straight-ahead punk, newfangled garage and even technical post-punk, it's musically diverse but qualitatively cohesive. The first release on Replay Records, it features fifteen bands from Lawrence and Kansas City. FAG COP's contribution is a visceral mutant garage dirge. NATURE BOYS' track is an instant classic with its relentless pace and matter-of-fact female vocal delivery. The MOUTHBREATHERS' song trudges along like a runaway caboose with spun-out gremlins behind the controls. The ROOFTOP VIGILANTES prance along the cusp of the apocalypse with sweet gaiety. Buy this record to ensure Replay's ability to bring us more. (SL)
(Replay)

V/A – "Oi! This is Streetpunk!" 10"

I'm not the best Oi/streetpunk aficionado but I do know what gets my boots tapping. As far as the newer stuff, I'm more of a hard sell. When it's bad, it can sound like a pathetic revival meeting with a costume contest sponsored by Doc Sherman etc. You don't need the right clothes to play the good shit. This is a damn good comp. Side two is my favorite, but it's all worth it to crack some beers to and kick some holes in the wall or some undesirable's head. Some songs are too clean and poppy for my taste but still good. My faves are MARCHING ORDERS, YOUNG OFFENDERS, SYDNEY DUCKS, and 45 ADAPTERS. I think much of this has been released before but it flows well together. Don't be a wanker. Go and earn a proper day's wage and buy it. (RO)
(Pirates Press / Longshot)

V/A – "To Us It Was So Much More" 2x7"

I'm pretty sure you already know whether or not you want to peep a CHAIN OF STRENGTH covers comp. What you get here is front to back, and in order, covers of the *True Till Death* and *What Holds us Apart* 7"s, each on their own separate platter. The tunes on this hold fairly true to the originals with a little deviation on a couple tracks, but nothing surprising. The bands featured are THE GEEKS, ONE CHOICE, AMBITIONS, MINDSET (who is the only band on here that I had heard of prior), UNRESTRAINED, ENVISION, OFFSIDES, REMISSION, THE DEFENSE, and REIGN SUPREME, who's version of "Too Deep Until Now," is the hardest, most classic "'90s edge" sounding, and my favorite song on the comp. (JU)
(1124)

V/A – "Turist I Tillvaron Vol. 2" LP

Second installment of this all-Swedish compilation and it's a damn fine and incredibly varied record. ALLVARET start things off with a passable garage punk track and BITTRA MINER continue that theme with two songs of their own. Up next is BROTTSKOD 11, who play ear blasting D-beat hardcore, followed by NARS; an all-female '77 style band with a song about wanting to fuck. According to the brief bio on the inside of this gatefold LP, the members of HEADONS played in a lot of old KBD style Swedish bands, and they definitely sound like old dudes trying to recreate a certain sound. Not bad, but not great either. TRUBBEL are up next with my favorite track on this record. Even though they're Swedish, their song sounds like it was written by a Latino band around 1977. Weird, but insanely catchy. THURNEMAN is one of the few bands I actually knew before spinning this platter, and they serve up two more excellent tracks of their modern Swedish hardcore. Rounding out the A-side is a number from TOMMA HANDER; a garage band featuring keyboards. On the flipside, the BABOON SHOW open things up with a snotty, incredibly memorable song called "What It Takes." KAFFEKATT play '90s style hardcore and aren't very good, thankfully, VINDICATE gets the record back on track with a righteous modern Oi! song. Fans of SYDNEY DUCKS should take note. FRU DORR is next with two raging, female-fronted hardcore numbers. MIMIKRY gets my "pleasant surprise" award; their press photo looks like something off the Victory records website, but strangely enough, they play dark, melodic punk with some death rock influence. Rad band. FUBBIX are a disjointed and ultimately forgettable hardcore band; while STRIKER is generic crust. Lastly, we have INSIDIOUS PROCESS; another band I'd heard prior. They don't disappoint with two songs of spiteful, female-fronted crust. I really enjoyed most of this record, and accordingly to the label, there are more volumes in the works. Take note of this series of comps, because regardless of what kind of punk you're into, there's something here you'll enjoy. (KM)
(Sound Pollution)

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La Vida Es Un Mus: www.lavidaesunmus.com
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Lengua Armada: www.feralward.com
Longshot: www.longshotmusic.com
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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Matt Badenhop, Amelia Eakins, Juliana Ferreira, Greg Harvester, Sam Lefebvre and Steffi.

ANTI TODO – "Abajo las Fronteras" – Great three-chord punk from Colombia. This CD-R contains studio tracks from 1997 and 2000, then gives us tracks recorded live in Ecuador in 2003! The songs here have a Spanish punk feel. If you dig recent bands like RAYOS X then this is for you. And for me! (Matt) (16-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.labandageminis.jimdo.com/geminis-music-distro, geminismusicdistro@gmail.com)

ANTI TODO – Of the four ANTI TODO recordings I received for review this month, this is the most recent. It feels like they lost their steam. These five songs lack the urgency and attack that the older ones have. Vocals are sung kinda half-heartedly, and the drum machine plods along without much punch. Still a cool band, but I'll stick to the *Nadie Salva Esto* CD. (Matt) (www.labandageminis.jimdo.com/geminis-music-distro, geminismusicdistro@gmail.com)

ANTI TODO – "Nadie Salva Esto!" – This is definitely my favorite of all the ANTI TODO stuff this month. ANTI TODO formed in Medellin in 1987, but this recording is from 1998. Killer raw Colombian hardcore punk! The vocals are gruff like KIDNAP or OLHO SECO, and the three-chord punk attack is familiar but totally convincing. Still reminds me of RAYOS X with burlier vox. Recommended! (Matt) (17-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/labandaantitodo)

ARSENE OBSCENE – Apparently, this is a one-man, bedroom garage punk band and it fuckin' rules. Coming straight from a grimy bedroom in France straight to your ears, this has more blown out energy and good riffs that most other garage dreck around. It has a really good late-HEARTBREAKERS and DEAD BOYS feel to it, except the songs are (thankfully) shorter and sound like they are run through three Big Muffs. Totally great shit here! If Shane White was reviewing this, he would totally want to suck this guy's dick. (Greg) (10-song tape. No Lyrics included. Rainy Road records, PO Box 31704, Omaha, NE 68131. www.rainyroadrecords.com)

BEFALL – It's always cool for me to know about bands from different parts of the planet, this one comes from Philippines and the sound can be described as a classic grindcore, two vocals (one guttural and one high-pitched), and blast beat drums, just like EXTREME NOISE TERROR. Although the snare sound in the recording sounds weird. (Juliana) (7-song CD-R, no lyrics, dishonorxxx@yahoo.com)

BLANKET OF M – Melodic punk rock with some rock'n'roll parts is how I would describe this band, sometimes reminding me MISFITS, but with some more modern influences included. (Juliana) (10-song CD-R, no lyrics, cusser56@yahoo.com)

CASANOVAS IN HEAT – Rock'n punk from Massachusetts. These guys have some good layered rock guitar melodies and punchy rhythms. Vocals are sung clearly. Not as wild as NEW BOMB TURKS, but I don't think that's what they're going for. Sometimes I'm reminded of some of the DC post-hardcore stuff, but not enough to offer up comparisons. Lyrics reminiscing about failed relationships and going after older women at the bar. An image of Joey Buttafuoco is featured on the lyric sheet, as well as a shout out to him for inspiration. Not necessarily my thing, but fans of the style will surely be pleased. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, casanovasinheat@hotmail.com)

CONCRETE ASYLUM – "City Sick" – Fast and furious noise from Canada. Busy riffs, lightening fast drums, shouted/yelled vocals, not screamed. No fancy effects pedals or indecipherable guitar noise — just good fast hardcore. Reminds me of UK bands like RIPCORD or ELECTRO HIPPIES. Good mid-tempo parts that keep me paying attention and from getting lost in the thrash. I like the lyrics to the song "Snare": "I wanna see a hunter stare down a bear, I wanna see a cop caught in a snare". CONCRETE ASYLUM isn't groundbreaking, but this is a great demo! (Matt) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, 2684 Agricola St, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3K 4P0, concreteasylum.bandcamp.com)

CRACKS – Ugly hardcore from Illinois. Eight angry songs about looking back on a wasted life, relationship problems, being hung over, and mocking pop culture and mainstream society. Kinda has that weird all over the place HC thing going not unlike many past and present bands from the Midwest; sometimes straightforward, sometimes disjointed. They also cover a SEX/VID song. The slipcase is a DIY Xeroxed glue-pocket with a foldout insert featuring lyrics (except, where are the lyrics to track 8-Bearer of Bad Nudes?), live photos, recording info, and a logo that appears to be one jagged S of the infamous SS symbol…oh wait that's supposed to be a crack…whatever. I've just never been a fan of this idea to use imagery that reminds me of fascist symbols. All in all, it's a solid hardcore demo. Mine is hand numbered 9 / 40. (Matt) (2$ ppd, 8-song CD-R, lyrics included, Slipping Grip Productions, PO Box 49, Kewanee, IL 61443, pizzachew@hotmail.com)

DANGER DEATH RAY – Embarrassingly sincere pop-punk. I like pop-punk, but this what GREEN DAY and the QUEERS did to the world of the genre. Lots of "whoa-oh's," lots of harmonic solos and there is even a song about how Billy Joe can't play at Gilman anymore. Completely safe, gutless, soulless pop-punk. Totally boring. (Greg) (12-song tape. Lyrics included. www.nxnwrecords.blogspot.com)

DEAD EYES – Clearly we have some art damaged, garage goth-punk in the making here, folks! Dark and messy in parts, DEAD EYES are female-fronted and musically have a solid rhythmic slowness that appeals to my hidden goth. The changes in pace throughout compliment fast ranting vocals, while exploding in others. Abstract art cover on the demo gives me great hope. Can't wait to hear more. (Steffi) (6-song, tape)

DODSVARG – This is one man band from Sweden. I loved the CD-R cover with a wolf in black and white, but there isn't much more I could say I liked on it. It sounds like heavy modern metal, with chugga-chuggas and breakdowns. Good guttural vocals though. Some movie excerpts in the middle of the songs give a cool atmosphere but the drum machine makes all songs sound similar. (Juliana) (12-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.dodsvarg.se)

GEMINIS – Catchy mid-tempo female fronted punk from Medellin Colombia. This recording is from 2008 and has a very digital, modern sound. Song titles such as "Desarme Nuclear," "No mas Gente Violenta," and "Su Libertad" suggest political peace-punk lyrical content. The vocalist has a sing-y vibrato style. She and the guy singing the backups fall off key from time to time, but I kinda like that. Good stuff. (Matt) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.labandageminis.jimdo.com/geminis-music-distro, Geminis Music Distro, Heliodoro Arango C., Apartado Aereo 51968., Medellin, Colombia)

GEMINIS – "Live Session Demo 2009" – More driving punk from Colombia's GEMINIS with a rawer recording and fuzzed-out guitars. Ranging from mid-paced to fast punk, dual male/female sung vocal attack, and straight ahead drumming. The songs are simple and catchy, just

how I like 'em. All of this Colombian stuff I got to review this month is distributed by Geminis Music Distro, which you can and should check out! (Matt) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.labandageminis.jimdo.com/geminis-music-distro, geminismusicdistro@gmail.com)

GEMINIS – Rehearsal 2011 – The newest material from GEMINIS is a little different. The opening track "Geminis Intro" throws me a curve ball with some metal influence, but then we're back on a familiar path of catchy straight ahead punk. The major difference here is the absence of the woman who sings on the previous output. The recording is pretty rough, but after all it is a rehearsal recording. To top it off you get a JUDAS PRIEST cover and 2 ARKANGEL covers, which don't really do this band justice, but I bet they had fun doing it! (Matt) (8-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.labandageminis.jimdo.com/geminis-music-distro, geminismusicdistro@gmail.com)

HANDICAPITALIST – I would not consider myself to be anything close to an expert on the Salt Lake City punk scene, but this is the first decent band I've ever heard from there. Raw, three-chord, falling apart, screamy punk with male and female vocals sharing the mic. This sounds like the soundtrack to an angry teenager destroying their room just after they get grounded...and since we're making music for teenagers, you might as well nix the song "Smart Girls" since it's derogatory to women. Teach them early that sexism and misogyny is just plain dumb. Right? Besides that one song, this demo is killer. (Greg) (7-song CD-R. Lyrics included. $3 to PO Box 521174, Salt Lake City, UT. 84152)

HANKY PANKY – "Anthologie du Vin Bagarre" – HANKY PANKY circa France in '82? '83? who adore TROTSKIDS and LES COLLABOS? This was not what I was expecting in the MRR demo box. Pink cassette tape with a 16-page fanzine entirely in French full of HANKY PANKY interviews and pictures of them in bleach splattered jeans with bomber jackets and tightly laced boots. Features two songs off the 1986 Cornettos pour Degonfles compilation. Who doesn't love obscure '80s French oi? If ya like R.A.S. or bands like SLIME, you'll probably enjoy HANKY PANKY. Courtesy of Crapoulet records. (18-song tape, lyrics not included, zine included, Maison de Retraite, 8 Rue de la Ferme 5, 95590 Presles, FRANCE)

HONDARTZAKO HONDAKINAK – "Lehen Maketa" – Yeeeees! HONDARTZAKO HONDAKINAK hail from the Basque region of southern France, and this is their first demo. Lyrics are sung in Euskara, and you get song explanations in English and Spanish. HH play stripped down, raw hardcore punk that's executed with passion and anger. Sometimes nearly falling apart, but always coherent. Kinda reminds me of some old Finnish bands in that regard, mostly KANSAN UUTISET, but with cues from '80s USHC and DISCHARGE. Their name translates to "Waste on the Beach", which leads me to believe they spend a lot of time there! I would. Their lyrics deal with topics like horrific oil spills, the apathetic reaction to war by a sheltered society, *and* my favorite: witches who supposedly live at the top of a local mountain that are "invoking Aker Beltz, the Black Goat" on the president of France to prevent him from doing more harm than he has already done! This I believe is shown on the cover, which is a drawing inspired by the first BAD BRAINS tape, but with a mountain seemingly emitting the lightning bolt we all recognize so well. This is really cool. Recommended! (Matt) (7-song cassette, song explanations included, chupacabra.sucks@gmail.com, gritando.a.la.pared@lavache.net)

HONDARTZAKO HONDAKINAK – "Bigarren Maketa" – Second demo by this raging French Basque band. They're back with a tighter and fuller sound. This time around with more of a pulse that you can't help but bob your head to. Track three is a total mid-tempo monster! The vocalist does this thing where his voice crescendos up through each line, which sounds awesome! The cover of this demo suggests that the Aker Beltz, or Black Goat, was in fact effectively summoned and is stomping through a French city like Godzilla! More thoughtful lyrics on topics like media control, historical French witch burning, parasitic tourists, and the destruction of their environment in the name of profit. I urge fans of sincere hardcore punk to check this band out! (Matt) (8-song cassette, song explanations included, chupacabra.sucks@gmail.com, gritando.a.la.pared@lavache.net)

THE HYMEN SMASHERS – Low budget, totally bad, drunken, amateurish bar-punk. (Greg) (8-song CD-R. No Lyrics included, jmclelland@hotmail.com)

THE JAWAZ – According to the bio accompanying this CD-R, the JAWAS, from La Puente California and have been around since 1995. I immediately think of DEAD KENNEDYS mostly due to the Jello-esque vocal delivery. Even the music is reminiscent of the DKs (*Bedtime for Democracy*-era) at times. Modern sounding production, mostly fast, sometimes melodic hc. Musically, very proficient. I like track two, "Another Pour", for its catchy melodic chorus . Comes in a nice little spraypaint stenciled chipboard digipack style case with little scary ghosts with "lighteninged-mic" crossbones on the inside. (Matt) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, 919 Ranlett Ave, La Puente, CA 91744, the-jawas.bandcamp.com)

KREMLIN – "Unscrewed" Cassette – Really cool hardcore demo from Toronto. The production kinda reminds me of Pick Your King-era POISON IDEA, with really trebly but still tonal guitars, and thin but up front relentless drumming. Straightforward song structures, with some cool changes and hooks to keep it dynamic and interesting. There are some pretty unhinged vocals at times, which brings stuff like TERVEET KADET to mind. The cover art has a pretty dark theme to match the stark, desperate lyrics. Mostly fast, aggressive shit with the exception of "Unscrewed" which is slower and more plodding. A little "effects play" with the delay pedal throughout the tape, just enough to make things interesting. Macabre Blinko-like doodling on the cover. Recommended! (Matt) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, 29 Somerset Ave., Toronto ON, MGH 2R3, kremlinpunk@gmail.com)

KREMLIN – another Kremlin demo! I'm not sure if this is the first or second demo, but it rages in the same way as the other one. The main difference here is that this demo is more stripped down and half the length of "Unscrewed." The first couple songs are more DISCHARGE-styled in the riffing and phrasing. But then "No Work" stands out as a super fucking catchy mid tempo stomper. Extra points for the "punk laughter" on the song "Kremlin"! Vocals on this demo remind me of JEZUS & THE GOSPELFUCKERS, which is a very, very good thing! Get 'em both! (Matt) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, kremlinpunk@gmail.com)

K.R.H. – "Un Nuevo Metodo" – K.R.H are from Ibaque, Colombia and play some pretty tight powerviolence/fastcore with a really clear recording. Dual male/female vocals are hollered in Spanish with plenty of fury and conviction. Though this style isn't really my thing, they pull it off really well and manage to have lots of good hooks. At times it reminds me of MIGRA VIOLENTA but with more pv parts. Fans of the style should take note! (Matt) (11 song-CR-R, lyrics included, elbrujodistro@yahoo.com.ar)

LITTLE MISS AND THE NO-NAMES – This is a quick four song rager that has a early-'80s hardcore feel to it with vocal cord-straining female vocals. That's it. It's really fuckin' good and the band has two former members of SEPTIC DEATH. (Greg) (4-song tape. Lyrics included. headbonesmerch@gmail.com)

THE MURDER – Street Punk fans will definitely enjoy this band. I guess they're from Boston since there's a song called "Streets of Boston" hehe! They play a competent and well-done sound influenced by DROPKICK MURPHYS and STIFF LITTLE FINGERS. (Juliana) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.murderpunx.com)

NAPOLEON DYNAMITE – "100 Jahre Dumm Und Kaputt" – Super upbeat German punk rock that sounds like a mix between the ANGRY SAMOANS and THE GOONS. This is a well laid out tape containing all of their 7"s, cassette releases, and others demos spanning from 2008- 2011. (Amelia) (44-song cassette, no lyrics, earthcorepunx@web.de)

NO TOMORROW – Each track on this demo is propelled by a relentless D-beat tempo and bulked up by guttural, crusty vocals. This stands out for the tightness of the band and their attention paid to the tones of their instruments. It is recorded at a surprisingly crisp fidelity, but the beefy guitar tones and punishing drums eviscerate all the more heavily because of it. Additionally, the breaks are unique and fierce. (Sam)

(5-song cassette, lyrics included, Neurotik Organization, no.tomorrow.dbeat@gmail.com)

NUEVA AUTORIDAD DEMOCRATICA – Really great aggressive punk from Madrid and released on Solo Para Punks! Confident, rapid-fire vocals with attitude spit forth on top of this classic Spanish punk sound. This demo has little "treats" that stick out like frequent bass slides up and down the fretboard, and the weird guitar solo on "Sangre Nueva..." that give it a creative and refreshing sound, demanding multiple listens. I'll definitely be practicing my Spanish along with this demo for the next few weeks. Six original tunes and a great SINIESTRO TOTAL cover. And as a bonus, the tall handsome drummer's buttocks and the way they fit in his jeans were all the rage during my time spent in Spain. Look out for a domestic release of this on Todo Destruido! (Matt) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, nuevautoridademocratica@gmail.com)

PEACE OF SHIT – This is the third tape that I've reviewed from Rainy Road records and I can see they have a real love for the reverbed-out, super fuzzy garage rock. This is done right and hints at DIGITAL LEATHER, early JAY REATARD and MEERCAZ (if MEERCAZ had hooks and energy). This is angsty, tough and solid. (Greg) (10-song Tape. No lyrics included. Rainy Road Records, PO Box 31704, Omaha, NE, 68131. www.rainydayrecords.com

THE ROSSITERS – There's only two songs on here and I can barely make it through. This is fairly uninspired, totally boring, completely misogynist pop-punk with fucking terrible lyrics. I've shown more enthusiasm than their singer when I was simply discussing my work schedule. Try harder. (Greg) (2-song CD-R. No lyrics included. jmclelland@hotmail,com)

THE SHANKS – Raw, loud, raucous, blown out rock'n'roll from members of DIGITAL LEATHER and BABY TEARS. Do you like drunken scumfuck dudes yelling at you from the stage with songs titles like "Throwaway Girls," "She Could Be a Hooker" and "Sex Feels So Good"? Do you like sloppy, screamy, falling apart punk? Yes? Here is your tape. (Greg) (15-song tape. No lyrics included. Rainy Road records. PO Box 31704, Omaha, NE 68131. www.rainyroadrecords.com)

SHORT WALK – Milwaukee has always done a good job of raising the bar of what good punk should be and SHORT WALK is no exception. Featuring members of HOLY SHIT and the BUTTS, SHORT WALK plays blazing fast, no frills, no bullshit power-violence / thrash that will make you want to fuckin' run down the street tearing hipsters' spinal columns outta their goddamn throats. Many of these songs don't get too close to the minute-long mark and all of them rule. Fuck yeah! (Greg) (12-song tape. No lyrics included. 2834 N Bremen St, Milwaukee, WI 53212)

THE SHRILLS – Analog recorded greatness coming out of Costa Mesa! Nothing new here, but will feed the fans of garage punk with a surfer/horror twist. Vocally, it is reminiscent of early-LOST SOUNDS to me, but musically its more rock'n'roll than that. Not as sloppy as the MUMMIES and not as fast as the SPITS, but very well done. Get the sun screen and listen to this at the beach! (Steffi) (8-song tape, RR#9, www.getresurrected.com)

SILENT BONES – You know how when you first heard NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS you thought, "This is kinda like cock-rock, yet punk... I like it"? SILENT BONES reminds me of that feeling. Their songs are straightforward and punk, incorporating pick slides, simple-yet-effective guitar solos and strong, tough female vocals. This kind of music has a bad tendency to go down the "bar-rock" path, but SILENT BONES knows how to keep your interests piqued as a punk. These seven songs just flew by too quickly and I want more. (Greg) (7-song CD-R. No lyrics included. Silentbones00@gmail.com)

SINKING SHIP – This is a blazing thrash-core demo from a now-defunct group out of Wilmington, NC featuring members who later formed RUNNING FOR COVER and NO TOMORROW. The members' credentials give strong indication of the sound, although their style became more cohesive in later groups. There isn't any mid-tempo drudgery across the entire tape. Recorded at a proper sub-fidelity, blast beats and breakdowns abound. Eat your heart out. (Sam) (13-song cassette, lyrics included, neurotikorganization@gmail.com)

SIREN – Upbeat hardcore punk from Richmond. Like a rawer INEPSY mixed with TEAR IT UP. Violent, catchy, and sounds like a party at 4am in a punk house kitchen. (Amelia) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, no contact, my copy is 11/20, are there more?)

SOLIDS – This is not punk rock, but indie pop...stay away unless your idea of long bridges and tears are a good time. (Steffi) (5-song tape, ...I'm assuming 5, I couldn't force myself through more than three)

SPENT FLESH – First strike, no bass player (IRON LUNG exempt)! Second strike, no lyrics or artwork or fun visual stuff... but to be fair, this is really tight and aggressive thrash from Philly. Pretty relentless and noisy riffing and drumming topped with a blood curdling screams. Doesn't really do much for me, but I could see it getting better. According to the letter accompanying this CD-R, they have a 10" coming out on P.Trash and FDH. (Matt) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, 2243 Cantrell, Philly, PA 19145, spentflesh.bandcamp.com)

SUBCLINIX – Boston '77 KBD pogo punk. Thanks boys, I needed this and punk needs you. I saw them cover PUNCTURE's "Mucky Pup" once in a Boston basement — it was a good time. This tape is really good — it's from their West Coast tour with MALE NURSES and I had to "borrow" this to hear it — even cats in Boston never got their hands on it as it disappeared so fast. Sounds like late '70s English punk perfection. (Amelia) (tape, cut and glue lyrics, pogoandwork69@gmail.com)

TRAUMA HARNESS – This demo heads in many directions at once, often falling flat, but with promising moments that deserve recognition. It largely alternates between blown-out, bratty choruses and mellow verses with catchy, soft guitar leads. This isn't an inherently terrible formula for a song but on this demo, the parts clash like salsa and coffee. The guitar leads are operate in whatever catchy key it is that created a slew of top 40 hits in the late '90s, and it's a shame that they distract listeners from the choruses which positively burst at the seams. This is one of two demo tapes I received from Dingle records, the other is not quite reviewable, but it's good. Dingle is headquartered in a "tiny farm town" in Illinois, and I commend its founder for starting a good tape label despite his inconvenient geographic location, and accompanying those tapes with thoughtful packaging and artwork. (Sam) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, Dingle records / 11 North Kessuth / Millstadt, IL 62260)

ZOLOA – "Cocolia" – A new Silenzio Statico tape! I walked into a house show last night and bumped into my L.A. buddies only to find out that they have a new band and had just played. So Austin handed me this tape as a consolation prize. ZOLOA features half of MATA MATA, so what we've got here is some really ferocious crust flavored hardcore punk sung in Spanish. Well-constructed songs and lots of pick slides (which are fucking punk) decorated with reverb. Some of the riffs and drumming bring to mind old Swedish hardcore like DISARM or BOMBANFALL. Also worth mentioning are some haunting/spooky characteristics of old Japanese bands like GHOUL or ZOUO. Varying tempos and rhythmic hooks also make this band stand out among the hordes of generic crust bands around these days. And as expected from any Statico Ponx release, you get a handsome package. I know that these folks put a lot of effort into what they do, and are deserving of your support, AND they make fantastic music! So check out their other releases, bands, events, etc. (Matt) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, zoloapunx@gmail.com)

ZOLOA "Cocolia" – Another solid release from Los Angeles based label Silenzio Statica. Feedback and warping sound bordering on experimental noise. Perfect blend between raw black metal and gruesome punk noise madness. Very violent and harsh. Foldout mini-poster. (Amelia) (8-song cassette, lyrics in Spanish, zoloapunx@gmail.com)

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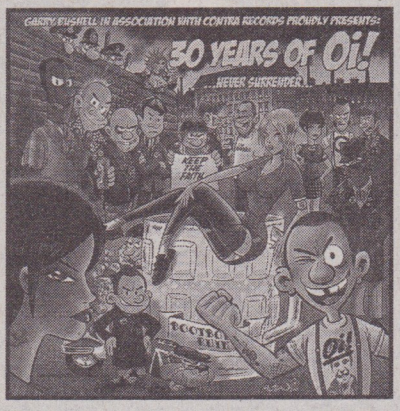

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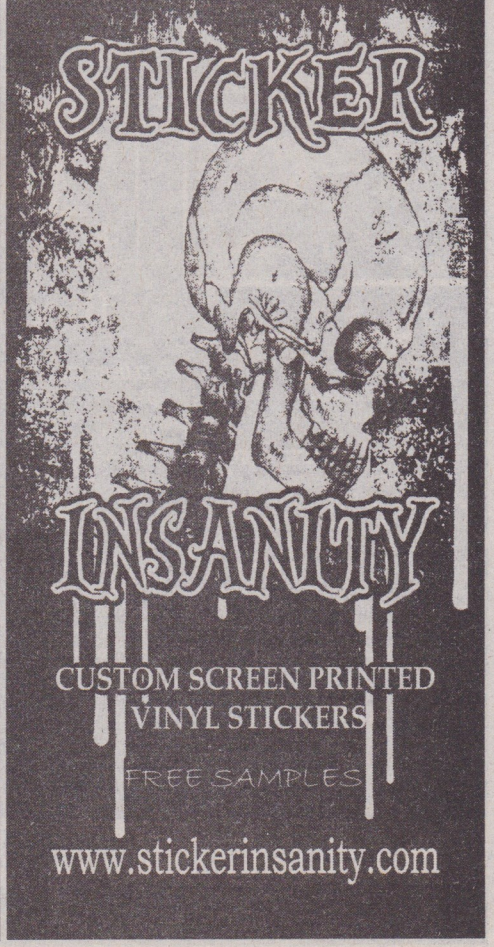

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Reviews by:
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(EC) E.Conner
(AE) Amelia Eakins
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(DJ) Danielle Gresham
(LG) Layla Gibbon
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(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LP) Langford Poh
(CR) Casey Ress
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(DS) Dionne Stevens

ANTIPATIA #24, #25 / free download, trade
14 x 11 – copied – 2 pgs – Spanish
Fuck yeah. Two more issues of Antipatia coming out of Spain. #24 is a comic edition with several artists, some pieces being full comics and some drawings. Cool stuff — funny, political and social commentary in content. There is information regarding where to get in touch with the artists. #25 is a kick ass photo spread of an illegal fest held every year where the punks take over the streets! The fest is held in memory of their friend Roger who was murdered by Nazis in 2004…and people think that racism, fascism and violence is no longer a problem. The flip side is all things punk with the author giving us the latest exciting media from the punks by the punks for the punks. This is a great resource and a great zine. Fidel, who runs the zine, has sent us a ton of pictures of the fest and if you flip to the middle of this zine, you will find a photospread. Thanks, Fidel! (MB)
www.antipatia.wordpress.com

CUBESVILLE #11 / 98p UK, email otherwise
8.5 x 11.75 – copied – 36 pgs
This is the type of zine that exemplifies why I still love the format. The kind that clearly reveals why internet blogs, while useful and fun in some ways, cannot replace the paper and ink format of communication without something—personality, authentic communication, whatever it is—being truly lost. The pages of *Cubesville* are packed tightly with fascinating articles and interviews, and some cut-and-pasted graphics fill in the rest of the spaces. The features, which are quite varied in scope, amusingly seem to be tied into larger themes. For example, this issue focuses on concept of language as a form of dissent, so a couple of articles are on punk bands that sing in their cultural minority languages (Basque and Gaelic). The second half of the issue goes into another theme based on George Orwell's dystopian *1984,* particularly how much of it has frighteningly become reality (with an emphasis on the power and abuse of language). Some old school punkers, including the Zounds and Andy T are interviewed and talk about England in 1984 (the atmosphere of that time and the changes they've noticed since). Finally, there's a fantastic historical piece on vegans in England during World War 2, apparently despised by Orwell, and a couple of wartime recipes are provided. And if all of that doesn't sound appealing there's a great interview with Reagan Youth guitarist Paul Cripple, which is worth the price of admission alone. (BG)
Cubesville / cubesville@hotmail.com

DOSIS MORTAL #2 / $2.50 ppd world
6 x 5.5 – copied – 12 pgs – Spanish
The sophomore effort of this attractive zine from Barcelona does not disappoint—this is what more fanzines should look like! Xavi's enthusiasm for DIY punk from near and far exudes through page-by-page reviews of his favorite bands of late. Includes pieces on madrileña bands OBEDENCIA and DECIMA VICTIMA, Brighton's very own BURNT CROSS, live photos of French post-punk group PASSION ARMÉE, and more! What really sold me was a rallying cry from VIOLENT SHITT to make more raucous garbaggio, complete with a full-page illustration of a butt taking a painful dump on America! Destruir el aburrimiento! (FF)
dosismortal@interrupciones.net

DWELLING PORTABLY January2012 / Big 2 for $4 Tiny 2 for $2
8.5x5.5 – copied – 20 pgs
How can I get behind a zine that dare not get it together enough to have a cover? It's easy really when you are handed a real institution of a motherfucker in your inbox this month. It's back to the land in practical, literally black and white, terms. It's all typewritten and rambling so good luck at reading it on the shitter. This issue starts off with a dissection of the "can stove." Which, for those city folk out there, is a simple and cheap stove made with one or more cans used to heat items for eating designed to be more efficient then open fires. There are plenty of helpful and clear diagrams. The editor then goes on to answer letters from the public which can be hard to discern from their own ramblings due to lack of any kind of layout what so ever, and a handicap of one type face only. Sane advice built from obvious experience is dealt out regarding wild foraging for food, cultivation techniques, a long response regarding boat living, and how to avoid cougars and bears(!!)! This zine can *actually* save your life. (EC)
DP c/o Lisa Ann / PO Box 181 / Alsea, OR 97324

EAST VILLAGE INKY #47/ $3
4 x 5.5 – copied – 38 pgs
More Asheville or Portland than New York. It's filled with granola, yoga, kids, and cartoons. The handwriting is legible, but the sentences run on and say nothing substantial. I had to stop reading when she suggested putting breast milk in a sour dough recipe. I don't know why this was submitted for review as it is not punk, has nothing to do with music, and is leftist light with it's politics. (AE)
PO Box 22754 / Brooklyn, NY 11202
Ayun@AyunHalliday.com

EQUALIZING X DISTORT Vol. 11 #6 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs.
An extension of the equally inspired and focused radio show of the same name, this zine is a crucial proponent of the modern hardcore scene in Toronto, and the greater history of punk and hardcore in Canada. In this issue, a lengthy interview is conducted with Total Trash and an interview with Scream from 1988 is published as well. Following that is a large assortment of thoughtful reviews rather singularly focused on hardcore. The layout is sleek, simple and effective. The nature of the interviews is particularly praise-worthy. Instead of asking a handful of pre-determined, non-specific questions as if often the case, the interviewer asks thoughtful questions about each group's lyrics, history and opinions. It reads as much more of a dialog than a Q&A, which is the ideal interview format. The interviewer reacts to the band's statements and keenly follows up on the interesting sentiments they express. The art of an interview is notoriously elusive, but this zine tackles it with style and grace. (SL)
www.equalizingxdistort.blogspot.com

FREAK TENSION #14 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
This is a super dorky zine from MP Johnson who writes regularly for Razorcake and Switchblade Comb blog (his *Danzig of the Week* piece is one I can fully appreciate). Comprised of reviews, interviews with Micheal Graves and Dresden, an article about the "Ten Worst Post-Danzig Misfits Songs," an excerpt of a story by the author called, "Record Collector Scum" and even a puzzle section, this makes for a funny read. The reviews are not really reviews, which he admits, but more like opportunities to go on some tangential shit where you actually learn more about the author than what is being reviewed. Highlights are the "reviews" of the Skarhead show, two guys Wailin', as in singing Waylon Jennings, in the men's room, and V/A – The World is Our Oi!ster record. (MB)
MP Johnson / PO Box 24218 / Edina, MN 55424 / www.freaktension.com

FUTURE TENSE - #1 / ?
8.5 x 14 – printed – 48 pgs
This debut issue of *Future Tense* is a delightful collection of comics and illustrated short writings by numerous contributors. Some of the entries are better than others, naturally, but overall the variation of styles and type of content create an interesting issue that is enjoyable from cover to cover. What's really impressive with this zine is the extra visual touch that comes in the form of using different colored inks, as well as types of paper. Added to this, the DIY printing job is aesthetically warm and appealing, making even the lesser works stand out. This might not be for everyone, but I would certainly recommend it for those who enjoy unusual comic and graphic art. (BG)
Pegacorn Press / c/o Caroline Paquita / 442-D Lorimer St. #230 / Brooklyn, NY 11206 / www.carolinepaquita.com

GUIDE TO DATING GANGSTERS #1 / $3.50 US, $5 INT, yes trades
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 18 pgs
On first look I assumed this would be horrible and most likely offensive and I was waaaayyyyy wrong. The dating guide aspect to it seems like an afterthought and even the "gangsters" tag seems off. This is way more a brief anthropological look at a bunch of different subcultures ranging everywhere from DJ culture to skinheads to traditional thugs. It touches on fashion, music and history and has an aesthetically pleasing layout. In conclusion, this zine is a real good worthwhile read. (MM)
viceversapress@gmail.com

HIGH HEELS SLUT #11 / ? 5 ppd
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 64pgs
This zine might have redemptive value but I can't be bothered to search for it through all that immediately floats to the surface. I imagine you like this zine if you fit this profile: boring, undereducated, reads the news never, sees shows only when they are at the bar you only go to, relate to women about whether they are fucking you (and only for as long as that happens on account of you can't keep one around) and your stance on the women you are not fucking is "What, I am supposed to care about your feelings? What are you gonna do? Not fuck me some more?" And this is the reason I do not care about this zine: I expect people in my subculture to pay attention to why feminists are "over" the PC Backlash "why are you trying to censor me" attitude. You and Pat Buchanan have more in common than you and I do. Post-liberation "we still hate women and now we hate them more because they think they can tell us what to do" Basically it comes down to this: I feel confident assuming you "Retard Wim" and the bands you like (Sharp Objects, Tundra Fucks, Sunpower, Modern Action, Spider Babies, Thee Spivs, Rocket Reducers, blah blah blah) are just as deserving of "free blow jobs" as Archie Bunker. Also, bar rock. Who cares? (JB)
High Heels Slut Zine c/o Retard Wim Oude Tramweg 50 / 8560 Moorsele / Belgium

KEEP IT REAL #10 / ?
8.5 x 12 – printed – 50pgs
Last issue of this aesthetically pleasing Greek zine. Fear not though (if you're a regular reader), the creator will be starting up a new project in the immediate future. Rad cover art and an impeccable layout are unfortunately, the highlights of this final issue. Though it's a Greek zine, all the writing is in English, and there are some funky phrases that take a bit of deciphering. After a fairly painful section called "Perspectives" (featuring various punk related pieces submitted by friends and well-wishers of the zine), we get to the interviews. Kudos to the creator for getting some huge bands to answer a few questions, but it's not just my type of stuff. Integrity, Lemuria, Bitter End, Glasses, AC4, Ruined Families, Throats, Antimob and Fucked Up are the interviewees, and honestly, the questions posed to each group aren't bad. In most cases however, I'm either not into the acts musically, or have read better interviews elsewhere; so I found most of the chats to be a bit drab and uninteresting. Also included are some photos of the last Endstand/Manifesto Jukebox show and a few pages of record reviews. I'm definitely not the demographic for a zine like *Keep It Real*, but I'd wager that younger European kids would be way into this. (KM)
www.myspace.com/keepitrealhc

KING CAT COMICS & STORIES #72 / $4
After I finished reading this issue of *King Cat*, a friend picked up the zine, remarking that he'd "always wanted to read this comic." He, in fact, was surprised that I'd never heard of it. So, I'm guessing that this zine is relatively well-known and that a favorable percentage of *MRR* readers are familiar with the series. Basically, unlike other people, I had no expectations going into reading this, but by the end of it, I was thoroughly impressed. This issue seems to deal with depression and generally feeling like you're at your lowest of lows, which I think is an enjoyable and worthwhile topic, because it's something that everyone can, in one way or another, connect with. The material within the comic is presented in a way that is cutesy, in the sense that it makes you feel warm inside, rather than wanting to throw up in your mouth. (This is a difficult feat to accomplish.) The captions are poetic, contemplative, and simplistic, a style that reminds me of Japanese haikus or something. The simplistic nature of the drawing and captions presents complicated issues like loneliness and heartbreak in a way that is relatable, while still, in many ways, possessing a considerable amount of literary depth. In one of my favorite comics, a man is walking through the snow of a lonely Christmas Eve with a caption that reads: "I don't want to be alive anymore", but then he keeps walking and the sun comes out. The panel, in which the sun emerges from the clouds, reads: "But I am." I think as art like this exists, we'll all, in some shape or form, be okay. This is great shit. (KR)
King Cat Comics / P.O. Box 142 / South Beloit, IL 61080

LIMITED READERSHIP #2/ £2.50 UK or $5.75 postpaid to rest of world
8.5 x 11 – copied – 28 pgs
Really great hardcore zine from the UK that only covers USHC seemingly. Well there is a piece on Hawkwind… Interviews are probably done via email, but you still get a sense of a conversation, bands conversed with are Milk Music, Condominium Pollution and Spike in Vain. So this is pretty much right up my street in terms of musical references, adding to which the writer's style is engaging and funny, you can tell he is an obsessive music fiend with wide ranging vision. Everything is about music in here pretty much, but it's gotta lot of *personality.* I don't know how to say that without making something sound like it's just some horrible perzine, but you do get a sense of the writer's visions and ideas and take on life, it's not just a fucking reprinted wikipedia entry that shoulda stayed a blog. It definitely aesthetically resembles *Distort,* and if you are

the sort of person who is obsessed with X-Claim records and uh, Hawkwind, as well as more esoteric HC like Baltimore's Gut Instinct this should be ordered immediately... (LG)
Rob T / 38 Norman Rd / Leeds LS5 3TL / UK
Limitedreadership@hotmail.co.uk

ΜΟΥΝΙ ΓΕΜΑΤΟ ΑΓΚΑΘΧΙΑ / cost unknown
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 16pgs – Greek
Hell yes, "cunt full of thorns!" Desperate teenage bedroom melancholia straight from Greece! Chock full of poetry that I'm happy to leave untranslated, set against incredible deep adolescent punk girl cut and paste collages! Upside-down crosses, cigarettes a-dangle, tawdry women, city maps leading to nowhere in particular, and a cameo appearance of Edgar Allen Poe! I tore off the cover and put it on my wall. (FF)
shotbythesystem@hotmail.com

NANOZINE #XV / $?
3 x 4 – copied – 8 pgs
This is perhaps the greatest miniaturized zine in French that I never read. It has eight pages and then folds out to reveal a lengthy interview with Marilyn Rambo. If I was a true Francophile I would know enough to distill the gist of some of the features, but most of the French I've bothered to learn is what I got tattooed on myself. Since there are no Situationist International slogans printed anywhere, I am at a complete loss as to the content. It's layout is a mixture of collages, hand-written headers and inventive folding. It appears to deal with punk. There is a website listed. I encourage readers to secure a copy and enlighten me, since I desperately want to learn about what I am promoting. The website is very aesthetically pleasing. (SL)
Taenia Solium / 10 rue Yves Farge / 38 600 Fontaine / France / www.taenia-solium.net

NO FUTURE #1 / 1 Euro or trade
7.75 x 11.25 – copied – 20 pgs – Greek/English
The impression I got was of a first effort. Much of the English content seemed dated, though not irrelevant. The Dir Yassin interview and much of the music reviewed are from several years back. I'm not familiar enough with the Greek scene to know how old the Greek bands reviewed are, but they and a few others were new to me. Greek grinders Cut Your Throat are interviewed in Greek, and some longer pieces also appear in that language—one I think on the Animal Liberation Front, and two others I could not decipher. In English are an entry-level piece on animal testing, and a brief but cool article, "My Space... Or My Cage?", critical of this data-gathering website. This zine has the spirit, and contributors are sought. (JM)
nofuturezine@riseup.net

PLASTIC BOMB #77 / 3.50 Euro Deutschland, 3.70 Euro Osterreich
8 x 11.5 – printed – 80 pgs + CD – German
As ever, this here is crammed with interviews, reviews, and ads. The ads are particularly corny and the music reviews are in tiny script. They seem to have switched to newsprint. On the nicer side are pieces on guerilla art, including guerilla knitting (!), and one entitled "Die DDR, der Iran, und die Propaganda," a historical/political article. Included is a compilation CD. Even if I could read German, I don't think I would be too excited by *Plastic Bomb*. (JM)
Postfach 100205 / D-47002 Duisburg / Germany / www.plastic-bomb.de

RANTAPHON #6 / 2 pounds ppd
6.25 x 8.5 - copied - 80pgs
An apropos title if there ever was one. This British zine is incredibly dense and scattered. Frankly, it made my brain hurt. It's sort of like a personal diary interspersed with news tidbits, opinions, and a shitload of reviews; a seemingly infinite number of books, comics, shows and records are talked about. The main focus is British crust. To be a bit more specific, if 924 Gilman was in the UK, this guy would be at every show that features an old, shitty "name" band playing with newer, even shittier no-name bands. Anyway, the layout is pretty bad. There are tiny, pixelated photos on basically every page, and there's no rhyme or reason to anything. One paragraph will be about endangered sharks, the next will be a review of something Crass-related. *Rantaphon* reads like the ramblings of an obsessive compulsive speed freak. The creator, Tom Freefall, is not a good writer. Fortunately, he knows he's not a good writer. However, there's about seventy five pages of his writing here (there's one guest "column" that's about five pages). It's just way too much for me to endure. At one point he says that Germ Attak (who apparently killed punk sometime last year in Oakland) are "cunningly better" than both Chaos UK and Disorder; that's when I officially gave up on this zine. "A" for effort, "D" for content. (KM)
tomfreefall@btinternet.com

ROCHESTER TEEN SET OUTSIDER June 2011/August 2011 / $1/$2 international
5.25 x 9 – copied – 30 & 34 pgs
This zine is in the tradition of any number of zines that make for amusing reads by way of crude drawings, funny collages, intelligent stupidity, and deliberate misinformation. *Absolutely Zippo* meets *Thrasher's Monthly* with a Rochester focus, including show reviews and a description of the alley where the punks hang out. Other antics include going to an Applebees and announcing that the chain had won a "Worst Restaurant" poll, uncovering Osama Bin Laden's secret life as an Italian chef, reviews of a Wrestlemania event, and a negative retrospective of Hulk Hogan's pasta line. The perfect thing to read when you're in the mood to laugh at ridiculous shit. (DG)
c/o W. Carroll / 23 Woodlawn St. / Rochester, NY 14607
rochesterteenset@hotmail.com

ROCHESTER TEEN SET #s 11, 15, 16 / $1.00 PPD, $2.00 PPD Intl. trades
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 36 pgs
This zine is sarcastically written from the perspective of a self-aware teen writing for teens. That the author retains the tongue-in-cheek tone throughout the lengthy writing enclosed is admirable. It's refreshing to see a cohesive aesthetic permeate the work. The zine largely focuses on the goings-on in Rochester, specifically slated towards the "outsider" crowd with festive zeal about local strangeness and social deviance. The camaraderie conveyed between the contributors (all with clever nom-de-plumes) and their partners in the celebration of bizarreness is very endearing and tactfully communicated. Of particular interest is issue #16, which details the editor's trip to the gathering of the Juggalos. He acknowledges Juggalos' role as fellow outsiders but provides some rather hysterical commentary on their peculiar subculture. When I arrive in Rochester, I want these guys to show me around. (SL)
Will Carroll / 23 Woodlawn St. / Rochester, NY 14607 /
www.rochesterteensetoutsider.com
rochesterteenset@hotmail.com

SCRUTINY ZINE #1/ $2
4 x 5.5 fold-out – copied – 8 pages
A one pager that folds out into a poster. Looks sick on both sides but it's so punk, it can be hard to read at times. The layout is slightly chaotic and the print is super tiny. Envelope that was mailed in to *MRR* has a Deviated Instinct stencil on it. Cool interview with Rotozaza. Cool review of Dead Lights from Ottawa and Blight from Halifax. Punk collage extraordinaire. Keep it up, Adam! Up the punx with issue two! (AE)
2720 Fern Lane, Apt #1 / Halifax, NS B3K 4L4 / Canada
scrutinizeeverything.blogspot.com

SLINGSHOT extra edition 2011 / free
Ah, another *Slingshot*. This is a bonus issue centering on the occupy/decolonize movement, I think it's rad that they made a special

for it. The articles range from critiques of the general strike, media and imagery, interviews with medics and of course the obligatory fuck cops stuff. What you would expect *Slingshot* on the occupy movement would be. (MM)
3124 Shattuck Ave. / Berkeley, CA 94705

THE STOWAWAYS #4 / $1
8.5 X 11- Copied – 9 pgs
This zine briefly documents a scene that I try and avoid, you know, the whole cutesy, pop-punk, kinda-folky, make you feel like you're at your six year old cousin's birthday party type of thing. So, maybe, I'm a little biased. But, honestly, I found *The Stowaways* to be a little on the boring side. The interview with Joyce Manor, which pretty much only covers the fact that the band doesn't like how their recordings sound and what records they like, while simultaneously serving as the centerpiece of the issue, resembles an awkward, small-talky conversation that doesn't seem to go anywhere. Even the record reviews made me feel out of the loop and isolated. For instance, the author describes one band as a "punk version of Jack Johnson", which, to me, sounds quite frightening. But, hey, what do I know? It's quite possible that someone who enjoys the kind of music covered in this stack of papers wouldn't be so harsh. (KR)
The Stowaways / 5082 Wendover Rd. / Yorba Linda, CA / 92886 / romancandlesmusic@gmail.com

SUBURBAN BLIGHT #10 / no price listed
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs
The editor hasn't done an issue in a few years, and even though she lives in the city now, she kept the same name. This is a pretty great short but sweet zine. It's not even that short, but a few contributors and a few smaller articles come together to make a nice project. Two themes explored are the State's surveillance of citizens and class conflict in the US. A union-affiliated librarian is interviewed about the state of things in NYC, and the editor critically evaluates lifestylism (supposedly fighting the system by dropping out) and fat acceptance. I think this is the first time I've seen this kind of sensible and nuanced position regarding this issue. She says fat acceptance is rad for contradicting society's bullshit about what's hot (or even ok), but also, for many people, carrying too much weight is physically unhealthy. I hope #11 appears before 2015. (JM)
Stephanie Basile / 30 E 29th St. 2nd Floor / New York, NY 10016 / sabasile@gmail.com

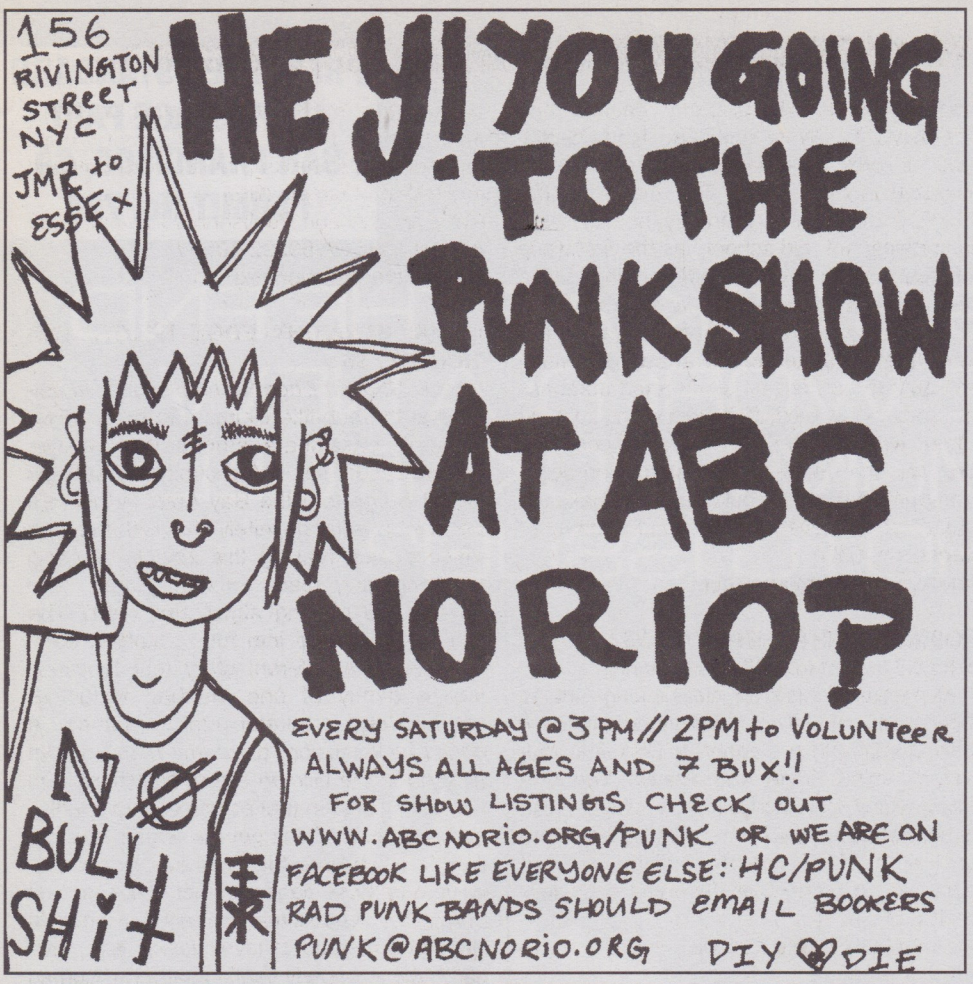
TAKE YOUR SHOT #4 / $2?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 26 pages
The author of this zine loves all things NYHC, and covers a few bands from around the globe doing this style: Cold Hard Truth, Setback, Eden Demise (what kind of band name is that? Does this band want to see some return to biblical purity, despite their "hardstyle"?), I Want You Dead, Norte Cartel, and so forth. The bands look and I would imagine sound much like those in the *N.Y.H.C.* documentary (and by the way, 1991 is certainly not "old school," as the first wave of youth crew was already getting called "new school hardcore" in its heyday), and while the layout is better than most, the interview questions are generic at best and make the author look like an uninformed dumbass at worst. That said, it is interesting to hear about what's going on in several countries that are often underrepresented in hardcore and punk, though it would be nice if "taking a stand" or whatever went beyond sobriety or veganism. (DG)
takexyourxshot@gmail.com

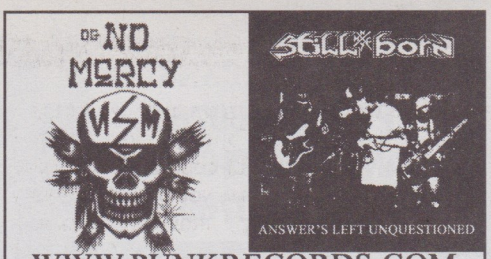
TOIHNEN VAIHTOEHTO #236 / $?
5.5 x8.5 – printed – 32 pgs – Finnish
A new issue of this killer, classic long-running Finnish HC zine! This one features interview with Death with a Dagger, a Diskelmä tour report, Valse Triste and Ärsyke Venäjällä along with Arviot and Kolummit… My Finnish is uh, nonexistent so I am sort of guessing to the nature of the content, but this is a rad punk as fuck zine that deserves your support! (LG)
PL 1 65200 / Vaasa Finland

TURNING THE TIDE Vol.24, #5 / $16 annually (free to prisoners)
17 x 11.5 – printed – 8 pgs
I'm assuming everyone reading this review is already aware that *Turning the Tide* is a regularly published activist journal put out by the Anti-Racist Action folks in Los Angeles. The group's focus is on human (and environmental) justice, particularly in regards to social, cultural and racial inequality. Unsurprisingly then, this current issue is dedicated to the Occupy phenomenon that has been going down the last couple of months. But you won't find your characteristic activist support for the Occupy movement easily in these pages! Although obviously sympathetic with the cause and the attention the movement has been attracting to increasing economic inequality, *Turning the Tide* argues that Occupy needs to go further and radically confront the colonial nature of the American system if true change is desired. Using examples of indigenous peoples who have been "occupied" in a different way for over 400 years, it is argued that the entire American system is historically and currently based on genocide and land stealing and slavery, among other things. An interesting point is also brought up concerning the relative state of inequality the participants of the Occupy movement feel they have when compared to some other nations in the world (or even among other cultures within their own country). All intriguing topics of thought, though my usual complaint of this journal being highly one sided is still present. Still, I always enjoy having my perspectives challenged by this fine journal. Grab a copy and find out for yourself. (BG)
Anti Racist Action Publishers / PO Box 1055 /Culver City, CA 90232-1055 / www.antiracistaction.org

XxxxX: STRAIGHT EDGE EROTIC FICTION # 2 / $6
XxxxX: Straight Edge Erotic Fiction is exactly what the sub-title claims it to be, steamy, sensual, passionate stories that revolve around casual sex in the punk rock settings of Pittsburgh and the Bay Area. Artnoose's talent as a writer definitely shines through on these pages, making this zine an exciting and engaging read. I mean, c'mon, who doesn't like reading about sex, right? The zine is broken up into four chapters, each possessing a different story that functions independently of one another, including, respectively, a skater-punk romance, a crusty fuck-session, a steamy man on man blowjob in the Gilman Street bathroom, and a lesbian flirtation that escalates into a kinky, S&M scenario. Don't get me wrong, though, there's a lot more than just sex that is discussed in these pages, in fact, it seems that the author uses sexual scenerios in order to illuminate themes of love, desire, and, perhaps, the extremely fleeting nature of human relationships. Also, I'm not sure if this was Artnoose's intention, but it seemed to me that the stories seemed to increase in sexual and emotional intensity, mirroring the way an orgasm operates. Maybe, it was just a defense mechanism with which to deal with topics that tend to make me blush, but I found myself smiling and subtly giggling the whole way through the duration of this zine. Recommended for punks looking for something to turn them on, while still remaining in the punk rock mindset, or even someone who's looking for something to freak out that creep on the bus that's always reading over their shoulder… (KR)
Artnoose / The Cyberpunk Apocalypse / 5431 Carnegie St. / Pittsburgh, PA 15201

YOUR WAR #1 / $1
5.5 x 8 – copied – 14 pgs
Very well done for a beginner zine. It is truly positive noise reinforcement for all you deaf punks out there. Zine mission is to encourage punk and to be a positive forum. Features an interview with Ireland's Contort who recently toured with Warning//Warning. Apparently there was a GiSM-esque chainsaw incident on tour. Whoever wrote this knows their noise—features reviews of Kromosom/Isterismo split as well as Nu-kleer Blast Suntan and a recommendation for Sacrilege, duh. Volume two will be out in February—keep it up, punk! (AE)
612 Thomas Road / Lynchburg, VA 24502





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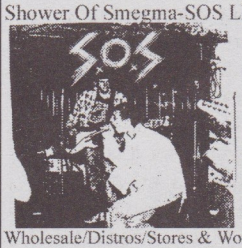

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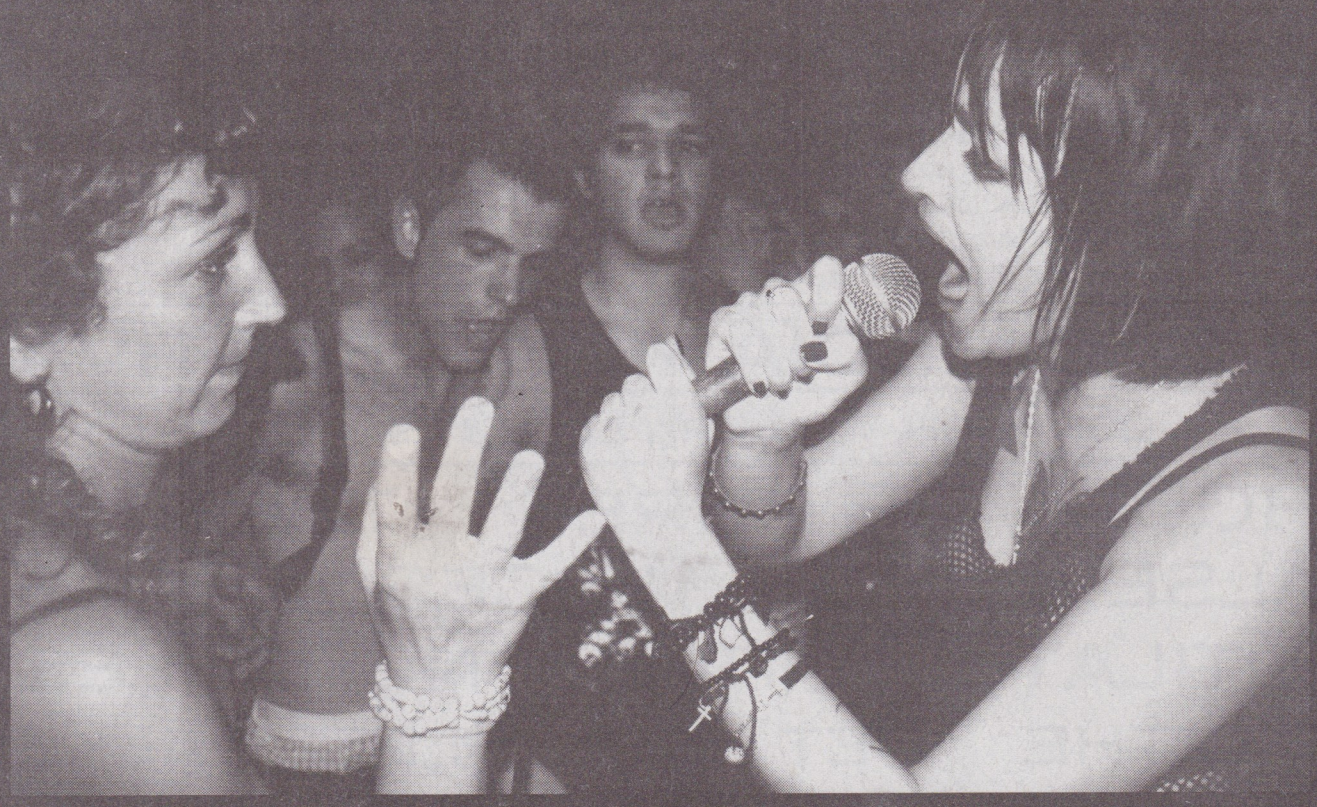

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